¶ A MYRROVR FOR Magistrates.

Wherein maye be seen by example of other, with howe greuous plages vices are punished: and howe fraile and vnstable worldly prosperity is founde, even of those whom Fortune seemeth most highly to fauour.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Anno. 1563.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fletestrete nere to Saynct Dunstans Churche by Thomas Marshe.

Love and live.

¶ TO THE NOBILITIE AND all other in office, God graunt wisedome and all thinges nedefull for the preseruacion of theyr Estates. Amen.

PLATO Among manie other of his notable sentences concernyng the gouernment of a cõmon weale hath this: Wel,, is that realme,, gouerned, in,, whiche the ambitious desyre,, not to beare office. Wherby you may perceiue (right honorable) what offices are, where they be duely executed: not gaynful spoyles for the greedy to hunt for, but painefull toyles for the heedy to be charged with. You may perceiue also by this sentence, that there is nothing more necessarye in a common weale then that officers be diligent and trusty in theyr charges. And sure in what so ever realme such prouision is made, that officers be forced to do their duties, there is it as hard a matter to get an officer, as it is in other places to shift of, and put by those, that with flat

tery, bribes, and other shiftes, sue and preace for offices For the ambicious (that is to say prollers for power or gayne) seeke not for offices to helpe other, for which cause offices are ordayned, but with the vndoing of other, to pranke vp the selues. And therfore bar them once of this bayte, and force the to do their duties, & they wil geue more to be rid fro their charges, than they did at the first to bye them: For they seke only their commodity and ease. And therfor, where the ambicious seeke no office, there no doubt, offices are duly ministred: and where offices are duly ministred, it cã not be chose, but the people are good, whereof must nedes folow a good commõ weale. For if the officers be good, the people cã not be yll. Thus the goodnes or badnes of any realme lieth in the goodnes or badnes of ỹ rulers. And therfore not without great cause do the holy Apostles so ernestly charge vs to pray for the magistrates: For in dede the welth and quiet of every cõmon weale, the disorder also & miseries of the same, cum specially through them. I nede not go eyther to the Romans or Greekes for the proofe hereof, neyther yet to ỹ Iewes, or other nacions: whose cõmon weales have alway florished while their officers wer good, and decayed & ranne to ruyne, when noughtye men had the regiment. Our owne countrey stories (if we reade & marke them) wil shewe vs examples ynow, would God we had not sene mo than ynowe. I purpose not to stand here vpon the particulers, because they be in part set furth in the tragedies. Yet by the waye this I note (wishinge all other to do the like)

namely

namely, that as good governers have never lacked their deserved renowne, so have not the bad escaped infamy, besides such plages as are horrible to heare of. For God (the ordeyner of Offices) although he suffer them for punishemēt of the people to be often occupied of such, as are rather spoylers & Judasses, tha toylers or Justices (whō the Scripture therfore calleth Hippocrites) yet suffreth he thē not to skape vnpunished, because they dishonour him: For it is Gods owne office, yea his chiefe office whyche they bear & abuse. For as Justice is the chiefe vertue, so is the ministracion therof, the chiefest office: & therfore hath God established it with the chiefest name, honoring & calling kinges, & al officers vnder thē by his owne name: Gods. Ye be al Gods, as manye as have in your charge any ministracion of Justice: What a fowle shame were it, for any nowe to take vpon thē the name & office of God, and in theyr doynges to shew them selves devils? God can not of Justice, but plague suche shameles presump con and hipocrisie, and that wyth shamefull death, diseases, or infamye. Howe he hath plagued euell rulers from time to time, in other nacions, you may sée gathered in Boccas booke intituled the Fall of Princes, translated into Englyshe by Lydgate. Howe he hath delte wyth sum of our countreymen your auncestors, for sundry vyces not yet left, thys booke named, A Mirrour for Magistrates, can shewe: which therfore I humbly offre vnto your honors, beseching you to accept it fauorably. For here as in a loking glas, you shal se (if any vice be in you) how the like hath bene punished in other

heretofore, whereby admonished, I trust it wyl be a good occasion to move to the sooner amendement. This is the chiefest ende, whye it is set furth, whych God graunt it may attayne.

The wurke was begun and parte of it prynted in Queene Maries tyme, but hyndred by the Lorde Chauncellour that then was, nevertheles, through the meanes of my lord Stafford, the fyrst parte was licenced, and imprynted the fyrst yeare of the raygne of this our most noble and vertuous Queene, and dedicate then to your honours wyth this Preface. Since whych time, although I have bene called to an other trade of lyfe, yet my good Lorde Stafforde hath not ceassed to call upon me, to publyshe so much as I had gottē at other mens hands, so that through his Lordshyppes earnest meanes, I have nowe also set furth an other parte, conteynyng as litle of myne owne, as the fyrst part doth of other mens. Which in the name of all the authors, I humbly dedicate vnto your honours, instantly wishyng, that it may so like and delyte your myndes, that your chearefull receyving thereof, maye encourage wurthy wittes to enterpryse and perfourme the rest. Which as soone as I maye procure, I entende through Gods leave, and your favourable allowaunce, to publyshe with al expedicion. In the meane whyle my Lords and Gods, (for so I may call you) I moste humbly beseche your honours favourablye to accepte this rude Pyrrour, and diligentlie to read and consider it. And although you shall fynde in it, that sum have for theyr vertus

bene

bene enuyed and murdered, yet cease not you to be vertuous, but do your offices to the vttermoste: suppres sinne boldly, bothe in your selues and other, soo shal god (whose officers you are) either so maintayne you, that no malice shall prevayle, or if it do, it shall be for your good, and to your eternall glory both here and in heaven whych I beseche God you may both covet and attayn

Amen.

Yours most humble
William Baldwin.

¶ A Briefe memoriall

OF SVNDRYE VNFORTV-nate Englishmen.

¶ VVillyam Baldwin to the Reader.

WHan the Printer had purposed with himselfe to printe Lidgates booke of the fall of Princes & had made prepare thereto, many both honourable & worshipfull, he was counsailed by dyuers of them to procure to haue the storye conteyned from where as Boches left, vnto this present time, chiefly of such as Fortune had dalyed with here in this ylande: which might be as a myrrour for al mē as well nobles as others, to shewe ỳ slippery deceytes of the waueryng lady, and the due rewarde of al kind of vices. Which aduyse lyked him so well, ỳ he requyred me to take paines therin: but because it was a matter passyng my wit and skyll, and more thankles thā gaineful to meddle in, I refused vtterly to vndertake it, except I might haue ỳ helpe of such, as in wit were apte, in learnyng allowed, and in iudgemente & estymacyon able to wield & furnysh so weighty an enterpryse, thinkyng euen so to shift my handes. But he earnest & diligent in his affayres, procured Athlas to set

vnder his shoulder: for shortly after diuers learned me whose manye gifts made few praises, consented to take vpon them parte of the trauayle. And when certaine of them to the numbre of seuen, were through a general assent at an appointed time and place, gathered together to deuise thereupon, I resorted vnto the, bearing with me the booke of Bochas, translated by Dan Lidgate, for the better obseruacion of his order: which although we liked wel, yet would it not cumly serue, seing that both Bochas & Lidgate were dead, neither were there any aliue ỳ medled with like argumẽt, to whõ the vnfortunate might make their mone.

To make therfore a state mete for the matter, they all agreed that I should vsurpe Bochas rowme, and the wretched princes complayne vnto me: and take vpon them selues, euery man for his part to be sundry personages, and in their behalfes to bewaile vnto me their grieuous chaunces, heauye destinies, and wofull misfortunes.

This done, we opened such bookes of Cronicles as we had there present, and maister Ferrers, after he had found where Bochas left, which was about the ende of king Edward the thirdes raigne, to begin the matter, sayd thus.

I maruayle what Bochas meaneth to forget among his miserable princes, such as wer of our nacio, whoe numbre is as great, as their aduentures wunderfull: For to let passe all, both Britons, Danes, & Saxons, and to cum to the last conquest, what a sorte are they, and sum euen in his owne time? As for example, king Rychard the fyrst, slayne with a quarle in his chyeke

prospe-

proſperitie, alſo king John his brother, as ſum ſaye poyſoned: are not their hiſtories rufull and of rare example: But as it ſhould appeare, he being an Italien, minded moſt the Roman and Italike ſtory, or els perhaps he wanted our countrey cronicles. It wer therfore a goodly and a notable matter, to ſearch and diſcourſe our whole ſtory from the firſt beginning of the inhabiting of the yle. But ſeing the printers minde is to haue vs folowe where Lydgate left, we wil leaue that great labour to other that may intend it, and (as blinde bayard is alway boldeſt) I will begyn at the time of Richard the ſecond, a time as vnfortunate as the ruler therein. And forasmuch frend Baldwyn, as it ſhalbe your charge to note & pen orderlye the whole proces, I wil ſo far as my memorye and iudgemente ſerueth, ſumwhat further you in the truth of the ſtorye And therefore omittinge the ruffle made by Jacke Strawe and his meyney, and the murder of manye notable men which thereby happened, for Jacke (as ye knowe) was but a poore pynce: I will begin with a notable example which within a while after enſued And although he be no great pynce, yet ſythens he had a princely office, I wil take vpon me the miſerable perſon of ſyr Robert Treſilian chiefe Juſtyce of England, and of other which ſuffered wyth him: therby to warne all of his authoritye and profeſſion, to take hede of wrong iudgementes, miſconſtruynge of lawes, or wreſting the ſame to ſerue ỹ princes turnes, which rightfully brought theym to a miſerable ende, which they may iuſtly lament in maner enſuing.

prosperitie, also king John his brother, as sum saye poysoned: are not their histories ruffull and of race example: But as it should appeare, he being an Italien, minded most the Gentlemen and Italiae stoyr, or els perhaps he wanted our countrey conicies. Yet wer therfore a goodly and a notable matter, to search and discourse our whole stoyr from the first beginning of the inhabiting of the yle. But seing the printers minde is to haue be solowe where Aybgate left, we all leaue that great labour to other that may intend it, and (as blinde bayard is alway boldest) I will begyn at the time of Richard the second, a time as unfortunate as the ruler therein. And so asmuch frend Baldwyn, as it shalbe your charge to note apen ozderlye the whole proces. I will so far as my memorye and iudgemente serueth, sumwhat further you in the truth of the stoyre And therefore omittinge the ruffle made by Jacke Strawe and his meyney, and the murder of manye notable men which thereby happened, for Jacke (as pe'anowe) was but a pooze prynce: I will begin with a notable example which within a while after ensued And although he be no great prynce, yet sythens he had a princely office, I will take upon me the miserable person of syr Robert Tresilian chiefe Justyce of England, and of other which suffered wyth him: thereby to warne all of his authoritye and profession, to take hede of wrong iudgementes, misconstruynge of lawes, or wresting the same to serue ye princes turnes, which rightfully brought theym to a miserable ende, which they may iustly lament in maner ensuing.

¶ The fall of Robert Treſilian chiefe Iuſtice of England, and other his felowes, for miſconſtruing the lawes, and expounding them to ſerue the Princes affections.

IN the rufull regiſter of miſchiefe and miſhap,
Baldwyn we beſeche thee wyth our names to begyn
Whom vnfrendly Fortune did trayne vnto a trap,
When we thought our ſtate moſt ſtable to habe bin:
So lightly leeſe they all which all do ween to wyn:
Learne by vs ye Lawyers and Iudges of the land,
Uncorrupt and vpright in doome alway to ſtand.

And prynt it for a preſident to remayne for ever,
Enroll and record it in Tables made of Braſſe,
Engrabe it in Marble that may be razed never,
Where Iudges and Iuſticers may ſee, as in a glaſſe,
What fee is for falshoode, and what our wages was,
Who for our Princes pleaſure corrupt with meed & awe
Wittingly & wretchedly did wreſt the ſence of lawe.

A chaunge more newe or ſtraunge ſeldome hath be ſeen
Then from the benche abobe to cum dowme to the bar:
Was never ſtate ſo turned in no time as I ween,
As they to become clyents that counſaylours erſt were:
But ſuch is Fortunes play, which featly can preſer
The Iudge that ſats abobe, full lowe beneth to ſtand,
At the bar as pryſoner holding vp his hand.

Whiche in others cause coulde stoutly speke and plead,
Both in court and countrey, carles of the tryall,
Stand muet lyke mummers without aduyse or read,
Unable to vtter a true plea of denyall:
Which haue sene the day when for halfe a ryall,
We could by very arte haue made the black seme white
And matters of most wrong, to haue appered most right

Beholde me vnfortunate forman of this flocke,
Tresilian somtyme cheif Justyce of this lande,
By discent a gentleman, no stayne was in my stocke,
Loketon, Holte, and Belknap, with other of my bande,
Whiche the lawe and iustice had wholy in our hande,
Under the seconde Rycharde a prince of great estate,
To whom frowarde fortune gaue a foule checkmate,

In the common lawes our skill was so profounde,
Our credite and auctorite suche and so esteemed,
That what so we concluded was taken for a grounde,
Allowed was for lawe, what so to vs best semed,
Lyfe, death, landes, goodes, and al by vs was demed,
Wherby with easye payne, so great gaine we did get,
That euery thinge was fishe that came vnto our net,

At sessions and at syses we bare the stroke and swey,
In patentes and commission of Quorum alway chefe:
So that to whether syde so euer we dyd wey,
Were it ryght or wrong it past without reprefe,
We let hang the true man somwhyles to saue a thefe,
Of gold and of syluer our handes were neuer emptie,
Offices, fermes, and fees fel to vs in great plenty.

But

But what thyng maye suffyse vnto the gredye man?
The more he hath in holde, the more he doeth desyre,
Happy and twyse happy is he, that wysely can
Content him selfe with that which reason doth require,
And moyleth for no more then for his needefull hyre:
But gredynes of mynde doth neuer kepe the syse,
Whiche though it haue enough yet dothe it not suffyse,

For lyke as dropsye pacientes drinke and styl be dry,
Whose vnstaunched thryst no lyquor can allay,
And drinke they neuer so much yet styl for more they
So couetous catchers toyle bothe nyght and day, (cry:
Gredy and euer nedy prollyng for their praye,
O endles thirst of gold, corrupter of all lawes,
What mischiefe is on molde wherof thou act not cause.

Thou madest vs forgette the fayth of our profession,
Whē sergeants we wer sworne to serue the cōmon law,
Which was that in no poynt we should make digression
From approued principles in sentens nor in sawe:
But we vnhappy wretches without all drede and awe
Of the Judge eternall, for worldes vayne promocion,
More to man then God dyd beare our hole deuocion.

The lawes we interpreted and statutes of the lande,
Not trulye by the texte, but nuly by a glose: (skand,
And wurdes ẏ were most playne whan they by vs were
We turned by cōstruction like a Welchmans hose,
Wherby many one both lyfe and lande dyd lose:
Yet this we made a mean to mount a loft on mules.
To serue kings in al pointes men must sum while breke
(rules.

Thus climing and contending alway to the top,
From hye vnto higher, and then to be most hye,
The hunny delye of Fortune so fast on vs dyd drop,
That of king Richards counsayl we came to be ful nie:
To crepe into whose fauour we were ful fine and fye
Alway to his profyte, where any wurde myght sound,
That way (al were it wrong) the sence we dyd expound.

So wurkyng lawe like ware, the subiect was not sure
Of life, land, nor goodes, but at the Prynces will.
Which caused his kingdome the shorter time to dure,
For clayming power absolute both to save and spyll,
The prynce thereby presumed his people for to pyll:
And set his lustes for lawe, and wyl had reasons place,
No more but hang e drawe, there was no better grace.

The king thus transcendyng the limittes of his lawe,
Not raygning but raging by youthfull insolence,
Wise and wurthy persons did fro the courte wythdrawe,
There was no grace ne place for auncient prudence.
Presumpcion and pryde, with excesse of expence,
Possessed the palays, and pillage the countrye:
Thus all went to wracke vnlike of remedye.

The Baronye of England not bearing this abuse,
Conspiring wih the commons assembled by assent,
And seing neyther reason, nor treaty, could induce,
The kyng in any thing his rigour to relent,
Maugre his might they called a parlyament,
Franke and free for all men without checke to debate
As wel for weale publyke, as for the prynces state.

In

In whyche parliament mache thynges was ꝓponed
Concerning the regaly and ryghtes of the crowne,
By reaſon kyng Richarde, whiche was to be moned,
Full lytell regardynge his honour and renowne,
By ſyniſter aduyſe, had tourned all vpſodowne.
For ſuerty of whoſe eſtate, them thought it dyd behoue
His corꝛupt counſaylours, from hym to remoue.

Among whom, Robert Uere, called duke of Irelande
With Pyghell Delapole of Hukkolke newe made erle,
Of Yorke alſo the archbiſhop, dyſpatcht were out of hād,
With Brembꝛe of London Maiorꝛ, a full vncurteous churle
Sum learned in the lawe in eryle they dyd hurle:
But I poꝛe Treſilyan becauſe I was the chiefe
Was dampned to the galowes moſt vyly as a thiefe.

Loe the fyne of falshode, the ſtypende of coꝛruption,
Fye on ſtynkyng lucre, of all vnryght the lure:
Ye Iudges and ye Iuſticers let my moſt iuſt punicion,
Teache you to ſhake of bꝛibes and kepe your handes pure:
Ryches and ꝓmocion be vaine thynges and vnſure,
The fauour of a ꝓince is an vntruſty ſtaye,
But Juſtyce hath a fee that ſhall remayn alwaye.

What glorꝛy can be greater beforꝛe god orꝛ man,
Then by the pathes of equytie in iudgment to ꝓcede:
So duly and ſo truelye the lawes alwayes to ſkan,
That ryght may take hys place without reward orꝛ mede,
Set apaꝛte all flattery and vaine wolꝛdly dꝛede:
Take god beforꝛe your eyes the iuſt iudge ſupreme,
Remember well your reckenyng at the daye extreme.

Abandon all affray, be ſoothfaſt in your lawes,
Be conſtant and careles of mortall mens diſpleaſure,
With eyes ſhut & handes cloſe you ſhoulde pronounce the
Eſteme not worldly hyre, thinke there is a treſure (lawes
More worth then golde or ſtone a thouſãde times i valure,
Repoſed for all ſuche as righteouſnes enſue,
Wherof you can not fayle, the promys made is true.

If ſom in latter dayes, had called vnto mynde
The fatall fall of vs for wreſtynge of the right,
The ſtatutes of this land they ſhould not haue defynde
So wylfully and wittingly agaynſt the ſentence quyte:
But though thei ſkaped paine, the faut was nothig light
Let them that cum hereafter both that and this compare,
And waying well the ende, they will I truſt beware.

WHan maiſter Ferrers had finiſhed this tragedye, whiche ſemed not vnfit for the perſons touched in the ſame An other which in the mean time had ſtayed vpon ſir Roger Mortymer, whoſe miſerable ende as it ſhuld appeare, was ſumwhat before the others, ſayd as foloweth. Although it be not greatly appertinent to our purpoſe, yet in my iudgement I think it woulde do wel to obſerue the times of mẽ, and as thei be more auncient ſo to place theym: for I fynde that before theſe, of whome maiſter Ferrers here hath ſpoken, there were two Mortimers, the one hanged in Edwarde the thirdes tyme out of our date, another ſlayne in Irelande in Richarde the ſecondes tyme, a

yere

yere before the fall of these Iustices: whose history sith it is notable and the example fruitfull, it were pitie to ouer passe it. And therfore by your lycence and agrement, I will take vpon me the personage of the last, who full of woundes, miserably mangled, with a pale countenaunce, and grisly looke, may make his mone to *Baldwin* as followeth.

A Myrrour

Howe the two Rogers, surnamed Mortimers, for theyr sundry vices ended theyr lyues vnfortunatelye.

AMong the ryders of the rollyng whéle,
That lost theyr holdes, Baldwyn forget not me,
whose fatall threde false fortune nedes would reele,
Ere it were twisted by the susters thre.
All folke be fraple, theyr blysses brittle bée:
For proffe wherof although none other were,
Suffyse may I, syr Roger Mortymer.

Not he that was in Edwardes dayes the thyrde,
Whom fortune brought to boote and efte to bale,
With loue of whom the kyng so muche she sturde,
That none but he was heard in any tale:
And whyles she smoth, blew on thys merye gale,
He was created earle of Marche, alas,
Whence enuy sprang whiche his destruction was.

For welth bredeth wrath, in suche as welth do want,
And pryde with folly in suche as it possesse,
Among a thousand shall you fynd hym skant,
That can in welth hys lofty harte represse,
Which in thys Erle due prowe dyd playne erpresse,
For where he somwhat hauty was before,
Hys hygh degrée, hath made hym now muche more.

For

For nowe alone he ruleth as hym luſt,
He recketh for reade, ſaue of kyng Edwardes mother:
Which forced enuy foulder out the ruſt
That in mens hartes before dyd lye and ſmother.
The Piers, the people, as well the one as the other,
Agaynſt hym made ſo haynous a com playnt,
That for a traytour he was taken and attaynt.

Than all ſuche faultes as were forgot before,
The ſhower afreſhe, and ſum what to them ad:
For cruell enuy hath eloquence in ſtore
Whan Fortune byds, to warſte thinges meanly bad.
Fyue haynous crymes agaynſt him ſone were had,
Fyrſt: that he cauſed the kyng to yelde the Skot,
To make a peace, townes that were from hym got:

And therwithall the charter called Ragman.
That of the Skots he bribed pryuy gayne,
That through his meanes ſyr Edward of Carnaruan
In Barkeley caſtell trayterouſly was ſlayne:
That with his princes mother he had layne,
And fynally with pollyng at his pleaſure,
Had robbe the kyng and commons of theyr treaſure.

For theſe thinges loe whiche erſt were out of mynde
He was condempned, and hanged at the laſt,
In whom dame Fortune fully ſhewed her kynde,
For whom ſhe heaues, ſhe hurleth down as faſt:
If men to cum would learne by other paſt
This coſen of myne might cauſe them ſet aſyde,
High clymyng, bribing, murdring, luſt, and pryde.

The finall cause why I thys processe tell,
Is that I may be knowen from thys other,
My lyke in name, vnlyke me though he fell,
Which was I thinke my graund sier or hys brother:
To count my kyn, dame Philip was my mother,
Deare doughter and heyre of douty Lyonel,
The seconde sonne of a kyng who dyd excell.

My father hight sir Edmunde Mortymer,
True erle of Marche, whence I was after erle,
By iust discent these two my parentes were,
Of which the one of knighthode bare the ferll
Of womanhode the other was the perle:
Through theyr deserte so called of euery wight,
Tyll deth them toke, and left in me theyr ryght.

For why the attaynder of my elder Roger,
(whose shamfull deth I tolde you but of late)
was founde to be vniust, and passed ouer
Agaynst the lawe, by those that bare hym hate:
For where by lawe the lowest of frée estate
Should personally be hearde ere iudgment passe,
They barred hym thys, where through distroyed he was.

Wherfore by doome of court in parlyament,
When we had proued our cosen ordred thus,
The King, the Lordes, And Commons of assent,
His lawles deth vnlawfull dyd discus:
And both to blode and good restored vs.
A Presydent most worthy, shewed, and lefte
Lordes lyues to saue that lawles myght be reft.

whyle

whyle Fortune thus dyd surder me amayne
kyng Rychardes grace the second of the name
(whose dissolute lyfe dyd soone abrydge his rayne)
Made me hys mate in earnest and in game:
The lordes them selues so well allowed the same
That through my tytles duely cumming downe,
I was made heyre apparaunt to the crowne.

Who then but I was euery where esteemed?
well was the man that myght with me acquaint
whome I allowed, as Lordes the people demed.
To what so euer folly had me bente,
To lyke it well the people dyd assente:
To me as prince attended great and small,
In hope a daye wolde cum to paye for all.

But seldom ioye contynueth trouble boyde,
In greatest charge cares gretest do ensue,
The most possest are ever most anoyed,
In largest seas sore tempestes lyghtely brue,
The freshest colours sonest fade the hue,
In thyckest place is made the depest wounde,
True proofe wherof my selfe to sone have founde.

For whyles fayr Fortune luide me in her lap,
And gaue me gyftes more than I dyd requyre,
The subtyll quean behynde me set trap,
wherby to dashe and lay all in the myre:
The Iryshe men agaynst me dyd conspyre,
My landes of Ulster fro me to have rest,
whiche herytage my mother had me left.

And

And whyles I there, to set all thinges in stay,
(Omyt my toyles and troubles thitherwarde)
Among myne owne with my retinue lay,
The wylder men whom lytel I dyd regarde,
And had therfore the reckeles mans rewarde:
When least I thought set on me in suche number,
That fro my corps my lyfe they rent asunder.

Nought myght auayle my courage nor my force,
Nor strength of men whiche were alas to fewe:
The cruell folke assauted so my horse,
That all my helpes in p ces they to hewe,
Our bloode distayned thie grounde as drops of dewe,
Nought myght preuayle to flee nor yet to yelde,
For whom they take they murdre in the fielde,

They knowe no law of armes nor none will learne:
They make not warre (as other do) a playe,
The lorde, the boye, the Galloglas, the kerne
Yelde or not yelde, whom so they take they slay,
They saue no prisoners, for raunsom nor for pay:
Their chiefest bote they count their bodohs heade,
Their ende of warre to see their enmye deade.

Amongest these men or rather sauage beastes,
I lost my lyfe, by cruell murder slayne.
And therfore Baldwyn note thou well my geastes,
And warne all princes rashnes to refraine:
Bid them beware their enemyes when they faine
Nor yet presume vnequally to stryue,
Had I thus doue, I had ben man alyue.

But I dispysed the naked Iryſh men,
And for they flew, I feared them the leſſe:
I thought one man ynough to match with ten,
And through this careles vnadviſednesſe,
I was distroyed, and all my men I geſſe,
At vnwares assaulted by our foen,
Whiche were in number fourty to vs one.

Se here the staye of fortunate estate,
The vayne assuraunce of thys brittle lyfe,
For I but yong, proclaymed prince of late,
Right fortunate in children and in wyfe,
Loſt all at once by ſtroke of blody knyfe:
Wherby assurde let men them ſelues assure,
That welth and lyfe are doubtfull to endure.

After that this Tragedy was ended maſter Ferrers ſayd ſeynge it is beſt to place eche perſon in his order, Baldwin take you the Chronicles and marke them as they cum: for there are many worthy to be noted, though not to be treated of. Firſt the lorde Myrk a Scottiſhman, who tooke his deathes wounde through a ſtroke lent hym by the erle of Notyngham whom he chalenged at the tylt. But to omyt hym, and alſo the fat Prior of Tiptre, preced to deth with throng of people vpon London bridge at the Quenes entry I will cum to the duke of Gloceſtre the kynges vncle, a man muche myndyng the common weale, & yet at length myſerably made awaye. In whoſe perſon if ye will gyue eare, ye ſhal heare what I thinke mete to be ſayd.

Howe

Howe ſyr Thomas of VVudſtocke Duke of Gloceſter, vncle to king Richarde the ſeconde, was vnlawfully murdred.

WHoſe ſtate is ſtablyght in ſemyng moſt ſure,
And ſo farr from daunger of Foꝛtunes blaſt,
As by the compas of mans coniecture,
No bꝛaſen pyller may be fyrt moꝛe faſt:
Yet wantyng the ſtaye of pꝛudent foꝛecaſt,
Whan frowarde Foꝛtune lyſt foꝛ to frowne,
Maye in a moment tourne vpſyde downe,

In pꝛoſe wherof, O Baldwin, take payne
To hearken a whyle to Thomas of Woodſtocke,
Addꝛeſt in pꝛeſence his fate to complayne
In the foꝛloꝛne hope of the Engliſh flocke:
Extract by diſcent from the royall ſtocke,
Sonne to kyng Edwarde third of that name,
And ſeconde to none in gloꝛy and fame.

This noble father to maynteyne my ſtate,
With Buckingham Erledom dyd me indowe,
Both Nature and Foꝛtune to me were grate,
Denyeng me nothyng whiche they myght allowe:
Theyꝛ ſundꝛy graces in me dyd ſo flowe,
As bewty, ſtrength, hygh fauour and fame.
Who may of god moꝛe wyſh than the ſame?

Brothers

Brothers we were to the number of seuen,
I beynge the syrt, and yongest but one:
A more royall race was not vnder heaven,
More stowte or more stately of stomacke and person,
Princes all pereles in eche condicion:
Namely syr Edwarde called the blacke prince,
Whan had Englande the lyke before eyther since:

But what of all this, any man to assure,
In state vncarefull of Fortunes varyaunce:
Syth dayly and hourely we see it in vre,
That where most cause is of affyaunce,
Euen there is founde moste weake assurance,
Let none trust Fortune, but folow Reason:
For often we see in trust is treason.

This prouerbe in prwfe ouer true I tryed,
Findyng hygh treson in place of hygh trust.
And most faulte of fayth where I most affyed:
Beynge by them, that should have been iust,
Trayterously entrapt, ere I coulde mistrust,
Ah wretched worlde what it is to trust thee,
Let them that will learne now hearken to mee.

After kyng Edwarde the thyrdes decease,
Succeded my Nephewe Rycharde to reyne,
Who for his glory and honors encrease,
With princely wagies dyd me entertayne,
Agaynst the Frenchmen to be hys Chiefteyne:
So passyng the seas with royall puissaunce,
With god and S. George I inuaded Fraunce.

wastyng

Waſting the countrey with ſwurde and with fyre,
Ouerturnyng townes, high caſtels and towres,
Lyke Mars god of warr enflamed with yre,
I forced the Frenchemen tabandon theyr bowers:
Where euer we matcht I wan at all hours,
In ſuche wyſe vilytyng both Citie and village,
That alway my ſouldiours were laden with pyllage.

With honoure and triumphe was my retourne,
Was none more ioyous than yong King Richarde:
Who myndyng more hyghly my ſtate to adourne,
with Glouceſter Dukedome dyd me rewarde:
And after in maryage I was prefarde,
To a doughter of Bohan an earle honorable,
By whome I was of Englande high Conſtable.

Thus hoyſted ſo hygh on Fortunes whéle,
As one on a ſtage attendyng a playe,
Seeth not on which ſyde the ſcaffolde doth réle,
Tyll tymber and poales, and all flée awaye:
So fared it by mee, for day by daye,
As honour encreaſed I loked ſtyll hyer,
Not ſeyng the daunger of my fonde deſyre.

For whan Fortunes ſtud ran with full ſtreame,
I beynge a Duke diſcended of Kinges,
Conſtable of Englande, chiefe officer in the realme,
Abuſed with eſperaunce in theſe vaine thynges,
I went without feete, and flewe without wynges:
Preſumyng ſo far vpon my high ſtate
That dread ſet aparte, my prince I would mate.

For where as all kings haue counsayl of theyr choyse
To whome they refer the rule of theyr lande,
With certayne kamplyers in whom to reioyce,
For pleasure or profyt, as the case shall stande,
I not bearyng this, would nedes take in hande,
Maugre his will those persons to dysgrace,
And suche as I thought fyt to appoynt in theyr place.

But as an olde booke sayth, who so wyll assaye
About the Cats necke to hang on a bell,
Had fyrst nede to cut the Cats clawes awaye,
Least if the Cat be curst, or not tamed well,
She haply with her nayles may claw hym to the fell:
For doyng on the bell about the cats necke,
By beyng to busy I caught a sore checke.

Reade well the sentence of the Rat of renoune,
Which Pierce the plowman discribes in his dreame,
And who so hath wit the sense to expoune,
Shall fynde that to bridle the prince of a realme,
Is euen (as who sayeth) to stryue with the streame:
Note thys all subiectes, and construe it well,
And busye not your braine about the cats bell,

But in that ye be Lieges learne to obaye,
Submyttyng your willes to your princes lawes,
It sytteth not a subiecte to haue hys owne waye,
Remember thys by wurde of the Cats clawes:
For princes lyke Lyons haue long and large pawes
That reache at raundon, and whom they once twich,
They claw to the bone before the skyn itch.

But to my purpoſe I beyng once bent,
Towardes the atchyuynge of my attemptate,
Fower bolde Barons were of myne aſſent,
By othe and allyaunce ſadely confederate:
Fyrſt Henry of Derby, an Earle of Eſtate,
Richarde of Arundell, and Thomas of Warwicke,
With Nowbray erle Marſhal a man moſt warlicke.

At Ratcote brydge aſſembled our bande,
The Commons in cluſters came to vs that daye
To daunte Robert Uere, then Duke of Irelande,
By whome kyng Rychарde was ruled alway:
We put hym to flyght, and brake hys array,
Then maulgrée the kyng, his leaue or aſſent,
By Conſtables power we called a parlyament.

Where not in roabes, but with baſtardes brygbt,
We came for to parle of the Publyke weale,
Conferminge our quarell with mayne and with myght,
With ſwurdes and no wurdes we tryed our appeale,
In ſteede of Reaſon declaryng your Zeale,
And whom ſo we knewe with the king in good grace
Playnely we depryued him of power and of place.

Sum with ſhorte proces were baniſht the lande,
Sum executed with cappytall payne,
Wherof who ſo lyſt, the whole to vnderſtande,
In the parlyament roll it appeareth playne,
And furder howe ſtoutly we dyd the kyng ſtrayne,
The Rule of his realme wholy to reſygne,
To the order of thoſe, whom we dyd aſſygne.

But note the ſequele of ſuche preſumption,
After we had theſe myracles wrought,
The king enflamed with indignacion,
That to ſuche bondage he ſhoulde be brought,
Suppreſſyng the yre of his inwarde thought:
Studyed nought els but howe that he myght
Be highly reuenged of his high diſpight.

Aggreued was alſo this latter offence,
With former matter his yre to renue:
For once at Wyndſore I brought to his preſence,
The Mayor of London with all hys retynue,
To are a reckening of the Realmes reuenue:
And the ſoldiers of Breſt were by me made bolde
To claime entertainment the towne beyng ſolde.

Theſe griefes remembred with all the remenaunt,
Of hate in hys hert hourded a treſure,
Yet openly in ſhewe made he no ſemblaunt,
By worde nor by deed to beare diſpleaſure:
But loue dayes diſſembled do neuer endure,
And who ſo truſteth a foe reconcylde,
Is for the moſt parte alwayes begylde.

For as fyer vnquencht will vp at a ſtarte,
And ſores not well ſalued do breke out of newe,
So hatred hydden in an yrefull harte,
Where it hath had long ſeaſon to brewe,
Upon euery occaſyon doth raſely renewe:
Not faylyng at laſt, yf it be not let
To paye large vſury beſydes the due det.

Quin

Euin so it fared by this Frendshyp fained,
Outwardly sounde, and inwardely rotten:
For whan the kynges fauoure in semyng was gayned.
All olde dysplesures forgyuen and forgotten,
Euen than at a sodayne the shaft was shotten,
Which pearced my harte voyd of mystru.
Alas that a prynce shulde be so vniust.

For lyeng at Plashey my selfe to repose,
By reason of sycknesse whiche held me full sore:
The kyng espyinge me aparte from those,
with whome I confedered in band before,
Thought it not mete, to tract thetyme more
But glad to take me at suche auauntage,
Came to salute me with friendly visage.

Who hauyng a bande bound to hys bent,
By colour of kyndnes to vyset hys Came,
Tooke tyme to accomplysh hys cruell entent;
And in a small vessell down by the streame,
Conueyed me to Calays out of the realme,
where without proces or doome of my peares,
Not nature but murder abridged my yeres.

This act was odyous to God and to man
Yet rygour to cloke in habyte of reason,
By crafty compas deuyse they can,
Artycles nyne of ryght haynous treson:
But doome after deth is sure out of season,
For who euer saw so straunge a presydent,
As execution doen before iudgement.

Thus hate harboured in depth of mynde,
Ey sought occasyon burst out of newe,
And cruelty abused the law of kynde,
Whan that the Nephue the Uncle sleiwe,
Alas kyng Rychard sore mayst thou rewe:
Whiche by thys facte preparedst the waye,
Of thy harde desteny to hasten the daye.

For blod areth blod as guerdon dewe,
And vengeaunce for vengeaunce is iust rewarde:
O ryghteous god thy iudgementes are true,
For loke what mesure we other awarde,
The same for vs agayne is prepard:
Take hede ye prynces by examples past,
Blod wyll have blod, eyther fyrst or last.

Whan maister *Ferrers* had ended this fruitfull tragedye, because no man was ready with any other, I, hauyng perused the story which cam next, said: Because you shall not say my maisters but that I wil in sumwhat do my parte, I wil vnder your correction declare the tragedy of the Lord Mowbray, the chief worker of the Dukes distruction: who to admonish all Counsaylers to beware of flattring princes or falsely enuying or accusing their Peregalles, may lament hys dyces in maner folowyng.

Howe

Howe the Lorde Mowbray promoted by Kyng Richarde the seconde, was by hym banyshed the Realme, and dyed miserably in exyle.

THough sorowe and shame abash me to reherce
My lothsum lyfe and death of one deserued,
yet that the paynes therof may other perce,
To leaue the lyke, least they be lykely serued,
Ah Baldwyn marke, I will shewe the how I swerued:
Dyssemblyng, Enuy, and Flattery, bane that be
Of all theyr hostes, haue shewed theyr power on me.

I blame not Fortune though she dyd her parte,
And true it is she can do lytell harme,
She gydeth goods, she hampreth not the harte,
A vertuous mynde is safe from every charme:
Vyce, onely vyce, with her stout strengthles arme,
Doth cause the hert to evyll to enclyne,
Which I alas, do fynde to trewe by myne.

For where by byrth I came of noble kynde,
The Mowbrayes heyre, a famouse hous and olde,
Fortune I thanke her, was to me so kynde,
That of my prynce I had what so I wolde:
Yet neyther of vs was muche to other holde,
For I through flatery abused hys wanton youth,
And hys fonde wyll augmented my vntruth.

He made me fyrſt the earle of Notyngham,
And Marſhall of the realme, in whyche eſtate
The Piers and people ioyntly to me came,
with ſore complaynt agaynſt them that of late
Made offycers, had brought the king in hate,
By makynge ſale of Juſtyce, ryght, and law,
And lyuyng nought, without all drede or awe.

I gaue them ayd theſe euyls to redreſſe,
And went to London with an army ſtrong,
And cauſed the kyng agaynſt hys wyll oppreſſe
By cruell deth, all ſuche as led hym wrong:
The lorde chiefe Iuſtyce ſuffred theſe among,
So dyd the Steuarde of hys houſholde head,
The Chaunceloure ſcapte, for he aforehande fled.

Theſe wickyd men thus from the kyng remoued,
Who beſt vs pleaſed ſucceded in their place:
For which both king and commons much vs loued,
But chiefely I with all ſtood high in grace,
The kyng enfued my rede in euery caſe,
Whence ſelfe loue bred: for glory maketh proude,
And pryde aye ſeketh alone to be allowde.

Wherfore to thend I myght alone enioye
The kinges good will, I made his luſt my lawe:
And where of late I laboured to diſtroy
Suche flatteryng folke as therto ſtode in awe,
Nowe lerned I among the reſt to clawe.
For pryde is ſuche, yf it be kyndely caught,
As ſtroyeth good, and fyrreth vp euery nought.

pryde

Pryde prycketh men to flatter for the pray,
To oppreſſe and pol for mayntenaunce of the ſame,
To malyce ſuche as match vnnethes it may:
And to be briefe, pride doth the harte enflame,
To ſyer what myſchief any fraude may frame,
And euer at length the euyls by it wrought
Confounde the worker, and bring him vnto nought.

Beholde in me due proofe of euery parte:
For pryde fyrſt forced me my prynce to flatter
So muche, that what ſo euer pleaſed hys harte
Were it neuer ſo yuell, I thought a lawfull mater,
Whiche cauſed the lordes afreſh againſt hym clatter:
Becauſe he had hys holdes beyonde ſea ſolde,
And ſcarn hys ſouldiers of theyr wages polde.

Though all theſe yls were doen by my aſſent,
Yet ſuch was lucke that eche man deemed no:
For ſoe, the duke of Gloceſter for me ſent,
With other lordes, whoſe hartes dyd bleede for wo,
To ſee the Realme ſo faſt to ruyn go.
In faulte wherof, they ſayd the two dukes were,
The one of Yorke, the other of Lancaſter.

On whoſe remove fro beyng about the kyng
We all agreed, and ſware a ſolempne oth,
And whyle the reſt prouyded for thys thynge,
I flattrer I, to wyn the prayſe of troth,
Wretche that I was brake fayth and promyſe both:
For I bewrayed the king theyr whole intent,
For whiche vnwares thei all were tane and hent.

Thus was the warder of the common weale,
The Duke of Glocester gyltles made away,
With other moo, moze wreteh I so to deale,
Who through vntruth they: truſt dyd yll betray:
Yet by this meanes obtayned I my pray,
Of kyng and Dukes I found fo: this ſuche fabour
As made me Duke of Norfolke, fo: my labour.

But ſee how pryde and enuy ioyntly run,
Becauſe my pryace dyd moze than me preferr
Sy: Henry Bolenbroke, the eldeſt ſonne
Of John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaſter,
Proud I that would alone be blaſyng ſtarre,
Enuyed this Earle fo: nought ſaue that the ſhyne,
Of hys deſertes dyd gliſter moze than myne;

To the ende therfoze his lyght ſhulde be the leſſe,
I ſlyly ſought all ſhyftes to put it out:
But as the peyze that woulde the palme tree preſſe,
Doth cauſe the boowes ſpzede larger round about,
So ſpyte and enuy cauſeth glozy ſpzout.
And aye the moze the top is ouertrode,
The deper doth the ſound rote ſpzede abzode;

Fo: when thys Henry Earle of Harfozde ſawe,
What ſpoyle the kyng made of the noble blod,
And that without all Juſtice, cauſe, o: lawe:
To ſuffer hym ſo he thought not ſure no: god.
Wherfoze to me two faced in hod,
As touchyng thys, he fully brake hys mynde,
As to hys frend that ſhould remedy fynde

But

But I, although I knew my prynce dyd yll,
So that my harte abhorred ſore the ſame,
Yet myſchiefe ſo through malyce led my wyll,
To bryng thys Earle from honour vnto ſhame,
And towarde my ſelfe, my ſoueraygne to enflame;
That I bewrayed hys wurdes vnto the kyng,
Not as a reade, but as a moſt haynous thyng.

Thus where my duty bounde me to habe tolde
My prynce hys fault, and wyld hym to refrayne,
Through flattery loe, I dyd hys yll vpholde,
which turned at length both hym and me to payne:
Wo, wo, to kynges whoſe counſaylours do fayne,
Wo, wo to realmes where ſuch are put in truſt,
As leave the lawe, to ſerve the prynces luſt.

And wo to hym that by hys flatterynge rede,
Wanteyneth a prynce in any kynde of vyce:
wo wurth hym eke for enby, pryde, or mede,
That miſreportes any honeſt enterpriſe,
Becauſe I breaſt in all theſe poyntes was nyce,
The plages of all together on me lyght,
And due, for yll yll doers doth acquite.

For when the Earle was charged with my playnt,
He flatte denyed that any parte was true,
And claymde by armes to anſwere his attaynt,
And I by vle that warly feates well knew,
To hys deſyre incontynently drew:
Wherwith the kyng dyd ſeme ryght well contente,
As one that paſt not muche with whom it went,

At tyme and place apoynted we apeard,
At all poyntes armde to proue our quarels iuſt,
And whan our frendes on ech parte had vs cheарde,
And that the Haroldes had vs do our iuſt,
With ſpete in reſt we toke a courſe to iuſt:
But ere our horſes had run halfe they? way,
A ſhout was made, the kyng commaunded ſtay.

And for to auoyde the ſhedyng of our blod,
With ſhame and death, whiche one muſt nedes haue had
The kyng through counſayll of the lordes thought good
To banyſh both, whiche iudgement ſtrayt was rad:
No maruayle than though bothe were wroth and ſad,
But chiefly I that was eryled for aye,
My enmy ſtraunged but for a ten yeares daye.

The date eryed, whan by thys doulfull doome
I ſhould departe to lyue in banyſht bande,
On payne of death to England not to come,
I went my way: the kyng ſeaſde in hys hande,
My offyces, my honours, goods and lande,
To paye the due, as openly he tolde,
Of myghty ſummes, whiche I had from hym polde.

Sir Baldwyn ſee, the ſalarye of ſynne,
Marke with what mede vile wyghes are rewarded
Through pryde and enuy I loſe both kyth and kynne,
And for my flattring playnt ſo well regarded,
Eryle and ſlaunder are iuſtly me awarded:
My wyfe and heyre lack landes and lawfull ryght
And me they? lorde made dame Dianaes knyght.

If there

If these mishaps at home be not ynough,
Adioyne to them my sorowes in exyle:
I went to almayne first, a land ryght rough,
In whiche I founde such churlysh folke and vyle,
As made me loth my lyfe ech other whyle:
There loe, I learned what it is to be a gest
Abrode, and what to lyve at home in rest.

For they esteme no one man more than eche,
They vse as well the Lackey as the Lorde,
And lyke theyr maners churlysh is theyr speche,
Theyr lodgyng hard, theyr bourde to be abhord:
Theyr pleyted garmentes herewyth well accorde,
All iagde and frounst, with dyuers colours dekt,
They swere they curse, and drynk tyll they be flekt.

They hate all such as these theyr maners hate,
Which reason would no wise man shulde allowe
With these I dwelt, lamentyng myne estate
Tyll at the length they had got knowledge [illegible]ow
I was exylde bycause I dyd auow
A false complaynt agaynst my trusty frende:
For which they named me traytour styll vnende,

That what for shame and what for werynes
I stale fro thence, and went to Venise towne,
Where as I found more ease and frendlynes,
But greater gryefe: for now the great renowne
Of Bolenbroke whome I would haue put downe
Was wart so great in Brytayne and in Fraunce,
That Venise through ech man dyd hym auaunce.

Thus

Thus loe hys glory grewe through great despyte
And I therby increased in defame:
Thus envy ever doth her host aquyte
With trouble, anguysh, sorow, smart, and shame,
But sets the vertues of her foe in flame:
Lyke water waues, which clense the muddy stone,
And soyles them selves by beatyng therupon.

Were I had soiourned there a yere
Strange tydynges came, he was to England goen,
Had tane the kyng, & that which touched hym nere
Enprisoned hym with other of hys foen,
And made hym yelde hym vp hys crowne and throne:
When I these thynges for true by searche had tried,
Grief gryped me so, I pyned awaye and dyed.

Note here the ende of pryde, se Flateries fyne,
Marke the rewarde of envye and false complaynt,
And warne all people from them to declyne
Lest lykely fault do fynde the lyke attaynt.
Let thys my lyfe to them be a restraynt,
By others harmes who lysteth take no hede
Shall by hys owne learne other better rede.

THis tragycall example was of all the cumpany well lyked, howe be it a doubt was founde therin, and that by meanes of the diuersitye of the Chronicles: for where as maister Hall whom in thys storye we chiefely folowed, maketh Mowbray accuser, and Boleynbroke appellant, maister Fabyan reporteth the matter quite

quite contrary, & that by the repoꝛte of good authours, makyng Boleynbꝛoke the accuſer, and Mowbꝛay the appellant. Which matter ſyth it is moꝛe harde to deciſe, than nedefull to our purpoſe, which mynd onely to diſſwade from vyces and exalte vertue, we referre to the determinacion of the Haroldes, oꝛ ſuch as may cum by the recoꝛdes and regiſters of theſe doynges, contented in the mean whyle with the beſt allowed iudgement and which maketh moſt foꝛ our foꝛſhewed purpoſe. This doubt thus let paſſe. I woulde (q one of the cumpany) gladly ſay ſumwhat foꝛ king Richarde. But his perſonage is ſo ſoꝛe intangled as I thynke fewe benefices be at this daye, foꝛ after hys inpꝛiſonment, his bꝛother and dyuers other made a maſke, myndyng by henryes diſtruction to haue reſtoꝛed him, which maſkers matter ſo runneth in thys that I doubt which ought to go befoꝛe. But ſeyng no man is redy to ſay ought in theyꝛ behalfe, I wyll gyue who ſo lyſteth leaſure to thinke therupon, and in the meane time to further your enterpꝛyſe, I will in the kinges behalfe recount ſuche part of hys ſtoꝛy as I thik moſt neceſſary. And therfoꝛe imagin *Baldwin* that you ſee hym alꝛto be mangled, with blew woundes, lyeng pale and wanne all naked vpon the colde ſtones in Paules churche, the people ſtanding round about hym, and makyng his mone in thys ſoꝛt.

How

A Myrrour
Howe kyng Rycharde the ſeconde was for his euyll gouernaunce depoſed from his ſeat, and miſerably murdred in priſon.

HAppy is the prince that hath in welth the grace
To folowe vertue, kepyng vices vnder,
But woo to him whoſe will hath wiſdomes place:
For who ſo renteth ryght and law aſunder
On hym at length loe, all the worlde ſhall wunder,
Hygh byrth, choyſe fortune, force, nor Princely mace
Can warrant kyng or Keyſar fro the caſe,
Shame ſueth ſynne, as rayne drops do the thunder.
Let prynces therfore vertuous lyfe embrace
That wilfull pleaſures cauſe them not to blunder.

Beholde my hap, ſée how the ſely rout
Do gaſe vpon me, and eche to other ſay:
Sée where he lyeth for whom none late myght rout,
Loe how the power, the pryde, and eyche araye
Of myghty rulers lyghtly fade away.
The kyng which erſt kept all the realme in dout.
The veryeſt raſcall now dare checke and loute:
What mould be kynges made of, but carayn clay?
Beholde hys woundes how blew they be about,
Which whyle he lyued, thought neuer to decay.

The

We thinke I heare the people thus deuiſe
And therfore Baldwin ſith thou wilt declare
Howe Princes fell, to make the liuing wiſe,
My vicious ſtory in no point ſee thou ſpare,
But paynt it out, that rulers may be ware
Good counſayle, lawe, or vertue to deſpiſe.
For realmes haue rules, and rulers haue a ſtaffe,
Which if they kepe not, doubtles ſay I dare
That eithers griefes the other ſhal agriſe
Tyll the one be loſt, the other brought to care.

I am a kynge that ruled all by luſt,
That forced not of vertue, right, or lawe,
But alway put falſe flatterers moſt in truſt,
Enſuing ſuch as could my vices clawe:
By faythfull counſayle paſſing not a ſtrawe.
What pleaſure prickt, that thought I to be iuſt.
I ſet my minde, to feede, to ſpoyle, to iuſt,
Three meales a daye could ſcarce content my mawe,
And to augment my lecherous minde that muſt
To Venus pleaſures alway be in awe.

For mayntenaunce whereof, my realme I polde
Through ſubſidies, fore fines, loanes, many a pyll,
Blanke Charters, othes, & ſhiftes not knowen of olde,
For which my ſubiectes did me fore deteſt.
I alſo made away the towne of Wyll,
My fault wherein becauſe mine vncle tolde
(For Princes vices may not be controlde)
I found the meanes his bowels to vnbryll.
The Piers and Lordes that did his cauſe vpholde,
With death, exile, or greuous fines oppryll.

Neyther

Neyther lakt I ayd in any wycked dede,
For gapyng Gulles whom I promoted had
Woulde furder all in hope of hygher mede.
A kyng can neuer ymagyn ought so bad
But most about hym will perfourme it glad:
For sycknes seldome doth so swiftely brede
As vicious humours growe the griefe to fede.
Thus kynges estates of all be worst bestad,
Abusde in welth, abandoned at nede,
And nearest harme whan they be least adrad.

My lyfe and death the truthe of thys can trye;
For whyle I fought in Ireland with my foes,
Myne vncle Edmunde whome I left to guyde
My realme at home, ryght trayterously arose
To helpe the Percyes plying my depose:
And cald fro Fraunce Erle Bolenbroke whom I
Condemned ten yeares in exyle to ly;
Who cruelly dyd put to death all those
That in myne ayde durst loke but once awry,
Whose number was but slender I suppose.

For whan I was cum back thys stur to staye,
The Erle of Worcester whom I trusted moste
(Whiles we in Wales at Flint our castell lay
Both to refresh and multyply myne oste)
Dyd in my hall in syght of least and most
Bebreake hys staffe, my housholde offyce stay,
Bad ech make shyfte, and rode hym self away.
Sée prynces, sée the power wherof we bost,
Whome most we trust, at nede do vs betray:
Through whose false fayth my land and lyfe I lost.

For whan my trayterous Stuard thus was goen,
My ſeruantes ſhranke away on euery ſyde,
That caught I was, and caryed to my foen:
Who for theyr prynce a pryſon dyd prouyde,
And therin kept me tyll duke Henryes pryde
Dyd cauſe me yelde hym vp my crowne and throne.
Which ſhortely made my frendly foes to grone;
For Henry ſeyng in me theyr falshode tryed
Abhorde them all, and would be rulde by none,
For which they ſought to ſtoppe hym ſtrayt a tyde.

The chiefe conſpyrde by death to dryue hym downe,
For which exployte, a ſolempne othe they ſwore
To render me my lyberty and crowne,
Wherof them ſelues depryued me before.
But ſalues help ſeeld an ouer long ſuffred ſore,
To ſtopp the breech no boote to runne or rowne
When ſwellyng fluds haue ouerflowen the town:
Tyll sayles be ſpred the ſhyp may kepe the ſhore,
The Ankers wayed, though all the frayt do frowne,
With ſtreame and ſtére perforce it ſhalbe bore.

For though the Piers ſet Henry in his ſtate,
Yet could they not diſplace hym thence agayne:
And where they eaſely put me downe of late,
They coulde reſtore me by no maner payne.
Thynges hardely mende, but may be mard amayne,
And whan a man is falne in froward fate
Styll miſchedes lyght one on anothers pate:
And well meant meanes his miſhaps to reſtrayne
Mare wretched mones, wherby hys ioyes abate,
Due prowfe wherof in me appereth playne.

For

For whan kyng Henry knew that for my cause
His lordes in maske would kyll hym yf they myght,
To dash all doutes he toke no further pause
But sent syr Pierce of Erton a traytrous knygh
To Pomfret Castell, with other armed lyght,
Who causeles kilde me there agaynst all lawes,
Thus lawles lyfe, to lawles deth ey drawes.
Wherfore byd Kynges be rulde and rule by ryght,
Who wurketh hys wyll, & shunneth wisdomes sawes
In flateries clawes, & shames foule pawes shall lyght.

When he had ended this so wofull a tragedye, and to all Princes a right worthy instruction, we pausēd: hauyng passed through a miserable tyme full of pyteous tragedyes.

And seyng the reygne of Henry the fourth ensued, a man more ware and prosperous in hys doynges, although not vntroubled with warres both of outforthe and inward enemyes, we began to serch what Pyers were fallen therin, wherof the number was not small: and yet because theyr examples were not muche to be noted for our pourpose, we passed ouer all the Maskers of whom kynge Rychardes brother was chiefe: whych were all slayne and put to death for theyr trayterous attempt. And fyndyng Owen Glendoure next one of Fortunes owne whelpes, and the Percyes hys confederates, I thought them vnmete to be ouer passed, and therfore sayde thus to the splent cumpany: what my maysters is euery man at

ence

once in a browne study, hath no man affection to any of these stoppes: you mynd so much sum other belyke, that these do not move you: And to say the trouth there is no special cause why they should. How be yt Owen Glendour becaus he was one of Fortunes darlynges, rather than he should be forgotten, I will ter hys tale for hi vnder the pryuelidge of Martine hundred: which Owen cumming out of the wilde mountains lyke the Image of death in all pointes (his dart onely excepted) so sore hath famyne and hunger consumed hym, may lament his folly after this maner.

Howe Owen Glendour seduced by false prophecies tooke vpon hym to be prince of Wales, and was by Henry then prince therof chased to the mountaynes, where he miserably dyed for lacke of foode.

I pray the Baldwin sith thou doest entend
To shewe the fall of such as clymbe to hye,
Remember me, whose miserable ende
May teache a man his vicious lyke to flye:
Oh Fortune, Fortune, out on her I crye,
My body and fame she hath made leane and slender
For I poore wretch am sterued Owen Glendour.

A Welshman borne, and of a gentle blood,
But yll brought vp, wherby full well I fynde
That neyther byrth nor lignage make vs good
Though it be true that Cat wyll after kynd:
Flesh gendreth flesh, so doth not soule or mynd,
They gender not but folwly do degender,
When men to vice from vertue them surrender.

Eche thynge by nature tendeth to the same
Wherof it came and is disposed lyke:
Downe synkes the mold, vp mountes the fyery flame,
With horne the harte, with hoofe the horse doth stryke,
The Wolfe doth spoyle, the suttle Fox doth pyke,
And generally no fysh, flesh, foule or plant
Doth any property that theyr dame had, want.

But

But as for men, ſyth ſcurrally they have
A mynd whoſe maners are by learnyng made,
God bryngyng vp alonly doth them ſave
In vertuous dedes, which with theyr parentes fade,
So that true gentry ſtandeth in the trade
Of vertuous lyfe, not in the fleſhly lyne:
For blod is brute, but Gentry is deuine.

Experyence doth cauſe me thus to ſay,
And that the rather for my countrey men,
Which vaunteand boaſt theymſelues aboue the day
Yf they may ſtrayne theyr ſtocke fro worthy men:
Which let be true, are they the better than?
Nay far the worſe if ſo they be not good,
For why they ſtayne the bewty of theyr blod.

How would we mock the burden bearyng mule
If he would brag he were an horſes ſunne,
To preſſe the pryde (myght nothyng els hym rule)
His boaſtes to proueno more but bydhim run:
The horſe for ſwiftnes hath hys glory wunne,
To which the mule could neuer the more aſpyer
Thoug he ſhould proue that Pegas is hys ſyer.

Echs man may crake of that whiche was hys own,
Our parentes vertues theyrs are and not ours;
Who therfore will of noble kynd be knowen
Ought ſhyne in vertue lyke hys auncеſtours,
Gentry conſiſteth not in landes and towers;
He is a churle though all the worloe be hys,
Yea Arthurs heyr if that he live amys.

For vertuous lyfe doth make a gentyll man
Of her poſſeſſour, all be he poore as Job,
Yea though no name of elders ſhew he can:
For proofe take Merlyn fathered by an Hob.
But who ſo ſets hys mind to ſpoyle and rob,
Although he cum by due diſcent fro Brute,
He is a choyle, vngentle, vyle, and brute.

Well thus dyd I for want of better wit,
Becauſe my parentes noughtly brought me vp:
For gentellmen (they ſayd) was nought ſo fyt
As to attaſt by bolde attemptes the cup
Of conqueſts wyne, wherof I thought to ſup:
And therefore bent myſelfe to rob and ryue,
And whom I coulde of landes and goodes deprybe.

For Henry the fourth dyd then vſurp the crowne.
Deſpoyled the king, with Mortymer the heyre:
For which his ſubiectes ſought to putt hym downe,
And I whyle Fortune offred me ſo fayre,
Dyd what I myght his honour to appeyre:
And toke on me to be the prynce of Wales.
Entiſte therto by many of Merlynes tales.

For whych, ſuche Idle as wayte vpon the ſpoyle,
From every parte of Wales vnto me drew:
For loytryng youth vntaught in any toyle
Are redy aye all myſchiefe to enſue.
Through helpe of theſe ſo great my glory grewe,
That I defyed my Kyng through lofty harte,
And made ſharp war on all that toke hys part.

Soe

Sée lucke, I tooke lord Raynold Grey of Rythen.
And hym enforst my doughter to espouse,
And so vnraunsomed held hym styll; and fythen
In Wygmore land through batayle rygorous
I caught the ryght heyre of the crowned howse
The Earle of March syr Edmunde Mortymer,
And in a dungeon kept hym prysoner.

Then all the marches longyng vnto Wales
By Syverne west I dyd inuade and burne:
Distroyed the townes in mountaynes and in vales,
And rich in spoyles had homward safe retourne:
Was none so bolde durst once agaynst me spurne,
Thus prosperously doth Fortune forward call
Those whom she myndes to geue the sorest fall.

Whan fame had brought these tydynges to the kyng
(Although the Skots than vered hym ryght sore)
A myghty army agaynst me he dyd bryng:
Wherof the French kyng beyng warned afore,
Who mortall hate agaynst kyng Henry bor
To greve our foe he quyckely to me sent
Twelve thousand Frenchmen armed to war and bent.

A part of them led by the Erle of Marche
Lord James of Burbone, a valyaunt tryed knyght
Withheld by wynds to Wales ward forth to march,
Tooke land at Plymmouth priuely on a nyght:
And whan he had done al he durst or myght,
After that a mayny of hys men were slayne
He stole to shyp, and sailed home agayne.

Twelue thousand moe in Yelkorde dyd aryue,
And came to me then lyeng at Denbygh
With armed Welshmen thousandes double fyue,
With whom we went to Wurcester wel nigh,
And there encampt vs on a mount on hygh,
To abyde the king who shortely after came
And pytched hys fielde, on a hyll hard by the same.

Ther eyght dayes long, our hoastes lay face to face,
And neyther durst the others power assayle:
But they so stopt the passages the space
That bytayles could not cum to our auayle,
Wher through constrayned our hartes began to fayl:
So that the French men shranke away by nyght,
And I with myne to the mountaynes tok our flyght:

The kyng pursued vs greatly to hys cost,
From hyls to wuds, fro wuds to valeys playne:
And by the way his men and stuf he lost.
And whan he sæ he gayned nought save payne,
He blew retreat, and gat hym home agayne:
Then with my power I boldely cam abrode
Taken in my countrey for a very God.

Immedyately after fell a Jolly Jarre
Betwene the kyng, and Percyes worthy bluds,
Which grew at last vnto a deadly warre:
For lyk as drops engender myghty fluds,
And lytell sædes sprut furth great leaves and buds,
Euen so small stryfes, if they be suffred run
Breed wrath and warr, and death or they be don.

The

The kyng would haue the raunſom of ſuch Scots
As theſe the Percyes tane had in the fæld:
But ſæ how ſtrongly Luker knits her knottes,
The kyng wyll haue, the Percyes wil not yeld,
Deſyre of gwdes ſwne crabes, but graunteth ſæld:
Oh curſed gwdes deſyre of you hath wrought
All wyckednes, that hath or can be thought,

The Percyes déemed it méeter for the kyng
To haue redemed theyr cõſyn Mortymer,
Who in hys quarell all hys power dyd bryng
To fyght with me, that take hym pryſoner
Than of theyr pray to rob his Souldier:
And therfore wylled hym ſæ ſum mean were found,
To quyt forth hym whom I kept vyly bound.

Becauſe the kyng miſlyked theyr requeſt.
They came them ſelues and dyd accorde with me,
Complaynyng how the kyngdom was oppreſt
By Henryes rule, wherfore we dyd agrée
To put hym downe and part the realme in thre:
The North part theyrs, Wales wholy to be myne,
The reſt to reſt to therle of marches lyne.

And for to ſet vs hereon more agog
A prophete came (a vengeaunce take them all)
Affyrmyng Henry to be Gogmagog
Whom Merlyn doth a Mouldwarp euer call,
Accurſt of god, that muſt be brought in thrall
By a wulf, a Dragon, and a Lyon ſtrong,
Which ſhould deuyde hys kyngdom them among.

This crafty dreamer made us thre such beasts
To thynke we were these forsayd beastes in dede;
And for that cause our badges and our creastes
We searched out which scarcely well agreed:
How beit the Haroldes redy at such a nede,
Drew downe such issues from old auncestours,
As proued these ensygnes to be suerly oures.

Ye crafty Welshmen, wherfore do ye mocke
The nobls men thus with your fayned rymes?
Ye noble men why flye ye not the flock
Of such as have seduced so many tymes?
False Prophesyes are plages for dybers crymes
Which god doth let the deuilish sorte deuise
To trouble suche as are not godly wyse.

And that appered by vs thre beastes in dede.
Through false perswasyon highly borne in hand
That in our feat we could not chuse but spede
To kyll the kyng, and to enioy his land:
For which exployt we bound our selues in band
To stand contented ech man with his part,
So fully folly assured our folysh hart.

But such they say as fysh before the net
Shall seldom surfyt of the praye they take,
Of thinges to cum the haps be so vnset
That none but soles may warrant of them make:
The full assured, sucees doth oft forsake.
For Fortune fyndeth none so fyt to flout,
As suresby sots which cast no kynd of doute.

How

Now ſayeſt thou Henry Hotſpur, do I lye:
For thou ryght manly gaueſt the kyng a fæld,
And there wall ſlayne becauſe thou wouldeſt not fly:
Syr Thomas Percy thine vncle forſt to yæld
Dyd caſt his head a wunder ſæn but ſæld
From Shrewſbury town to the top of London bridge.
Lo thus ſond hope dyd theyr both lyues abrydge.

Whan Henry kyng this victory had wunne,
Deſtroyed the Percyes, put theyr power to flyght,
He dyd apoynt prynce Henry his eldeſt ſunne
With all hys power to mete me if he myght;
But I diſcomfyt through my partners fyght
Had not the hart to mete hym face to face,
But fled away and he purſued the chaſe.

Now Waldwyn marke, for I calde prynce of Wales,
And made beleve I ſhould be he in dede,
Was made to flye among the hylles and dales,
Where all my men forſoke me at my nede.
Who truſteth loyterers fæld hath lucky ſpede:
And whan the captayns corage doth hym fayle
His ſouldiers hartes a litle thyng may quayle.

And ſo Prince Henry chaſed me, that loe
I found no place wherin I myght abyde:
For as the dogges purſue the ſely doe,
The brache behynd, the hounds on every ſyde,
So traſte they me among the mountaynes wyde:
Wherby I found I was the hartles hare
And not the beaſt Colyrophet dyd declare.

And

And at the last: lyke as the litell roch,
Must eyther be eat, or leape vpon the shore
Whan as the hungry pyckerell doth approche,
And there fynd death which it eskapt before;
So double death assaulted me so sore
That eyther I must vnto my enmy yeeld,
Or starue for hunger in the barayn feeld.

Here shame and payne a whyle were at a stryfe
Payn prayed me yeeld, shame bad me rather fast;
The one bad spare, the other spend my lyfe,
But shame (shame haue it) ouercam at last.
Than hunger gnew, that doth the stone wal brast
And made me eat both gravell, durt and mud,
And last of all, my dung, my flesh, and blud.

This was myne ende to horrible to heare,
Yet good ynough for a lyfe that was so yll,
Wherby O Baldwyn warne all men to beare
Theyr youth such loue, to bryng them vp in skyll.
Byd prynces fly Colprophetes lying byll;
And not presume to clyme aboue theyr states,
For they be faultes that foyle men, not their fates.

Han starued Owen had ended hys hun-
gry exhortacion, it was well inough liked,
Howbeit one found a dout wurth the mo-
ning, & that concerning this title, erl of march:
for as it apereth, there wer. iii. mē of. iii. diuers
nacions together in one tyme entitled by ye ho-
nour: First sir Edmund Mortimer, whom O-
wen

wen kept in pꝛiſon, an Engliſhman: the ſecond the lorde George of Dunbar a valiaunte Scot, banyſhed out of his countrey, and well eſteemed of Henry the foweꝛth: the third lorde James of Burbon a frenchman, ſent by the frenche kinge to helpe Owen Glendour. Theſe thꝛe men had this tytle all at once, whyche cauſed him to aſke howe it was true that euery one of theſe could be Earle of Marche: wherto was annſwered, that euery countrey hath Marches belongynge vnto them, and thoſe ſo large, that they were Earledomes, and the lorꝺes therof intituled therby: ſo that Lorꝺ Edmound Mortimer was Earle of Marche in Englande, lorꝺ James of Burbon of the Marches of Fraunce, and Lorꝺe George of Dunbar erle of the marches in Scotland. For otherwyſe neither could haue intereſt in others tytle. Thys doubt thus diſſolued Mayſter Ferrers ſayd: If no man haue affection to the Percyes, let vs paſ the tymes both of Henry the foweth and the fyfth, and cum to Henry the ſyxte: in whoſe tyme Foꝛtune (as ſhe doth in the minoꝛitie of pꝛynces) bare a great ſtroke among the nobles. And yet in Henry the fourths tyme are examples which I would wyſhe Baldwin that you ſhuld not forget, as the conſpyracy made by the byſhop of Yoꝛke, and the lorꝺ Mowbray, ſonne of hym whom you late treated of: pꝛycked foꝛward by the Earl of Noꝛthumberland 'father to ſyꝛ Henry Hotſpur, who fled hym ſelfe, but hys parteners were appꝛehended

ded and put to death, with Bayntun and Blinkynsops, whiche could not see theyr duty to theyr kyng, but tooke parte with Percy that banished Rebell. As he was procedyng, he was desired to stay by one which had pondered the story of the Percyes, who briefly sayd, To thende *Baldwin* that you may knowe what to say of the Percyes whose story is not all out of my memory (and it is a notable story) I wyll take vpon me the parson of lorde Henry earle of Northhumberland, father of Henry Hotspur, in whose behalf this may be sadd.

How Henry Percy Earle of Northhumberland, was for his couetous and trayterous attempt put to death at yorke.

DOzall Senec true kynd I thy ſaying,
That neyther kynſfolke, ryches, ſtrength, oz fabour
Are fre from Foztune, but are aye decaying:
No woꝛldly welth is ought ſabe doubtfull labour,
Pans lyke in earth is lyke vnto a tabour,
Which now to myzth doth myldly men pzouoke
And ſtrayt to war, with a moze ſturdy ſtroke.

All thys full true I Percy kynd by pzoke,
Which whylom was earle of Northhumberland;
And therfoze Baldwyn foz my Piers behoof
To note mens failes ſith thou haſt tane in hand,
I would thou ſhouldeſt my ſtate well vnderſtand:
Foz fewe kynges were moze than I redouted,
Thzough double Foztune lyfted vp and louted.

As foz my kynne their nobleneſſe is knowen,
Pp valyauntiſe were folly foz to pzayſe,
Wherthrough the Scotts ſo oft were ouerthzowen
That who but I was douted in my dayes;
And that kyng Rychard found at all aſſayes,
Foz neuer Scottes rebelled in hys rayne
But thzough my foꝛce were eyther caught oz ſlayne.

A brother I had was Earle of Worcester
Allwayes in fauour and office with the kyng
And by my wyfe Dame Elinor Mortymer
I had a son whiche to the Scots dyd flyng,
That beyng yong. and but a very fprynge
Syr Henry Hotfpur they gaue hym to name,
And though I fay it, he dyd deferue the fame.

We thre triumphed in kyng Richardes tyme,
Tyl Fortune ought both hym and vs a fpyte:
But chiefly me, whom clere from any cryme,
My kyng dyd banifh from hys fauour quyte,
And openly proclaymed traytorous knyght:
Where through falfe flaunder forced me to be
That which before I dyd moft dedly flee.

Let men beware how they true folke defame,
Or threaten on them the blame of vyces nought,
For in famy bredeth wrath wreke folowth fhame:
Eke open flaunder oftau tymes hath b r cught
That to effect, that erft was neuer thought
To be misdemed men fuffer in a fort,
But none can bear the griefe of misreporte.

Becaufe my kyng dyd fhame me wrongfully,
I hated hym and in dede became hys foe:
And whyle he dyd at warr in Ireland lye,
I dyd confpyre to turne hys weale to woe:
And through the duke of Yorke and other moe,
All royall power from hym we quickly toke,
And gaue the fame to Henry Bolenbroke.

Ney

Neyther dyd we this alonely for thys cauſe,
But to ſay truth, force drave vs to the ſame:
For he deſpyſyng god and all good lawes
Slew whome he would, made ſynne a very game.
And ſeyng neyther age nor counſayle could hym tame,
We thought it well done for the kyngdomes ſake,
To leaue hys rule that dyd all rule forſake.

But whan ſyr Henry had attaynd hys place,
He ſtrayt becam in all poyntes worſe than he,
Deſtroyed the pyers, & ſlew kyng Rychardes grace,
Agaynſt hys othe made to the lordes and me:
And ſekyng quarels how to disagree,
He ſhamelesly required me and my ſonne
To yeld him Scottes which we in field had wonne.

My Nephue alſo Edmund Mortymer
The very heyr apparaunt to the crowne,
Whom Owen Glendour held as pryſoner,
Vilely bound in dungeon depe caſt downe,
He would not raunſome: but dyd felly frowne
Agaynſt my brother and me that for hym ſpake,
And hym proclaymed traytour for our ſake.

This foule deſpyte dyd cauſe vs to conſpyre
To put hym down as we dyd Rychard erſt,
And that we myght thys matter ſet on fyre
From Owens tayle, our colyn we remerſt,
And vnto Glendour all our griefes reherſt,
Who made a bond with Mortymer and me,
To pryue the kyng, and part the realm in thre.

But

But whan kyng Henry heard of thys devyse
Toward Owen Glendour he sped hym very quyck,
Pyndyng by force to stop hur enterprise:
And as the dyuell would, then fell I syck,
Howbeit my brother, & sonne, more polytyke
Than prosperous, with an oast fro Scotlād brought,
Encountred hym at Shrewsbery, where they fought.

The one was tane and kild, the other slayne,
And shortely after was Owen put to flyght;
By meanes wherof I forced was to fayne,
That I knew nothyng of the former fyght.
Fraude oft avayles more than doth sturdy myght:
For by my faynyng I brought him in belief
I knew not that wherin my part was chief.

And while the king thus toke me for his frend
I sought all meanes my former wrong to wreake,
Which that I myght bryng to the sooner ende,
To the byshop of Yorke I dyd the mater breake,
And to Therle Marshall likewyse dyd I speake.
Whose father was through Henries cause eryled
The byshops brother with trayterous death defyled.

These strayt assented to do what they could,
So dyd the lorde Hastinges and lord Fauconbridge:
Which altogether promysed they would
Set all theyr power the kynges dayes to abridge.
But se the spyte, before the brydes were slydge
The kyng had word, and seysoned on the nest
Wherby alas my frendes were all oppressed.

The

The bluddy tyrant brought them all to ende
Excepted me, which into Scotlande ſkapte
To George of Dunbar therle of March, my frend,
Who in my cauſe al that he could ey ſkrapte:
And when I had for greater ſuccour gapte
Both at the Frenchmen and the Flemynges hand,
And could get none I toke ſuch as I fand.

And with the helpe of George my very frend
I dyd inuade Northhumberland full bold,
Wheras the folke drew to me ſtyll vnend,
Bent to the death my party to vphold:
Through helpe of theſe full many a ſort and hold
The which the kyng ryght manfully had mand,
I eaſely wunne, and ſeyſed in my hand.

Not ſo content (for vengeaunce drabe me on)
I entred Yorkſhyre there to waſt and ſpoyle,
But ere I had far in the countrey gon
The thirtl therof, Rafe Rekeſby dyd aſſoyle
My troubled hoaſt of much part of our toyle:
For he allauntynge freſhely took through power,
Me and lord Bardolph both at Bramham moore.

And thence conueyed vs to the towne of York
Vntyll he knew what was the kynges entent:
There loe lord Bardolf kynder than the Stocke,
Dyd loſe dys hed, which was to London ſent,
With whom for frendſhypp myne in lyke caſe went,
Thys was my hap my fortune or my faynte,
This lyfe I led and thus I came to nought.

Wherfore good Baldwyn wyll the pyers take hede
Of slaunder malyce and conspyracy.
Of couetyse, whence all the rest procedeth
For couetise ioynt with contumacy,
Doth cause al mischief in mens hartes to brede.
And therfore this to *Esperance* my wurd.
Who causeth bludshed shall not scape the swurd

By that this was ended, I had found out the story of Rychard earle of Cambridge: and because it contayned matter in it, though not very notable, yet for y better vnderstanding of the rest, I thought it mete to touche it, and therefore sayd as followeth: you haue sayd wel of the Perries and fauourably. For in dede as it should appere, the chiefe cause of they conspiracy against king Henrye, was for Edmunde Mortimer their cosins sake, whom the kyng very malicioullye proclaimed to haue yelded himselfe to Owen colourably, whan as in deede he was take forcibly against his wyl, & very cruelly ordered in prison. And seing we are in hād wyth Mortimers matter, I will take vppon me the person of Richard Plantagenet earle of Cambridge, who for his sake likewyse dyed. And therfore I let passe Edmund Holland earle of Kent, whom Henry the fowerth made Admirall to skoure the Seas, because the Britons were abrode: whiche Earle (as manye thynges happen in warre) was slayne with an arowe at the assaulte

saulte of Byrack: shortely after whose deth thys kyng dyed, and hys sonne Henry the fyft of that name, succeded in hys place. In the beginning of thys Henry the fyfts rayne, dyed this Rychard, and with hym Hery the lord Scrope and other in whose behalfe thys may be sayd.

A Myrrour

How Richard erle of Cambridge entending the kinges destruction was put to death at Southhampton.

HAste maketh waste, hath commonly ben sayd,
And secrete myschiefe seld hath lucky spede:
A murdryng mynd with proper peyze is wayd,
All thys is true, I fynd it in my crede.
And therfore Baldwyn warne all states take hede,
How they conspyre any other to betrappe,
Least myschefe ment light in the miners lappe.

For I lorde Rychard heyr Plantagenet
Was Earle of Cambrydge and ryght fortunate,
If I had had the grace my wyt to set
To haue content me with mine owne estate:
But o false honours, breders of debate,
The loue of you our lewd hartes doth allure
To lese our selues by seekyng you vnsure.

Because my brother Edmund Mortymer,
Whose eldest syster was my wedded wyfe,
I meane that Edmunde that was prysoner
In Wales so long through Owens busy stryfe,
Because I say, that after Edmundes lyfe,
His ryghtes and tytles must by law be myne,
For he ne had, nor could encrease hys lyne.

Because

Becauſe the right of realme and crowne was ours,
I ſerched meanes to help hym therunto.
And where the Henryes held it by theyr powers
I ſought a ſhyft theyr tenures to vndo,
Which beyng force, ſyth force or ſleyt muſt do,
I voyd of myght, becauſe theyr power was ſtrong,
Set pryvy ſleyt agaynſt theyr open wrong.

But ſyth the deathes of moſt part of my kynne
Dyd daſh my hope, throughout the fathers dayes
I let it ſlyp, and thought it beſt begyn
Whan as the ſonne ſhuld dread leſt ſuch aſſayes:
For force through ſpede, ſleight ſpedeth through de-
And fæld doth treaſon time ſo fitly fynd (layes
As whan all dangers moſt be out of mynde.

Wherfore whyle Henry of that name the fifte,
Prepared hys army to go conquer Fraunce,
Lord Skrope and I thought to attempt a dryfte
To put hym downe my brother to avaunce:
But were it gods will, my luck, or hys good chaunce,
The kyng wyſt wholly wherabout we went.
The nyght before to ſhypward he hym bent.

Then were we ſtrayt as traytours apprehended,
Our purpoſe ſpyed, the cauſe therof was hyd,
And therfore loe a falſe cauſe we pretended
Wherthrough my brother was fro daunger ryd:
We ſayd for hyer of the French kynges coyne, we did
Behight to kyll the kyng: and thus with ſhame
We ſtayned our ſelves, to ſave our frend fro blame.

Whan we had thus confeſt ſo fowl a treaſon,
That we deſerued, we ſuffred by the law.
Se Baldwyn ſee, and note as it is reaſon
Howw wycked dedes to wofull endes do draw.
All force doth fayle no craft is wurth a ſtraw,
To attayne thinges loſt and therfore let them go,
For myght ȝuleth ryght, and wyll though god ſay nay.

WHan ſtout Rychard had ſtoutly ſayd hys mynd, belyke ye one, this Richarde was but a litle man, or els lyttel fauoured of wryters, for our Cronicles ſpeake very litle of hym. But ſeing we be cum now to king Henryes voyage into Fraunce, we can not lack valyaunt men to ſpeake of: for among ſo many as were led and ſent by the kyng out of this realme thyther, it can not be choſen but ſum, and ȳ a great ſumme, were ſlayne among theym: wherfore to ſpeke of them all, I thynke not nedefull. And therfore to let paſſ Edward Duke of yorke and the Earle of Suffolke ſlayne both at the battayle of Agine court, as were alſo many other, Let vs ende the tyme of Henry the fyft, and cum to hys ſunne Henry the fyrſt: whoſe nonage brought Fraunce and Normandy out of bondage, and was cauſe that fewe of our noble men died aged. Of whom to let paſſe the numbre, I wyll take vpon me the perſon of Thomas Mōtague

earle

earle of Salysburye, whose name was not so good at home (and yet he was called the good erle) as it was dreadfull abrode: who exclamige vpon the mutabylytye of Fortune, iustly may say thus.

A Myrrour

How Thomas Montague the earle of Saliſbury in the myddes of his glory, was chaunceably ſlayne with a piece of ordynaunce.

What fooles be we to truſt vnto our ſtrength,
Our wyt, our courage or our noble fame,
Which tyme it ſelfe muſt nedes deuour at length
Though froward Fortune could not foyl the ſame.
But ſeyng this Goddes gydeth all the game,
Which ſtyll to chaunge doth ſet her only luſt,
Why toyle we ſo for thynges ſo hard to truſt:

A goodly thyng it is ſuerly good reporte,
Which noble hartes, do ſeke by courſe of kynde:
But ſæn the date ſo doubtfull and ſo ſhort,
The wayes ſo rough wherby we do it fynd,
I can not chuſe but prayſe the pryncely mynde
That preaſeth for it, though we fynd oppreſſ
By foule defame thoſe that deſerue it beſt.

Con cernyng whom marke Baldwyn what I ſay,
I mean the vertuous hindred of theyr brute,
Among which number reken well I may
My valyaunt father John lord Montacute,
Who loſt hys lyfe I iudge in iuſt purſut:
I ſay the cauſe and not the caſuall ſpede,
Is to be wayed in euery kynde of dede.

This

This rule obſerued, how many ſhall we fynde
For vertues ſake with infamy oppreſt?
How many agayne through helpe of Fortune blynd,
For yll attemptes atchiued, with honour bleſt?
Sucees is wurſt ofttymes whan cauſe is beſt:
Therfore ſay I: god ſend them ſory happes,
That iudge the cauſes by their after clappes.

The ende in dede is iudge of every thyng,
Which is the cauſe or latter poynt of tyme:
The fyrſt true verdyct at the fyrſt may bryng,
The laſt is ſlow, or ſlypper as the ſlyme,
Oft chaungyng names of innocence and tryme.
Duke Thomas death was Juſtyce two yeares long,
And ever ſence, ſore tyranny and wrong.

Wherfore I pray the Baldwyn way the cauſe,
And prayſe my father as he doth deſerue:
Be cauſe erle Henry, kyng agaynſt all lawes,
Endeuoured kyng Rycharde for to ſtarue
In iayle, wherby the regall crowne myght ſwarue
Out of the lyne to whiche it than was due,
(Wherby God knowes what euyl myght enſue)

My lorde John Holland duke of Exceſter,
Which was dere coſyn to thys wretched kyng,
Did mooue my father, and therle of Glocester,
With other lordes to ponder well the thyng:
Who ſeyng the myſchefe that began to ſpryng,
Dyd all conſent thys Henry to depoſe,
And to reſtore kyng Rycharde to the roſe.

And

And whyle they dyd deuyse a prety trayne
Wherby to bryng theyr purpose better about,
Which was in maske, this Henry to haue slayne,
The duke of Aumerle blew theyr counsayl out:
Yet was theyr purpose good there is no doubt.
What cause can be more worthy for a knyght,
Than save hys kyng, and helpe true heyres to ryght.

For thys with them my father was distroyed,
And buryed in the dunghyll of defame.
Thus evyll chaunce theyr glory dyd avoyd,
Wheras theyr cause doth clayme eternall fame.
Whan dedes therfore vnluckyly do frame,
Men ought not iudge the auctours to be naught,
For ryght through myght is often overraught.

And god doth suffer that it should be so,
But why, my wyt is feble to deuyse,
Except it be to heape vp wrath and wo
On wycked heades that iniuryes deuyse.
The cause why mischiefs many tymes aryse,
And lyght on them that wold mens wronges redresse,
Is for the rancour that they beare I gesse.

God hath rygour though it furder ryght,
For sinne is sinne, how ever it be vsed:
And therfore suffreth shame and death to lyght,
To punysh vyce, though it be well abused.
Who furdreth ryght is not therby excused,
If through the same he do sum other wrong:
To every vice due guerdon doth belong.

What

What preche I now, I am a man of warre,
And that my body I dare ſay doth profeſſe,
Of cured woundes beſet with many a ſkarre,
My broken Jaw vnheald can ſay no leſſe.
O Fortune, Fortune, cauſe of all dyſtreſſe
My father had great cauſe thy fraude to curſe
But much more I, abuſed ten tymes worſſe.

Thou never flatteredſt hym in al hys lyfe,
But me thou dandledſt lyke the darlyng dear:
Thy gyftes I found in every corner ryfe,
Where euer I went, I met thy ſmylyng cheare:
Which was not for a day, or for a yeare,
But through the rayne of thre ryght worthy kynges,
I found the forward in all kynd of thynges.

The whyle kyng Henry conquered in Fraunce
I ſued the warres and ſtyll found victory.
In all aſſaultes ſo happy was my chaunce,
Holdes yeld or wun dyd make my enemyes ſory:
Dame Prudence eke augmented ſo my glory,
That in all treatyes ever I was one
Whan weyghty matters were agreed vpon.

But whan thys kyng thys myghty conqueroure,
Through deth vnrype was both hys realmes bereft,
Hys ſely infant dyd receyue hys power,
Pore lytle babe full youge in cradell left,
Where crown and Scepter hurt hym with the heft.
Whoſe worthy vncles had the gouernance,
The one at home, the other abrode in Fraunce.

And

And I which was in peace and war well skylled,
With both these rulers greatly was estemed:
Bare rule at home as often as they wylled,
And fought in Fraunce whan they it nedefull demed.
And every where so good my serupce semed,
That Englysh men to me great loue dyd bear,
Our foes the French, my force fulfylled with feare.

I alwayes thought it fytt y for a prynce,
And such as haue the regyment of realmes,
Hys subiectes hartes with myldnes to conuynce,
With iustyce myrt, auoydyng all extremes.
For lyke as Phebus with hys chearfull beames,
Doth freshly forse the fragrant floures to florysh,
So rulers myldnes subiectes loue doth norysh.

Thys found I true: for through my mylde behaui
Theyr hartes I had with me to lyue and dye,
And in theyr spech bewrayer of theyr fauour,
Thy cald me styll good earle of Salysbury,
The lordes confest the commons dyd not lye,
For vertuous lyfe, fre hart, and lowly mynd,
With hygh and low shall alwayes fauour fynd.

Which vertues chief becum a man of war,
Wherof in Fraunce I found experyence:
For in a cautes due mydnes passeth farre
All rygour, force, and sturdy vyolence:
For men wyll stoutly styck to theyr defence
When cruell captaynes covet after spoyle,
And so enforst, oft geue theyr foes the foyle.

But

But when they know they shalbe kendly vsed,
They hazard not theyr heades but rather yelde:
For thys my offers never wore refused
Of any towne, or surely very seld.
But force and furyes fyt be for the fielde
And there in dede I vsed so the same,
My foes wouldе flye yf they but heard my name.

For whan lorde Steward and erle Cantadore,
Had cruelly belieged Crauant towne,
Which we had wunne, and kept long time before,
Which lyeth in Awrer on the ryuer Youne,
To rayse the siege the Regent sent me downe:
Where as I vsed all rygour that I myght,
I kylled all that wer not saued by flyght.

When the erle of Bedford then in Fraunce lord regent
Knew in what sort I had remoued the siege,
In Brye and Champayne he made me vice gerent,
And Lyeutenaunt for hym and for my Liege:
Which caused me to go to Bry, and there beliege
Mountaguylon with twenty wekes assaut,
Which at the last was yelded me for naught.

And for the duke of Bretayns brother Arthur,
Both erle of Richmond and of Puery,
Agaynst hys othe from vs had made departure,
To Charles the Dolphyn our chief enemy,
I with the Regent went to Normandy,
To take hys town of Puery which of spyght
Dyd to vs daily all the harme they myght.

They

They at the fyrſt compounded by a day
To yéeld, if reſcues dyd not cum beſoꝛe
And whyle in hope to fyght, we at it lay,
The Dolphyn gathered men two thouſand ſtoꝛe,
With erles, loꝛdes, and captaynes ioly ſtoꝛe:
Of which the duke of Alanſon was guyde,
And ſent them down to ſée yt we would byde,

But they left vs and down to Vernoyle went,
And made theyr vaunt they had our army ſlayne,
And thꝛough that lye, that town from vs they hent,
Which ſhoꝛtely after turned to theyꝛ payne:
Foꝛ there both armyes met vpon the playne:
And we .viii. M. whom they ſlew, not ſlew beſoꝛe,
Dyd kyl of them, ten thouſand men and moꝛe.

When we had taken Vernoyle thus agayne,
To dꝛiue the Dolphyn vtterly out of Fraunce,
The Regent ſent me to Aniow and to Mayne,
Where I beſieged the warlyk town of Mawns:
Ther loꝛd of Loyſers Baldwins valyaunce
Dyd well appere, which wold not yéeld the towne,
Tyll all the towꝛes & walles wer battred down.

But here now Baldwyn take it in good part,
Though that I bꝛought this Baldwin ther to yéeld:
The Lyon ſcarce foꝛ all hys noble hart,
Beyng ouer matched, is foꝛſt to flée the féeld.
If Mars hym ſelf had ther ben with hys ſhéeld,
And in my ſtoꝛmes had ſtoutly me withſtode,
He ſhould haue yéeld, oꝛ els haue ſhed my blod.

This

This lourthy knyght both hardy, ſtout, and wyſe,
Wrought well hys feat: as tyme and place require,
Whan Foꝛtune layles, it is the beſt advice
To ſtryke the layle leſt all lye in the wyre.
Thys have I layd to thend thou take no yꝛe,
Foꝛ though no cauſe be found, ſo nature frames,
Men haue a zeale to ſuch as bear theyꝛ names.

But to retourne, in Payne wan I at length,
Such townes & foꝛtes as myght eyther help oꝛ hurt,
I manned Mayon & Suzans townes of ſtrength,
Foꝛt Barnarde, Thanceaur, & S. Cales the curt,
With Lile ſues Boſton, ſtandyng in the durt:
Eke Gweꝛland, Suſze, Loupeland and Pountſure,
With Palycoꝛne, theſe wan I and kept full ſure.

Beſydes all thys, I toke nere foꝛty holdes,
But thoſe I razed even with the ground.
And foꝛ theſe dedes, as ſely ſhepe in foldes
Do ſhꝛynk foꝛ fear at euery lytteil ſound,
So fled my foes befoꝛe my face full round:
Was none ſo hardy that durſt abyde the fyght,
So Mars and Foꝛtune furdered me theyꝛ knyght.

I tell no lye, ſo gaſtfull grew my name,
That it alone diſcomfyted an hoaſt:
The Scots and Frenchmen well confeſſe the ſame,
Els wyll the towne which they lyke cowardes loſt.
Foꝛ whan they ſieged Bewꝛon with great boſt,
Beyng fourty thouſand Bꝛytayns, French, and Scottes,
Fyue hundꝛed men dyd banquyſh them lyke ſottes.

For whyle the Frenchmen freshly assawted styll,
Our Englysh men came Boldly forth at nyght,
Crying saynt George, Salysbury, kil, kil, kil,
And offred freshly with their foes to fyght,
And they as frenchly tok them selues to flyght,
Supposyng surely that I had ben there,
So how my name dyd put them all in feare.

Thus was the Dolphyns power discomfyted,
Fower. M. slayne, their campe tane as it stode:
Wherby our town and souldyers profited,
For there were vytayles plentyfull and good:
Thys whyle was I in England by the rod
To appeace a stryfe that was right foule befall,
Betwene Duke Humfrey and the Cardinall.

The Duke of Exceter shortly after dyed,
Which of the kyng at home had gouernaunce,
Whose roume the earle of Warwyck then supplyed,
And I tooke hys, and sped me into Fraunce.
And hauyng a zeale to conquere Dalyaunce,
Wyth much a do I gat the Regentes ayd,
And marched thyther, and siege about it layd.

But in the way I toke the town of Mayn,
Wher murdred wer for stoutnes many a man:
But Baugency I toke with lytell payne,
For which to shew them fauour I began:
Thys caused the townes of Mewne and Jargeau,
That stode on Loyer: to proffer me the keyes,
Ere I cam nere them, welny by two dayes.

Yet

See here how Fortune forward can allure,
What baytes ſhe layeth to bryng men to theyr ende.
Who hauyng hap lyke thys, but hopeth ſure
To bryng to bale what ever he entendes?
But ſone is ſowre the ſweete that Fortune ſendes:
When hope and hap, when helth and welth is hyeſt,
Than wo and wrack, diſeaſe, and nede be nyeſt.

For whyle I, ſuing thys ſo good ſucceſſe,
Layd ſiege to Orlyaunce on the ryuer ſyde,
The Baſtard (Cuckold Calwnyes ſonne I geſſe,
Tho thought the dukes) who had the towne in gyde,
Came fierſely forth, when he hys tyme eſpyed,
To raiſe the ſiege, but was beat back agayne,
And hard purſued both to hys loſſe and payne.

For there we wan the bulwarke on the bryge
With a myghty tower ſtandyng faſt therby.
Ah curſed tower that dydſt my dayes abryge,
Would god thou hadſt ben furder, eythes I
For in thys tower a chamber ſtandes on hye,
From whiche a man may view through all the towne
By certayn wyndowes yron grated downe.

Where on a day now Waldwyn note myne ende
I ſtode in vewing where the towne was weak,
And as I buſyly talked with my frend,
Shot fro the towne, which all the grate dyd breake,
A pellet came, and drove a myghty ſteake
Agaynſt my face, and tare away my cheeke,
For payne wherof I dyed within a weeke.

See Baldwyn ſée the vncertayne of glory,
How ſodayne myſchiefe daſheth all to duſt.
And warne all prynces by my broken ſtory,
The happyeſt Fortune chiefly to miſtruſt,
Was never man that alway had hys luſt:
Than ſuch be fooles, in fancy more then mad
Which hope to have that never any had.

THis ſtraunge aduenture of the good erle drawe vs all vnto a dumpe, inwardly lamenting his wofull deſtiny, out of which we wer awaked after thys ſort.
To what ende (quoth one) muſe we ſo much on the matter. Thys Earle is neyther the fyrſt nor the laſt whom Fortune hath foundred in the heygth of theyr proſperytie. For all through the raine of this vnfortunate kyng Henry, we ſhal find many which haue bene likewiſe ſerued, whoſe chaũces ſith they be marcial and therfore honorable, may the better be omitted. And therfore we wil let go the lordes Morlynes and Poynynges, ſlain both at the ſiege of Orleauns ſhortely after the death of thys earle. Alſo the valyaunt earle of Arundel deſtroyed with a dowlet at the aſſaut of Gerbory whoſe ſtoryes never the leſſe are wurthy the hearyng. And to quicken vp your ſpirytes, I wil take vpon me a tragycall perſon in dede, I meane kyng Jamy ſlayne by his ſeruantes in his priuy chamber: who although he be a Skot, yet ſeing he was brought vp in Englãd. where he learned

the

the language, hys example alſo ſo notable it wer not mete it ſhould be forgotten.
And therfore marke Baldwyn what I thynke he may ſay.

A Myrrour
How kyng Iames the first for breakyng his othes and bondes, was by gods suffraunce miserably murdered of hys owne subiectes.

IF for examples sake thou write thy boke,
I charge the Baldwyn thou forget me not:
Whom Fortune alwayes frowardly forsoke,
Such was my luck, my meryte, or my lot.
I am that Iames kyng Roberts sonn the Skot,
That was in England prysoner all hys youth,
Through myne vncle Walters trayterous vntruth.

For whan my father through dysease and age,
Unwieldy was to gouerne well hys land,
Because hys brother Walter semed sage,
He put the rule therof into hys hand.
Than had my father you shall vnderstand
Of lawfull barnes, me and one only other,
Nempt Dauy Rothsay, who was mine elder brother

This Dauy was prynce of Scotland and so take,
Tyll hys aduoutry caused men complayn:
Which that he myght by monyshment forsake,
My father prayed myne vncle take the payne
To threaten hym hys vyces to refrayne.
But he false traytour butcherly murdryng wretche
To get the crowne began to fetch a fetch.

And

And fyndyng now a prooffer to hys pray,
Deuysed meanes my brother to deboure,
And for that cause conuayed hym day by day
From place to place, from castell vnto towre,
To Faulkland fort, where lyke a tormentour
He starued hym and put to death a wyfe
Whom through a rede he sukt to saue his lyfe.

O wretched death, fye cruell tyrannye,
A prynce in prysonlost for fault of foode?
Was neuer enmy wrought such bylany.
A trusted brother stroy hys brothers blood
Wo wurth so fryndly, fye on double hood.
Ah wretched father see thy sonne is lost,
Sterued by thy brother whom thou trustedst most.

Of whom when sum began to fynd the fraude,
And yet the traytour made hym self so clere,
That he should seme to haue deserued laud,
So wofull dyd he for hys deth appere,
My doubtfull father louyng me full deere
To auoyd all daunger that myght after chaunce,
Sent me away, but nyne yeers old, to Fraunce.

But wyndes and wether were so contrary,
That we were dryuen to the englysh coast,
Which realme with Scotland at that time did vary,
So that they tooke me prysoner not as oaste;
For which my father fearyng I were lost,
Conceyued shortely such an inward thought,
As to the grade immediately hym brought.

Than had myne vncle all the regyment
At home, and I in England prysoner lay,
For to hym selfe he thought it detryment,
For my releace any raunsum for to paye,
For as he thought he had possest hys praye:
And therfore wilht I myght in durauns dure
Tyll I had dyed, so should hys rayne be sure.

But good kyng Henry seyng I was a chyld,
And heyr by ryght vnto a realme and crowne,
Dyd bryng me vp (not lyke my brother) wyld
But vertuously in feates of hygh renowne:
In lyberall artes, in instrumentall sowne;
By mean wherof whan I was after kyng,
I dyd my realme to ryght ouer bryng.

For ere I had ben prysoner eyghtene yere,
In which short space two noble princes dyed,
Wherof the fyrst in prudence had no peere
the other in warr most valyant throughly tryed,
Whose rowme hys sonn babe Henry eke supplyed
The peers of England which dyd gouerne all,
Dyd of theyr goodnes helpe me out of thrall.

They maryed me to a colyn of theyr kyng
The Duke of Somersets daughter ryche and fayr,
Releast my raunsom save a tryfling thyng:
And after I had done homage to the heyr,
And sworne my frendshyp neuer should appayr,
They brought me kyngly furnyght to my land,
Which I receyued at myne vncles hand.

Wherof

Wherof my lordes and cõmons wer full glad,
So was myne vncle cheefly as he ſayd,
Who in hys mouth no other matter had,
Saue punyſh ſuch as had my brother trayed.
The faut wherof apparantly he layed,
To good duke Murdo, hys elder brothers ſonn,
Whoſe father dyed long ere thys dede was donn.

Thy curſed vncle ſlyer than the ſnake
Which would by craft vnto the crown aſpyer,
Becauſe he ſaw thys Murdo was a ſtake
That ſtayed vp the ſtop of hys deſyre,
(For hys elder brother was duke Murdoes fyer)
He thought it beſt to haue hym made away.
So was he ſuer (I goen) to haue hys pray.

And by hys crafts the traytour brought to paſſe
That I deſtroyed Duke Murdo and hys kyn,
Poore inocentes, my louyng frendes alas.
O kynges and Pryncesbehold what plyght ſtand we in,
A truſted tratiour ſhall you quyckly wynne
To put to death your kyn and frendes moſt iuſt:
Take hede therfore, take hede whoſe rede ye truſt.

And at the laſt to bryng me hole in hate
With god and man at home and eke abrode,
He counſayled me for ſurance of my ſtate:
To helpe the Frenchmen, then nygh ouertrode
By Engliſh men: and more to lay on lode,
With power and force all England to inuade,
Agaynſt the othe and homage that I made.

And

And though at fyrst my cōscyence dyd grudge
To breake the bondes of frendshyp knyt by oth
Yet after profe(see myschiefe) I dyd iudge
It madnes for a kyng to kepe hys troth.
And semblably with all the world it goth.
Synnes ofte assayed are thought to be no synne,
So soyleth synne, the soule it synketh in.

But as diseases common cause of death,
Bryng daunger most, whan least they prycke and smart,
Which is a sygne they haue expulst the breth
Of lyuely heat which doth defend the hart:
Euen so such sinnes as felt are on no part
Haue conquered grace, and by theyr wycked vre,
So kyld the soule that it can haue no cure.

And grace agate, vice styll succedeth vyce,
And al to haste the vengeaunce for the furst.
I arede therfore all people to be wyse,
And stop the brack whan it begyns to burst.
Attaste no poyson(vyce is venym wurst,
It mates the mynd) beware eke of to much,
All kyll through muchnes, sum with only touche.

When I had learned to set my othe at nought,
And through much vse the sence of syn exyled,
Agaynst kyng Henry, what I could I wrought,
My fayth my othe vniustly foule defyled.
And whyle sly Fortune at my doynges smyled,
The wrath of God whych I had well deserued,
Fell on my neck, for thus loe was I serued.

Ere I had raygned fully fiftene yere,
Whyle tyme I lay at Pertho at my place,
With the Quene my wyfe & chyldren me to chear,
My murdryng vncle with the double face,
That longed for my kyngdome and my mace,
To ſlay me there ſuborned Robert Gram,
With whom hys nephue Robert Stuart cam.

And whan they tyme fit for the purpoſe found,
Into my pryvy chamber they aſſart, (wound
Wheare wyth theyr ſwordes they gaue me many a
And ſlue all ſuch as ſtucke vnto my parte:
There loe my wyfe dyd ſhew her louyng hart,
Who to defend me felled one or twayne,
And was ſore wounded ere I could be ſlayne.

Se Baldwyn Baldwyn, the vnhappy endes,
Of ſuch as paſſe not for theyr lawfull othe:
Of thoſe that cauſeles leaue theyr fayth or frendes,
And murder kynſfolk through theyr foes vntroth,
Warne warne all prynces, al lyke ſynnes to loth,
And chiefly ſuch as in my Realme be borne,
For God hates byghly all that are forſworne.

Than thys was ſayd, let Kyng Jamy go
by mayſter Fereres: and retourn we to our
owne ſtory, & ſe what broyles wer among
the nobylyty in the kynges mynority. How ỹ cardi
nall Bewford malygneth the eſtate of good duke
Hũfrey the kynges vncle & protector of ỹ realme,
& by what drifte he firſt baniſheth his wife frõ him

In

And lastly howe the good duke is murderously made away through conspiracy of Quene Margaret and other: both whose tragedyes I entend at leysure to declare, for they be notable. Do so I pray you (q another) But take hede ye demurre not vpon them. And I to be occupyed the meane tyme, wyll shew what I haue noted in the duke of Suffolkes doynges, one of the chefest of duke Humfreys destroyers, who by the prouydens of God came shortely after in such hatred of the people, that the kyng hym selfe could not saue hym from a straunge and notable death, which he may lament after thys maner.

How Lorde VVilliam Delapole Duke of Suffolke was worthely baniſhed for abuſyng hys King and cauſyng the deſtruction of good Duke Humfrey.

HEauy is the hap wherto all men be bound,
I meane the death, whych no eſtate may flye;
But to be banyſht, headed ſo, and drowned.
In ſynk of ſhame from top of honors hye,
Was neuer man ſo ſerued I thynke but I,
And therfore Baldwyn fro thy grave of gryefe
Reiect me not, of wretched paynces chief.

My only lyke in all poyntes may ſuffyſe
To ſhew how baſe all baytes of Fortune be,
Which thaw lyke yſe, through heat of enuyes eyes;
Or vycyous dedes which much poſſeſſed me.
God hap wyth vyces can not long agree,
Which bryng beſt fortunes to the baſeſt fall,
And happieſt hap to enbye to bethrall.

I am the prynce duke Wyllyam De la Pole
That was ſo famous in Quens Pargets dayes,
That ſound the meanes Duke Humfreys blud to coole
whoſe vertuous paynes deſerue eternall prayſe,
Wherby I note that Fortune can not rayſe
Any one aloft without ſum others wrack;
Fluds drown no fieldes before they fynd a brack.

But as the waters which do break theyr walles
Do lose theyr course they had within the shore,
And dayly rottyng styncke within theyr stalles
For faut of mouyng which they found before;
Even so the state that over hygh is bore
Doth lose the lyfe of peoples loue it had,
And rots it selfe vntyll it fall to bad.

For whyle I was but erle, ech man was glad
To say and do the best by me they myght:
And Fortune ever synce I was a lad
Dyd smyle vppon me with a chearfull syght,
For whan my kyng had doubed me a knyght
And sent me forth to serue at war in Fraunce,
My lucky spede myne honor dyd enhaunce.

Where, to omyt the many feates I wrought
Under others guyde, I do remember one
Which with my souldyers valyantly was fought
None other captayne save my selfe alone,
I mean not now the appryntyce of Pucell Jone
In whych attempt my trauayle was not smal,
Though the Duke of Burgoyne had the prayse of all,

But the siege of Awmarle is the feat I prayse:
A strong buylt towyn, with castes, walles, & vaultes,
With men and weapon armed at all assayes:
To whych I gaue nye fyue tymes fiue assaultes,
Tyll at the last they yelded it for naughtes.
Yet Lord Rambures syke a valyaunt knyght
Defended it as long as ever he myght.

But

But what preuayled it these townes to wynne
Which shortely after must be lost agayne?
Wherby I see there is more glory in
The keppyng thynges than is in theyr attayne;
To get and kepe not is but losse of payne.
Therfore ought men prouyde to save theyr wynnynges
In all attemptes, els lose they theyr begynnynges.

Because we could not kepe the townes we wunne
For they were more than we myght easely weyld
One yere undyd what we in ten had doen:
For enby at home and treason abrode, dyd yelde
Kyng Charles hys Realme of fraunce, made barain field:
For bluddy warres had wasted all encreace,
Which caused the pope helpe pouerty sue for peace.

So that in Tourayn at the town of Toures
Duke Charles and other for theyr prynce appered,
So dyd lord Rolle and I than Earle, for oures:
And whan we shewed wherin eth other dered,
We sought out meanes all quarels to haue clered,
Wherin the Lordes of Germany, of Spaygne,
Of Hungary and Denmarke, toke exceedyng payne.

But syth we could no fynall peace induce,
For neyther would the others couenantes haere,
For eyghtene monthes we dyd conclude a truce;
And whyle as frendes we lay together there
Because my warrant dyd me therin beare,
To make a perfyt peace and through accorde,
I sought a maryage for my soueraygne lorde.

And

And for the French kynges doughters wer to small
I fancyed most dame Margaret his niece,
A lovely lady, bewtyfull and tall,
Fayr spoken, pleasaunt, a very pryncely piece,
In wyt and learnyng matchles hence to Grece,
Duke Rayners doughter of Anjow, kyng by style,
Of Naples, Jerusalem, and of Sicill yle.

But ere I could the graunt of her attayne:
All that our kyng had of her fathers landes,
As Mauntes the cytye, the county whole of Mayne,
And most of Anjow duchy in our handes,
I dyd release hym by assured bandes.
And as for dowry with her none I fought,
I thought no peace could be to derely bought.

But whan thys maryage throwly was agréd
Although my kyng were glad of such a make
His uncle Humfrey abhorred it in dede,
Because therby hys precontract he brake,
Made with the heyr of the erle of Armynack,
A noble mayd with store of goodes endolved,
Which more than thys with losse the duke allowed.

But love and bewty in the kyng so wrought
That neyther profyt or promyse he regarded,
But set hys uncles counsayl styll at nought:
And for my paynes I highly was rewarded.
Thus vertue starves, but lustfode must be larded.
For I made Marquyse went to Fraunce agayne,
And brought this bryde vnto my soveraygne.

At whom becauſe Duke Humfrey ay repyned,
Callyng theyr maryage aduowtry (as it was)
The Quene dyd moue me, erſt therto enclyned,
To helpe to bryng hym to hys Requiem maſſe.
Which fith it could for no crynne cum to paſſe
Hys lyfe and doynges were ſo ryght and clere,
Through pryuy murder we brought hym to hys bere.

Thus ryghteouſnes brought Humfrey to rebuke
Becauſe he would no wyckednes allow,
But for my doynges I was made a duke
So Fortune can both bend and ſmoth her browe
On whom ſhe lyſt, not paſſyng why nor how.
O lord how hygh, how ſone ſhe dyd me rayſe,
How ſaft ſhe fyld me both with prayes and prayſe.

The lordes and Commons both of lyke aſſent,
Beſought my ſouerayne knelyng on theyr knees,
To record my doynges in the parlyament,
As dedes deſeruyng eberlaſtyng fees.
In which attempt they dyd no labour leſe,
For they ſet not my prayſe ſo ſaft in flame,
As he was redy to reward the ſame.

But note the ende, my dedes ſo worthy demed
Of king, of lordes, and Commons altogether,
Wer ſhortly after treaſons falſe eſteemed,
And all men curſt Quene Margets cummyng hyther,
For Charles the french kyng, in hys feates not lyther
Whan we had rendred Rayner Pauntes and Payne,
Found meane to wynne all Normandy agayn,

Thys made the people curse the maryage
Esteemyng it the cause of every losse:
Wherfore at me with open mouth they rage,
Affyrmynge me to have brought the realme to mosse:
Whan kyng and Quene saw thynges thus go a crosse,
To quyet all a parlyament they called,
And caused me in prison to be thralled.

And shortely after brought me forth abrode,
Which made the Commons more than double wood:
And sum with weapons would have layd on lode,
If they? graund captayne Blewberd in hys moode
Had not in tyme with wysoome ben withstode:
But though that he and more were executed
The people styll they? wurst agaynst me bruted.

And so applyed the parlyament with bylles
Of haynous wronges and open trayterous crymes,
That kyng and quene were forst agaynst they? wylles
Fro place to place to adiourne it dyuers tymes.
For prynces power is lyke the sandy slymes,
Which must perforce gebe place vnto the wave,
Or sue the wyndy sourges whan they rave.

They? lyfe was not more dere to them than I,
Which made them searche all shyftes to save me styll,
But ay my foes such faultes dyd on me trye
That to preserve me from a wurser yll,
The kyng was fayne full sore agaynst hys wyll
For fyve yeres space to send me in exyle,
In hope to have restored me in a whyle.

But

But marke how vengeaunce wayteth vpon vyce.
As I was ſayling toward the coaſt of Fraunce,
The Earle of Deuonſhyres barke, of lytle pryce,
Encountred me vpon the ſeas by chaunce,
Whoſe captayne toke me by hys valyaunce,
Let paſſe my ſhyppes, with all theyr frayt and loade,
But led me with hym into Dover roade.

Where whan he had recounted me my faultes,
As murdryng of Duke Humfrey in hys bed,
And how I had brought all the realme to naughtes
In cauſyng the kyng vnlawfully to wed,
There was no grace, but I muſt loſe my head.
Wherfore he made me ſhryve me in hys boate,
On the edge wherof my neck in two he ſmote.

A pyteous ende, and therfore Baldwyn warne,
All pyers and prynces, to abhorre vntroth,
For vycyous grayne muſt cum to ſowlendes barne:
Who bryeth breach of lawfull bond or oth
God wyll ere long, cauſe all the world to loth.
Was neuer prynce that other dyd oppreſſe
Unrygbteouſly, but dyed in diſtreſſe.

When thys was ſayd: Every man reioy-
ced to hear of a wycked man ſo mar-
uayloufly well punyſhed: For though
Fortune in many poynles be iniurious to Prin-
ces, yet in thys and ſuch lyke ſhe is moſt righte-
ous: And onely deſerueth the name of a Goddes,
whan ſhe proupdeth meanes to punyſh & diſtroy

Tyrannes. And whan we had a while consydered the dryftes of the kyng and Quene to haue saued thys Duke, and yet they could not: It is wurth the labour (sayd one) to way the workes and iudgementes of God: which seyng they are knowen most euydently by comparyng contraryes, I will touche the story of Jacke Kade in order next folowynge. Whome Kynge Henry with all hys puissaunce was no more able for a while to destroye (yet was he his rebellious enemye) than he was to preserue the Duke of Suffolke hys derest frende: by which two examples doeth appere how notably God dysposeth all thynges, and that no force stretcheth farther, than it pleseth hym to suffer. For thys Cade beinge but base borne, of no abylytye, and lesse power, accompanied with a few naked Kentyshmen, caused the Kynge with his armye at all poynctes appointed, to leaue the fyelde, and to suffer him to doe what so euer he lusted. In whose behalfe, seyng he is one of Fortunes whelpes, I will trouble you a whyle to heare the proces of his enterpryse, which he may declare in maner folowyng.

How Iacke Cade traiterously rebelling agaynst his King, was for his treasons and cruell doinges vurthely punished.

Shall I call it Fortune or my feoward folly
That lyfted me and layed me downe below?
Or was it courage that me made so Joly,
Which of the starres and bodyes grement growe,
What ever it were this one poynt sure I know,
Which shalbe mete for every man to marke:
Our lust and wyls our evyls chiefly warke.

It may be well that planets do enclyne,
And our complexions moove our myndes to yll,
But such is reason, that they bryng to syne
No worke vnayded of our lust and wyll:
For heauen and earth are subiect both to skyll,
The skyl of God ruleth all it is so strong,
Man may by skyl gyde thynges that to hym long.

Though lust be stucdy and wyl enclyned to nought,
This forst by mixture, that by heavens course,
Yet through the skyl God hath in reason wrought
And geuen man, no lust nor wyll so course
But may be stayed or swaged of the sourse,
So that it shall in nothyng force the mynde
To worke our wo, or leaue the proper kynde.

But though thys skyl be geven every man
To rule the wyl, and kepe the mynd aloft,
For lack of grace ful fewe vse it can,
These worldly pleasures tickle vs so oft:
Skyl is not weak, but wyll strong, flesh is soft
And yeldes it selfe to pleasure that it loueth,
And hales the mynde to that it most reprouеth.

Now if this happe wherby we yelde our mynde
To lust and wyll, be fortune as we name her,
Than is she iustly called false and blynde,
And no reproche can be to much to blame her:
Yet is the shame our owne when so we thame her,
For sure thys hap if it be ryghtly knowen,
Cummeth of our selues, and so the blame our owne.

For whoso lyueth in the skole of skyll
And medleth not with any woldes affayres,
Forsaketh pumpes and honors that do spyll
The myndes recourse to Graces quiet stayers,
Hys state no fortune by no meane appayers:
For fortune is the folly and plage of those
Which to the world they wretched wylles dispose.

Among whych Fooles (Marke Baldwyn) I am one
That would not stay my selfe in myne estate.
I thought to rule but to obey to none,
And therfore fell I wyth my kyng at bate.
And to the ende I myght hym better mate,
John Mortymer I caused my selfe be called,
Whose kyngly blod the Henryes my had thralled.

This

Thys thyng I vſed the people to perſwade
To leaue theyr prynce, on my ſyde more to ſtyck,
Where as in dede my fathers name was Rade
Whoſe noble ſtocke was neuer worth a ſtyck.
But touchyng wyt I was both rype and quycke,
Had ſtrength of lyms, large ſtature, cumly face,
Which made men wene my lygnage were not baſe.

And ſeyng ſtoutnes ſtuck by men in Kent
Whoſe valyant hartes refuſe none enterpryſe,
With falſe perſwaſyons ſtrayte to them I went,
And ſayd they ſuffred to great iniuryes:
By meane wherof I cauſed them to ryſe,
And battayle wyſe to cum to black heth playne
And there theyr grieſes vnto the kyng complayne.

Who beyng deafe (as men ſay) on that eare,
For we deſyred releace of ſubſydyes,
Refuſed roughly our requeſtes to heare,
And came agaynſt vs as hys enemyes:
But we to tray hym ſought out ſubtyltyes,
Remoued our campe, and back to Senock went,
After whom the Staffordes with their power wer ſet.

See here how fortune ſettyng vs a flote
Brought to our nettes a portyon of our pray.
For why the Staffordes with theyr army hote
Aſſayled vs at Senock where we laye:
From whence alyue they parted not away,
Whych whan the kynges retynew vnderſtode
They all affyrmed my quarell to be good.

Which cauſed the kyng, and quene whom al did hate,
To rayſe theyr campe, and ſodaynly depart:
And that they myght the peoples grudge abate,
To imprylon ſum full ſore agaynſt their hart.
Lord Sayes was one, whom I made after ſmart,
For after the Staffordes & their oaſt was flayne,
To Blackheath field I marched back agayne.

And wheare the kyng would nothyng hears before,
Now was he glad to ſend to know my mynd;
And I therby enflamed much the more,
Refuſed hys grauntes, ſo folly made me blynd.
For this he flew and lefte lord Skales behynd,
To helpe the town and ſtrengthen London tower,
Towardes which I marched forward with my power.

And found there all thynges after my deſyer.
I entred London, dyd there what I lyſt.
The treſurer, lord Sayes, I dyd conſpyre
To haue condempned: wherof whan I myſt,
(For he by lawe my malyce dyd reſyſt)
By force I tooke hym in Guyldhall fro the heaps,
And headed hym before the croſſe in cheape.

Hys ſonne in law James Cromer ſhryue of Kent
I caught at myle ende, where as then he laye:
Beheaded hym, and on a poale I ſent
His head to London where his fathers laye.
With theſe two heades I made a pretty play,
For pyght on poales I bare them through the ſtreate,
And for my ſport made ech kiſſe other ſwete.

Than

Than brake I prysons let forth whom I woulde,
And vsed the cyty as it had ben myne:
Toke from the marchauntes, money ware and g.
From sum by force, from other sum by fyne.
This at the length dyd cause them to repyne,
So that lord Skales consentyng with the mayer,
Forbad vs to theyr cytie to repayre.

For all thys whyle myne hoast in Southwarke lay.
Who whan they knew our passage was denyed,
Came boldly to the brydge and made a fraye,
For in we would, the townes men vs defyed:
But whan with strokes we had the matter tryed,
We wan the brydge and set much part on fyer,
Thys doen to Southwarke back we dyd retyre.

The morow after came the Chauncellour
With generall pardon for my men halfe gone,
Which heard and read, the rest within an howre
Shranke all awaye ech man to shyfte for one.
And whan I saw they left me post alone,
I dyd dysguyse me lyke a knyght of the post,
And into Sussex rode away in poste.

And there I lurked tyl that cursed coyne
That restles begle sought and found me out,
For strayt the kyng by promyse dyd entoyne
A thousand marke to who so ever mought
Apprend my corse, which made them seke about:
Among the which one Alexander Iden,
Found out the hole wherin the for was hydden.

But

But ere he toke me I put hym to hys trumpes,
For yéeld I would not whyle my handes would holde
But hope of money made hym stur hys stumpes,
And to assault me valyantly and bolde.
Two houres and more our combat was not colde,
Tyll at the last he lent me such a stroke,
That downe I fell and never after spoke.

Than was my carkas caryed lyke a hog,
To Southwark borow where it lay a nyght,
The next day drawen to Newgate lyke a dog,
All men reioysyng at the rufull syght:
Than were on poales my perboylde quarters pyght,
And set aloft for vermyn to devower,
Yéete grave for rebels that resyst the power.

Full lytell know we wretches what we do.
When we presume our prynces to resyst.
We war with God, agaynst hys glory to,
That placeth in hys office whom he lyst:
Therfore was neuer traytour yet but myst
The marke he shot, and came to shamfull ende
Nor neuer shal tyll God be forst to bend.

God hath ordayned the power, all prynces be
Hys Lieutenantes or debities in realmes,
Agaynst theyr foes styll therfore fyghteth he,
And as hys ennmyes drives them to extremes,
Theyr wyse devyses prove but doltysh dreames.
No subiect ought for any kynd of cause,
To force the lord, but yéeld him to the lawes.

And

And therfore Baldwyn warne men folo w reaſon
Subdue theyr wylles, and be not Fortunes ſlaues,
A troublous end doth ever folow treaſon,
There is no truſt in rebelles, raſkall knaues,
In Fortune leſſe, which wurketh as the waues:
From whoſe aſſautes who lyſt to ſtand at large,
Muſt folowe ſkyll, and flye all worldly charge.

By ſaynt mary (quod one) yf Jacke were as well learned, as you haue made hys oracyon, What ſo ever he was by byrth, I warraunt hym a gentyll man by his learnyng. How notably and Philoſopher lyke hath he deſcrybed Fortune and the cauſes of worldly cumbraunce? howe vpryghtly alſo and howe lyke a deuyne hath he determyned the ſtates both of officers and Rebelles. For in dede officers be gods deputyes, and it is gods office which they beare: and it is he which ordayneth therto ſuche as hym ſelfe lyſteth, good whan he fauoureth the people, and evyll whan he wyll punyſh theym. And therefore whoſoever rebelleth agaynſt any ruler eyther good or bad, rebelleth agaynſt GOD and ſhalbe ſure of a wycked ende. For God can not but mayntayn hys deputye. yet this I note by the waye concernyng rebelles and rebellions. Although the deuyll rayſe them, yet God alwayes vſeth them to his glory, as a parte of hys Juſtice: For whan kynges and chiefe rulers, ſuffer theyr vnder officers to myſvſe their ſubiectes, and wil

not

not heare nor remedye theyr peoples wronges whan they complayne, than suffreth GOD the Rebell to rage, and to execute that part of his Justice, which the parcyall prynce would not. For the Lord Sayes a very corrupt offycer & on whom not withstanding the king alwayes maiteined, was destroyed by thys Jacke, as was also the byshop of Salysburye (a proud and coueitous prelate) by other of the rebelles. And therefore what soever prynce desyreth to lyve quietlye without rebellion must do hys subiectes right in all thynges, and punysh such offycers as greue or oppresse theym: thus shall they be sure from all rebellion. And for the clerer opening herof it wer well doen to set forth this Lord Sayes Tragedie. What neede that (q another) seyng the lyke example is seen in the duke of Suffolke, whose doynges are declared sufficiently alredy. Nay rather let vs go forward for we haue a great mainy behynde that may not be omytted, and the tyme as you see passeth away. As for thys Lorde Sayes whom Cade so cruelly kylled and spytefully vsed after hys death (I dare say) shalbe knowen therby what he was to all that reade or heare thys story. For God would neuer haue suffred hym to haue ben so vsed, except he had fyrst deserved it. Therfore let hym go and with hym the Bushop, and all other slayne in that rebellion which was reysed as it may be thought, through sum dryft of the duke of Yorke, who shortely after began

began to endeuoure all meanes to attayne the Crowne, and therfore gathered an armye in Wales and marched towarde London: but the kyng with his power taried and met him at saint Albones. Where whyle the kyng & he wer about a treatye, therle of Warwyke set vpon the kings army and slew the duke of Somerset, the Earle of Northumberland, the Lorde Clyfforde, and other, and in conclusyon got the victorye, and the duke was made Lorde Protector. Which so greued the Quene and her accomplices, that pryvye grutches and open dissemblyng never ceassed tyl the duke, and hys allyes were glad to flee the field and Realme, he in to Irelande, they to Calayes: whence they came agayne with an army whereof the Earle of Salysbury was leader, and marched toward Couētry wher the king tham was and had gathered an armye to subdue them, and encountred them at Northhampton, and fought and lost the fyelde and was taken hym selfe, the duke of Buckyngham, the Erle of Shrewsbury the vycount Beaumount, the Lord Egermount and many other of hys retynue slayn. Of no man haue any mind to any of these noble personages because they were honourably slaine in battayle let sum man els take the Booke, for I mynde to say sum what of this duke of Somerset.

¶ Whyle he was deuysyng theron, and every man sekyng farder notes, I loked on the Cronicles, and fyndyng styll fyeld vp on fyeld, a many ma-

noble men slaine, I purposed to haue ouerpassed all, for I was so wearye that I wared drowsye and began in ded e to slumber: but my imaginacion styl prosecutyng this tragical matter, brought me such a fantasye. We thought ther stode before vs, a tall mans body full of freshe woundes, but lackyng a head, holdyng by the hande a goodlye chylde, whose brest was so wounded ỳ hys hart might be seen, his louely face and eyes disfigured with dropping teares, his heare through horrour standyng vpryght, his mercy crauing handes all to be mangled, & al his body enbrued w̄ his own bloud. And whan through the gastfulnes of this pyteous spectacle, I waxed afeard, and turned a way my face, me thought there came a shrekyng voyse out of the wesand pype of the headles bodye, saying as foloweth.

How Richard Plantagenet duke of yorke was ſlayne through hys ouer raſh boldnes, and hys ſonn the earle of Rutland for his lack of valyauns.

TRuſt Fortune (quod he) in whom was neuer truſt,
O folly of men that haue no better grace,
All reſt, renowne, and dedes lye in the duſt
Of all the ſort that ſue her ſlypper trace.
What meaneſt thou Baldwyn for to hyde thy face?
Thou nedeſt not feare although I myſſe my head:
For yet to mourne, for thys my ſonne is dead.

The cauſe why thus I lead hym in my hand,
His ſkyn with blud and teares ſo ſore beſtaynd,
Is that thou mayſt the better vnderſtand
How hardly Fortune hath for vs ordaynd:
In whome her loue and hate be hole contaynd.
For I am Richard prynce Plantagenet,
The duke of Yorke in royall race beget.

For Rychard erle of Cambrydge, eldeſt ſonne
Of Edmund Langley, thirde ſonn of king Edward,
Engendred me of Anne, whoſe courſe dyd runne
Of Mortymers to be the iſſue garde:
For when her brother Edmund dyed a warde,
She was ſole hayer by due diſcent of lyne,
Wherby her ryghtes and tytles all were myne:

But marke me now I pray thee Baldwyn marke,
And sée how force oft ouerbereth ryght:
Waye how vsurpers tyrannously warke,
To kepe by murder that they get by might,
And note what troubles dangers do alyght
On such as seke to reposses theyr owne,
And how through rygour ryght is overthrowen.

The earle of Herford, Henry Bolenbrooke,
Of whom Duke Moubray told the now of late,
Whan voyde of cause he had Kyng Rychard tooke:
He murdred hym, vsurped his estate,
Without all right or tytle, sauyng hate
Of others rule, or love to rule alone:
These two excepted, title had he none.

The realme and crowne was Edmund Mortymers
Whose father Roger, was kyng Richardes heyr:
Which caused Henry and the Lancasters
To séeke all shyftes, our houfholdes to appayre,
For sure he was to syt besyde the chayre
Wer we of power to clayme our lawfull ryght,
Wherfore to stroy vs he dyd al he myght.

Hys cursed sunne ensued hys cruel path.
And kept my gyltles cosen strayt in duraunce,
For whom my father hard entreted hath.
But lyuyng hopeles of hys lyues assuraunce
He thought it best by polytyke procurence,
To prive the kyng and so restore hys trend:
Which brought hym selfe to an infamous ende.

For

For whan king Henry of that name the fyft,
Had tane my father in thys conspyracye,
He from Syr Edmund all the blame to shyfte,
Was fayne to say the French kyng hys ally,
Had hyred him thys traytrous act to try:
For whych condempned shortely he was slayne,
In helpyng ryght thys was my fathers gayne.

Thus whan the lygnage of the Mortymers
Were made away by hys vsurpyng lyne,
Sum hanged sum slayne sum pyned prysoners:
Because the crowne by ryght of law was myne,
They gan as fast agaynst me to repyne:
In feare alwayes least I shuld sturre them strife.
For gylty hartes have never quiet lyfe.

Yet at the last in Henryes dayes the syxt,
I was restored to my fathers landes,
Made duke of Yorke: wherthrough my mynd I fyxt
To get the crowne and kyngdom in my handes,
For ayd wherin I knyt assured bandes
With Nevels stock, whose doughter was my make
Who for no wo would ever me forsake.

O lord what hap had I thorough maryage,
Fower godly boyes in youth my wyfe she bore.
Ryght valyaunt men and prudent for theyr age,
Such bretherne she had and nephues styll in store
As none had erst, nor any shall haue more:
The earle of Salysbury, and his sonn of Warwick,
Wer matchles men from Barbary to Barwyke.

Through

Through helpe of whom and Fortunes lowely looke
I vndertooke to claym my lawfull ryght,
And to abash such as agaynst me tooke,
I rayſed power at all poyntes preſt to fyght:
Of whom the chiefe that chiefly bare me ſpite,
Was Somerſet the Duke, whom to annoy
I alway ſought, through ſpyte, ſpite to deſtroy.

And maugre hym, ſo choyſe loe was my chaũce,
Yea though the quene that all ruld tooke hys part
I twyſe bare rule in Normandy and Fraunce,
And laſt lyeutenant in Ireland, wher my hart
Found remedy for every kynde of ſmart.
For through the loue my doynges there dyd brede,
I had theyr help at all tymes in my nede.

Thys ſpytefull duke, hys ſilly kyng and quene.
With armed hoſtes I thryſe met in the fielde,
The fyrſt vnfought through treaty made betweene,
The ſecond ioynde wherin the king dyd yéelde,
The duke was ſlayne, the quene enforſt to ſhylde
Her ſelfe by flyght. The thyrd the quene dyd fyght,
Where I was ſlayne beyng ouermacht by myght.

Before thys laſt were other batayles three,
The firſt the Earle of Salyſbury led alone,
And fought on Blorehith, and got victory:
In the next was I and my kynſfolke everychon,
But ſeyng our ſouldyers ſtale vnto our foen,
We warely brake our cumpany on a nyght,
Diſſolued our hoaſte, and toke our ſelues to flyght.

Thys boye and I in Ireland dyd vs ſaue,
Myne eldeſt ſonne with Warwick and hys father
To Caleys got, whence by the read I gaue
They cam agayne to London, and dyd gather
An other hoaſt wherof I ſpake not rather:
And met our foes, ſlew many a lord and knyght,
And toke the kyng, and drabe the Quene to flyght.

This done came I to England all in haſte.
To make my clayme vnto the realme and crowne:
And in the houſe whyle parlyament dyd laſt,
I in the kinges ſeat boldly ſat me downe,
And clayned it whereat the lordes dyd frowne,
But what for that, I dyd ſo well procede,
That al at laſt confeſt it myne in dede.

But ſyth the kyng had rayned now ſo long,
They would he ſhould continue tyll he dyed,
And to the ende that than none dyd me wrong,
Protectour and heyre aparant they me cryed.
But ſyth the Quene and others thys denyed,
I ſped me towarde the North where than ſhe lay,
In mynde by force to cauſe her to obey.

Wherof ſhe warnd prepared a myghty power,
And ere that myne were altogether redy,
Came ſwyft to Sandale and beſieged my bower.
Where lyke abeaſt I was ſo raſh and heady,
That out I would, there could be no remedye.
With ſkant fiue thouſand foutyers, to aſſayle
Folwer tymes ſo many, encampt to moſt avayle.

And so was slayne at fyrst: and whyle my chylde
Skarce twelue yere olde, sought secretly to part,
That cruell Clyfford, lord, nay Lozell wyld,
Whyle the infant wept, and prayed hym rue his smart
Knowing what he was, with his dager claue his hart
This doen he came to the campe where I lay deade.
Dispoylde my corps and cut away my heade.

And whan he had put a paper crowne theron,
As a gawzyng stock he sent it to the Quene.
And she for spite commaunded it anon
To be had to Yorke: where that it mought be sæn,
They placed it where other trayters ben.
Thys myschief Fortune dyd me after death,
Such was my lyfe, and such my losse of breth.

Wherfore sæ Baldwyn that thou set it furth
To the ende the fraude of Fortune may be knowen,
That eke all pryncs well may way the wurth
Of thinges, for which the sedes of warre be sowen.
No state so sure but soone is ouerthrowen.
No worldly good can counterpeyze the pryse,
Of halfe the paynes that may therof a ryse.

Farre better it were to loose a piece of ryght,
Than lymmes and life in fousing for the same.
It is not force of frendship nor of might,
But god that causeth thinges to fro or frame
Not wit but luck doth wield the winners game.
Wherfore if we our follyes would refrayn,
Tyme woule redresse all wronges we boyd of payn.

Wherfore

Wherfore warne prynces not to wade in war
For any cauſe except the realmes defence:
Theyr troublous tytles are vnwurthy farre
The blud, the lyfe, the ſpoyl of innocence.
Of frendes and foes behold my foule erpence,
And neuer the nere: beſt therfore tary tyme,
So ryght ſhall rayne, and quiet calme ech crime.

With this mayſter *Ferrers* ſhooke me by the ſleue, ſaying: why howe nowe man do you forget your ſelf, belyke you mynd our matters very much. So I do in dede (quoth I) for I dreame of them. And when I had rehearced my dreame, we had long talke concerning the nature of dreames, which to ſtint and to bring vs to our matter agayne, thus ſayd one of them: I am glad it was your chaunce to dreame of Duke Richard, for it had ben pity to haue ouerpaſſed hym. And as concernyng this lord Clyfford whyche ſo cruelly kylled hys ſonne, I purpoſe to geue you notes: who (as he well deſerued) came ſhortly after to a ſodayne death, and yet to good for ſo cruell a tyrant. Wherfore as you thought you ſawe & heard the headles Duke ſpeke thorow his necke, ſo ſuppoſe you ſee this lord Clyfford all armed ſaue his head, with his breſt-plate al gore bloud runing from his throte, wherin an hedles arrow ſticketh, through which wound he ſaieth thus.

A Myrrour

How the lord Clyfford for hys ſtraunge and abhomynable cruelty, came to as ſtraunge and ſodayne a death.

OPen confeſſion areth open penaunce,
And wyſdome would a man hys ſhame to hide:
Yet ſyth forgeuenes cummeth through repentaunce
I thynke it beſt that men theyr crymes deſcryed,
For nought ſo ſecrete but at length is ſpied:
For couer fiet, and it wyll neuer lynne
Tyl it break forth, in lyke caſe ſhame and ſynne.

As for my ſelfe my fautes be out ſo playne
And publyſhed ſo brode in euery place,
That though I would I can not hyde a grayne.
All care is bootles in a cureles caſe,
To learne by others griefe ſum haue the grace,
And therfore Baldwyn wryte my wretched fall,
The briefe whereof I briefly otter ſhall.

I am the ſame that ſlue duke Richardes chylde
The lovely babe that begged lyke with teares:
Wherby my honour lowly I deſylde.
Poore ſely Lambes the Lyon neuer teares:
The feble mouſe may lye among the beares:
But wrath of man hys rancour to requyte,
For gets all reaſon ruth and vertue quyte.

I meane

I meane by rancour the parentall wreke
Surnamed a vertue(as the vicious ſay)
But lytle know the wycked what they ſpeke,
In boldenyng vs our enemyes kyn to ſlay,
To punyſh ſynne,is gwd,it is no nay.
They wreke not ſyn,but meryte wreke for ſynne,
That wreke the fathers faultes vpon hys kyn.

Becauſe my father lord John Clifford died
Slayne at S. Albons,in hys prynces ayde,
Againſt the duke my hart for malyce fryed,
So that I could from wreke no way be ſtayed.
But to avenge my fathers death,allayd
All meanes I might the duke of Yorke to annoy:
And all hys kyn and frendes to kyl and ſtroy.

This made me with my bluddy dagger wound
Hys gyltles ſunne that neuer againſt me ſtarde:
His fathers body lying dead on ground
To pearce with ſpeare eke with my cruel ſwurd
To part hys neck,and with hys head to bourd,
Enveſted with a paper royall crowne,
From place to place to beare it vp and downe.

But cruelty can neuer ſkape the ſkourge
Of ſhame,of horror,or of ſodayne death.
Repentaunce ſelfe that other ſynnes may pourge,
Doth flye from thys,ſo ſore the ſoule it flayeth.
Deſpayre diſſolues the tyrauntes bytter breth:
For ſodayne vengeaunce ſodaynly alyghtes
On cruell heades,to quite their cruell ſpyghtes.

This fynd I true, for as I lay in ſtale
To fyght agaynſt duke Rychardes eldeſt ſonne,
I was deſtroyed not far from Dyntyng dale
For as I would my gorget haue vndone.
To cuent the heat that had me nygh vndoen,
An headles arrow ſtrake me through the throte
Wherthrough my ſoule forſoke hys fylthy coate:

Was thys a chaunce? no ſuer gods juſt alwarde
Wherin due iuſtyce playnly doth appere:
An headles arrow payed me my reward,
For headyng Rycharde lying on the bere.
And as I would hys chyld in no wyſe heare,
So ſodayn death bereft my tounge the power,
To aſke for pardon at my dying hower.

Wherfore good Baldwyn warne the bluddy ſort,
To leave they wrath, they rigour to refrayne:
Tell cruell iudges, horror is the port
To which they ſayle through ſhame & ſodayne payne:
Hell haleth tyrauntes downe to death amayne.
Was neuer yet nor ſhalbe cruell dæde,
Left vnrewarded with as cruell mæde.

When this tragedy was ended, O Lorde
my an other, how horrible a thyng is diuiſion in a realme, to howe many myſchiefes is it the mother, what vyce is not therby kyndled what vertue left vnquenched? For what was the cauſe of the Duke of yorkes death, and of the cruelty of this Clyfforde, ſaue y

baryaunce betweene kyng Henry and the houſe of yorke: which at length beſydes millions of the commons, brought to deſtruction all the nobilitie. For Edwarde the dukes eldeſt ſonne immediatly after hys father was ſlayne, through helpe of the Neuels, gaue the kyng a battaile, wherat, beſydes this Clyfforde and xxvi. thouſande other ſouldiers were ſlayne their captaynes, the earles of Northumberland and Weſtmerland, with the lordes Dacres & Welles: the winning of whych field brought Edwarde to the crowne, and the loſſ draue kyng Henry and his wyf into Skotlande. But as few raynes begyn without bloud, ſo kyng Edward to kepe order, cauſed the Erles of Deuonſhyre and Orkforde wyth dyuers other hys enemyes, to be attaynted and put to deth. And ſhortlye after he dyd execution vppon the Duke of Somerſet, and the lordes Hungerforde and Roſſe, whom he tooke pryſoners at Erham fyelde. For thyder they came wyth kynge Henry out of Skotlande, wyth an army of Skottes, & fought a battaile, which was loſt, and moſt part of thē ſlayne. And bycauſe theſe are al noble men I wil leaue them to Baldwyns diſcrecyon. But ſeyng the earle of Worceſter was the chyefe inſtrument, whom kyng Edward vſed as well in theſe mens matters, as in lyke bloudy affayres, becauſe he ſhould not be forgatten, ye ſhall heare what I haue noted concernyng his tragedy.

The

The infamous ende of Lord Tiptoft Earle of VVurcester, forc ruelly executing his prynces butcherly commaundementes.

The gloryous man is not so loth to lurke,
As the infamous glad to lye vnknowen:
Which maketh me Baldwyn disalow thy wurk,
Where prynces faultes so openly be blowen.
I speake not thys alonely for myne owne
Which wer my prynces (yf that they were any)
But for my Pyers, in number very many.

Or myght reporte vpryghtly vse her tong,
It would lesse greue vs to augment thy matter.
But suer I am thou shalt be forst among,
To frayne the truth the living for to flatter:
And otherwhyles in poyntes vnknowen to smatter.
For tyme neuer was, nor ever I thynke shalbe
That truth vnshent should speake in all thynges frēe.

Thys doth appere (I dare say) by my story,
Which dyuers wryters dyuersly declare
But story wryters ought for neyther glory,
Feare, nor fauour, truth of thynges to spare.
But styll it fares as alway it dyd fare,
Affection, feare, or doubtes that dayly brue:
Do cause that storyes neuer can be true.

Unfruytfull Fabyan followed the face
Of tyme and dedes, but let the cauſes ſlyp:
Whych Hall hath added, but with double grace,
For feare I thinke leſt trouble myght hym tryp:
For thys or that (ſayeth he) he felt the whyp.
Thus ſtory wryters leave the cauſes out,
Or ſo rehearce them, as they were in dout.

But ſeyng cauſes are the chiefeſt thynges
That ſhould be noted of the ſtory wryters,
That men may learne what ends all cauſes bringes,
They be unworthy the name of Cronicelers,
That leave them cleane out of theyr regiſters,
Or doubtfully reporte them: for the fruyte
Of readyng ſtoryes ſtandeth in the ſuyte.

And therfore Baldwyn eyther ſpeake bryght
Of our aſſayres, or touch them not at all:
As for my ſelfe I way all thynges ſo lyght,
That nought I paſſe how men repoꝛt my fall.
The truth wherof yet playnly ſhew I ſhall,
That thou mayſt wryte, and other therby rede,
What thynges I dyd wherof they ſhould take hede.

Thou haſt heard of Wiptoftes erles of Wurceſtre,
I am that Lorde that lyved in Edwardes dayes
The fowerth, and was hys frende and counſaylour,
And Butcher to as common rumor ſayes.
But peoples voyce is neyther ſhame nor prayſe:
For whom they would alyve devout to daye,
To morow dead they wyll worſhyp what they may.

But

But though the peeples verdyte go by chaunce,
Yet was their cause to cal me as they dyd.
For I enforst by meane of gouernaunce,
Dyd execute what ever my kyng dyd byd,
From blame herein my selfe I can not ryd:
But fye vpon the wretched state that must
Defame it selfe to serue the prynces lust.

The chiefest cryme wherwith men do me charge,
Is death of the Earle of Desmundes noble sonnes.
Of which the kynges charge doth me clere discharge,
By strayte commaundement and Iniunctions:
The effect wherof so rygorously runnes,
That eyther I must procure to see them dead,
Or for contempt as a traytour lose my head.

What would myne enemyes do in such a case,
Obey the kyng or proper death procure:
They may well say they fancy for a face,
But lyfe is swete and lothe hard to recure.
They would haue doen as I dyd I am sure:
For seldom wyl a welthy man at ease
For others cause hys prynce in ought displease.

How much lesse I which was lyuetenant than
In the Iryth yle, preferred by the king:
But who for loue or dread of any man,
Consentes to accomplysh any wicked thing,
Although chiefe fault therof from other spryng,
Shall not escape Gods vengeaunce for hys dede,
Who skaseth none that dare do yll for drede.

This

Thys in my kyngand me may well appeare,
Which for our faultes did not eskape the scourge:
For whan we thought our state most sure and clere
The wynd of Warwyck blew vp such a sourge
As from the realme and crowne the kyng dyd pourge,
And me both from mine office, frendes and wyfe,
From good report, from honest death and lyfe.

For therle of Warwyck through a canckard grudge
Which to kyng Edward causeles he dyd beare,
Out of hys realme by force dyd make hym trudge,
And set kyng Henry agayne vpon hys chayre.
And then all such as Edwardes louers were
As traytours tane, were greuously oppressed,
But chiefly I because I loued him best.

And for my goodes and lybynges were not small,
The gapers for them bare, the world in hand
For ten yeres space, that I was cause of all
The executions done within the land.
For thys dyd suche as dyd not vnderstand
My ennmyes drist, thynke all reportes wer true,
And so to hate me worse than any Jewe.

For seldome shall a ruler lose hys lyfe,
Before false rumors openly be spred:
Wherby thys prouerbe is as true as ryfe,
That rulers rumours hunt about a head.
Frowne fortune once all good report is fled:
For present shew doth make the mayny blynd,
And such as se dare not disclose theyr mynde.

Though

Through thys was I kyng Edwardes butcher named,
And bare the shame of all hys cruell dedes:
I clear me not, I worthely was blamed,
Though force was such I must obey hym nedes.
With hyest rulers seldome well it spedes,
For they be ever nerest to the nyp,
And fault who shall, for all fele they the whyp.

For whan I was by parlyament attaynted,
Kyng Edwardes evyllies all wer counted myne.
No truth avayled so lyes wer faste and paynted,
Which made the people at my lyfe repyne,
Crying *Crucifige* kyll that butchers lyne:
That whan I should haue goen to Blocham feast,
I could not passe so sore they on me preast.

And had not ben the offycers so strong
I thynke they would haue eaten me alyue,
Howbeit hardely haled from the throng,
I was in the Flete fast throwded by the shryue.
Thus one dayes lyfe they? malyce dyd me gyue:
Which whan they knew, for spyte the nert day after,
They kept them calme so suffred I the slaughter.

Now tell me Baldwyn what fault thou doest fynd
In me, that iustly should such death deserue:
None sure except desyre of honour blynd,
Which made me seke in offyces to serue:
What mynde so good that honours make not swerue:
So mayst thou see it only was my state
That caused my death and brought me so in hate.

Warne

Warne therfore all men wyſely to beware,
What offyces they enterpryſe to beare:
The hyeſt alway moſt malygned are,
Of peoples grudge, and prynces hate in feare.
For prynces faultes his faultors all men teare.
Which to anoyd, let none ſuch offyce take,
Save he that can for ryght hys pryncе forſake.

THis Earles Tragedye was not ſo ſoone finiſhed, but one of the cumpany had prouided for an other, of a notable perſonne, lord Tiptoftes chief enemye: concernyng whom he ſayd: Lord god what truſt is there in worldly chaunces: what ſtay in any proſperity: for ſee, the Earle of Warwycke which cauſed the Earle of Worceſter to be apprehended, attaynted and put to death, tryumphyng with hys olde impryſoned and new vnpryſoned pryncе kynge Henry, was by and by after and hys brother with hym, ſlayne at Barnet feld by kyng Edward, whom he had before tyme damaged dyuers wayes. As fyrſt by hys feendes at Banbury field, wher to revenge the death of hys coſyn Harry Nevil Sir Iohn Conyers and Iohn Clappam hys ſeruauntes ſlew fyue thouſand welſhmen, and beheaded theyr captaynes, the earle of Pembroke, and ſyr Rychard Harbert hys brother after they were yelded pryſoners: of whom ſir Richard Harbert was the talleſt gentleman both of hys perſon and handes that ever I reade or

heard of. At whych tyme also, Robyn of Rydsdale, a rebell of the earle of Warwycks raisyng, tooke the earle Rybers kyng Edwardes wifes father, and hys sonne John, at hys manour of Grafton, and caryed them to Northhampton, & there without cause or proces beheaded them. Whych spytes to requyte, kyng Edward caused the lord Stafford of Southwyke, one of Warwykes chiefe frendes, to be taken at Brent march, and headed at Bridgwater. Thys caused the Earle shortely after to raise hys power, to encounter the kyng which came agaynst hym with an army, beside Warwicke at Woulney, where he wan the feeld, toke the king prysoner, and kept hym a whyle in Yorkeshire in Middleham castell: whence (as sum say) he released hym agayne, but other thynke he corrupted hys kepers and so escaped. Then through the lordes the matter was taken vp betwene them, & they brought to talk to gether, but because they could not agree, the earle arayed a new army, whereof he made captayne the lord Welles sonne, which broyle kyng Edward mindyng to appease by pollicy fowly distayned hys honor committing perury: For he sent for the lord Welles & his brother syr Thomas Dimocke, vnder safeconduyte promising thē vpon hys fayth to kepe thē harmles: But after, because the lord Welles sonne would not dissolve his army, beheded them both, and went with his power downe into Lincolnshyre

ſhire, & there fought with ſyr Robert Welles, & ſlew ten thouſand of hys ſouldyers (yet ran they away ſo faſt, that the caſtyng of of their clothes for the more ſpede, cauſed it to be called Looſe-coate fyeld) & toke ſyr Robert and other, and put them to deth in the ſame place. Thys myſfortune forced the earle of Warwike to ſaile into Fraſice wher he was well entertayned of ỹ king awhile, and at laſt with ſuch poore helpe as he procured ther of duke Rayner and other, he cam into Eng land agayne, & increaſed ſuch a power in kynge Henryes name, ỹ as the lorde Tiptoft ſayd in his tragedy, kyng Edward vnable to abyde hym, was fayne to flye ouer the waſhes in Lyncolnſhyre to get a ſhyp to ſayle out of his kingdom to hys brother in law the duke of. Burgoyne: So was kyng Henry reſtored agayn to the kingdõe. All theſe deſpytes & troubles the Earle wrought agaynſt kyng Edward. But Henry was ſo infortunate that ere halfe a yeare was expyred, king Edwarde came back agayne, and enpryſoned him and gaue the earle a fyelde, wherin he ſlew both hym and his brother. I habe recounted thus much before hand for the better openynge of the ſtory, which if it ſhould haue bene ſpoken in hys tragedye would rather haue made a volume than a Pamphlete. For I entende onlye to ſay in the tragedye, what I haue noted in the Earle of Warwycks perſon wyſhyng that theſe other noble men, whom I haue by the way touched, ſhould not be forgotten.

And

And therfore ymagyne that you see thys Earle lying with his brother in Poules church in hys coat armure, with such a face and countenaunce as he beareth in portrayture ouer the doze in Poules at the goyng downe to Jhesus Chappell fro the south ende of the quyer stayres, and saying as foloweth.

How ſir Richard Nevell Earle of Warwike, and hys brother Iohn Lord Marquiſe Mountacute through theyr to-much boldnes were ſlayne at Barnet field.

AMong the heauy heape of happy knyghtes
Whom Fortune ſtalde vpon her ſtayles ſtage,
Oft hoyſt on hye, oft pight in wretched plightes,
Beholde me Baldwyn, a per ſe of my age,
Lord Richard Neuell, Earle by maryage
Of Warwick duchy, of Harum by diſcent,
Which erſt my father through thys maryage hent.

Wouldeſt thou beholde falſe Fortune in her kynd
Note well my lyfe ſo ſhalt thou ſée her naked:
Full fayre before, but totoſoule behynd,
Moſt drowſy ſtyll whan moſt ſhe ſemes awaked:
My fame, and ſhame her ſhyft full oft hath ſhaked,
By enterchaunge alowe and vp aloft,
The Lupſard like that chaungeth hew full oft.

For whyle the duke of Yorke in lyfe remayned
Myne vncle deare, I was hys happy hand:
In all attemptes my purpoſe I attayned,
Though kyng and Quene & moſt Lordes of the land
With all theyr power dyd often me withſtand:
For god gaue fortune, and my good behauiour,
Dyd from theyr pryncé ſteale me the peoples fauour.

So that through me in fieldes right manly fought,
By force myne vncle took kyng Harry twyse:
And for my cosyn Edward so I wrought,
When both our syers wer slain through rash advice,
That he atchieued hys fathers enterprise:
For into Scotland kyng and Quene we chased,
By meane wherof the kingdome he embraced.

Which after he had enioyed in quyet peace,
(For shortly after was kyng Henry take,
And put in pryson) his power to encreake,
I went to Fraunce, and matched hym with a make
The French kynges doughter, whom I dyd forsake:
For whyle with payne I brought his suite to passe,
He to a widdow rashly wedded was.

This made the French kyng shrewdly to mystruk,
That all my treatyes had but yll pretence,
And whan I saw my kyng so bent to lust,
That with his fayth he past not to dispence,
Which is a prynces honors chief defence:
I could not rest til I had found a meane,
To mend hys mys, or els to marre hym cleane,

Wherfore I allyed me with his brother George,
Encensyng hym hys brother to malygne
Through many a tale I dyd agaynst hym forge:
So that through power we dyd from Calays bryng
And found at home, we frayed so the kyng,
That he to go to Freseland ward amayne,
Wherby kyng Henry had the crowne agayne.

Than

Then put we the earle of Wurceſter to death
King Edwardes frend a man ſo towle defamed;
And in the whyle came Edward into Kreth.
For with the duke of Burgoyn ſo he framed,
That with the power that he to hym had named,
Unlooked for he cam to England ſtrayt,
And got to Yorke and tooke the town by ſleyght.

And after through the ſufferauns of my brother,
Which lyke a beaſt occaſion folwly loſt,
He came to London ſafe with many other,
And toke the town to good kyng Henryes coſt:
Who was through hym from poſte to pyller toſt,
Tyl the erle of Oreford, I, and other more,
Aſſembled power his fredome to reſtore.

Wherof kyng Edward warned came with ſpede,
And camped with hys oaſt in Barnet towne,
Where we ryght fierce encountred hym in dede
On Eaſter day ryght early on the downe:
There many a man was ſlayne and ſtryken downe
On eyther ſyde and neyther part dyd gayne
Tyll I and my brother both at length wer ſlayne.

For we to harten our overmatched men,
Forſoke our ſtedes, and in the thickeſt throng
Ran preacyng furth ou foote, and fought ſo then
That downe we draue them were they neuer ſo ſtrõg,
But ere thys luck had laſted very long
With number and force we were ſo folwly cloyed,
And reſcue fayled, that quite we were diſtroyed.

Now

Now tell me Baldwyn hast thou heard or reade
Of any man that dyd as I have done?
That in his tyme so many armyes led,
And victory at every viage wunne?
Hast thou ever heard of subiect vnder sonne,
That plaast and baast his soverayns so oft,
By enterchaunge, now low, and than aloft?

Perchaunce thou thynkest my doynges were not such
As I and other do affirme they were.
And in thy mynde I se thou musest much
What meanes I vsed, that should me so prefer;
Wherin because I wyll thou shalt not erre,
The truth of all I wyll at large recyte,
The short is thys: I was no hypocryte,

I never dyd nor sayd saue what I mente,
The common weale was styll my chiefest care,
To pryuate payne or glory I was not bent,
I never passed vpon delycyous fare.
Of nedefull foode my bourde was neuer bare,
No credytour dyd curs me day by daye,
I vsed playnes, euer pytch and paye.

I heard olde souldyers and poore workmen whyne
Because theyr dutyes wer not duely payed.
Agayne I saw how people dyd repyne
At those through whom theyr paimentes wer delayd:
And proofe dyd oft a sture (as scripture sayd)
That god doth wreke the wretched peoples grieues,
I saw the polles cut of fro pollyng theues.

This

Thys made me alway iuſtly for to deale.
Which whan the people playnly underſtode,
Becauſe they ſaw me mynd the common weale
They ſtill endeuoured how to do me good,
Ready to ſpend they? ſubſtaunce, lyfe and blud,
In any cauſe wherto I dyd them moue:
For ſuer they wer it was for they? behoue.

And ſo it was. For whan the realme decayed
By ſuch as good Kyng Henry ſore abuſed,
To mend the ſtate I gaue hys enemyes ayd:
But whan Kyng Edward ſinful prankes ſtyl vſed,
And would not mend, I lyke wyſe hym refuſed:
And holpe vp Henry the better of the twayne,
And in hys quarell (muſt I thynk) was ſlayne.

And therfore Baldwyn teach by proufe of me,
That ſuch as couet peoples loue to get,
Muſt fæ they? wurkes and wurdes in all agree:
Lyue lyberally and kepe them out of det,
On common weale let all they? care be ſet:
For vpryght dealyng, dets payd, poore ſuſtayned,
Is meane wherby all hartes are thorowly gayned.

AS ſoone as the Earle had ended this admonicion, ſure (by one) I thinke the Erle of Warwyk although he wer a glorious man, hath layd no more of hym ſelfe than what is true. For if he had not had notable good vertues, or vertuous qualytes, and vſed lawdable meanes in hys trade of lyfe, the people would

neuer have loued him as they dyd: But god be wt hym, and send his soule rest, for suer his bodie never had any. And although he died, yet ciuil warres ceased not. For immediately after his death, came Quene Margaret with a power out of Fraunce, bryngyng with her her yonge sonne prynce Edward: and with such frendes as she foūd here, gave king Edward a battel at Tewcbury where both she and her sonne wer taken prisoners, with Edmund duke of Somerset her chiefe captayne: whose sonn lord John, and the erle of Deuonshyre, wer slaine in the fight, and ye duke hym selfe with dyvers other immedyatelye beheaded. whose infortunes are wurthy to be remembred, chiefly prynce Edwardes, whom the kyng for spekyng truth, cruelly strooke with hys gauntlet, and hys bretherne tirannously murdered. But seing the tyme so far spente, I wyll passe them ouer, and with them Fawconbrydge that ioly rouer beheaded at Southhampton: whose commocyon made in Kent, was cause of silly Henryes destruction.

And seing kyng Henry hym selfe was cause of the destruccion of many noble prynces, beyng of all other most vnfortunate hym selfe, I wyll declare what I haue noted in hys vnlucky lyfe: who wounded in pryson with a dagger, maye lament hys wretchednes in maner folowyng.

How

How king Henry the syxt a vertuous prince, was after many other miseries cruelly murdered in sthe Tower o London.

If ever wofull wight had cause to rue hys state,
Or by hys rufvl plight to move men moane his fate,
My pyteous playnt may preace my myshaps to rehearce,
wherof the least most lightly heard, the hardest hart may yearce

What hart so hard can heare of innocens opprest
By fraude in worldly goods, but melteth in the brest?
Whan gyltles men be spoyld, imprisoned for theyr own,
who waileth not their wretched case to whō the cause is knowē

The Lyon lycketh the sores of silly wounded shepe,
The dead mans corse may cause the Crocodile to wepe,
The waves that wast the rocks, refresh the rotten redes,
Such ruth the wrack of innocens in cruell creature bredes.

What hart is than so hard, but wyll for pitye blede,
To hear so cruell luck so cleare a lyfe succede?
To see a sylly soule with woe and sorow souste,
A kyng depryued, in pryson pente, to death with daggers doust

Would god the day of byrth had brought me to my beere,
Than had I neuer felt the chaunge of fortunes cheere.
Would god the grave had gript me in her gredy woumbe,
Whā crown in cradel made me king with oyl of holy thoumbe.

Would god the rufall tombe had bene my royall trone,
So should no kingly charge have made me make my mone:
O that my soule had flowen to heaven with the ioy,
Whan one sort cryed, God save the kyng, another, *Vive le roi.*

So had I not ben washt in waues of worldly woe,
My mynd to quyet bent, had not ben tossed so:
My frendes had ben alyve my subiectes not opprest:
But death or cruel destiny, denyed me thys rest.

Alas what should we count the cause of wretches cares,
The starres do styrre them vp, Astronomy declares:
Our humours sayth the leache, the double true devines
To the wyll of god, or yll of man, the doubtfull cause assignes.

Such doltysh heades as dreame that all thynges drive by haps
Count lack of former care for cause of after claps.
Attributing to man a power fro God bereft,
Abusyng vs, and robbing him through their most wycked theft

But god doth guyde the world, and every hap by skyll,
Our wyt and wyllyng power are paysed by hys wyll:
What wyt most wysely wardes, and will most deadly vrkes,
Though all our power wold presse it downe, doth dash our wa-
(rest wurkes
Than destiny, our synne, Gods wyl or els his wreake
Do wurk our wretched woes, for humours be to weake:
Except we take them so, as they prouoke to synne,
For through our lust by humoures fed al vicious dedes begine,

So synne and they be one, both wurkyng lyke effect,
And cause the wrath of God to wreak the soule infect.
Thus wrath and wreake deuine, mannes sinnes & humours yll
Concur in one, though in a sort, ech doth a course fulfyll.

If lykewyſe ſuch as ſay the welkyn fortune warkes,
Take Fortune for our fate and ſterres therof the markes,
Then deſtyny with fate and Gods wil al be one:
But if they meane it other wyſe, ſkath cauſers ſkyes be none.

Thus of our heavy happes chiefe cauſes be but twayne,
Wheron the reſt depend, and vnder put remayne.
The chiefe the wil deuine, called deſtiny and fate,
The other ſinne through humors holpe, which god doth highly (hate,
The fyrſt appoynteth payne for good mens exercyſe,
The ſeconde doth deſerue due punyſhment for vice:
This witneſſeth the wrath, and that the loue of God,
The good for loue, the bad for ſyune, God beateth with hys rod.

Although my ſundry ſynnes do place me with the wurſt,
My happes yet cauſe me hope to be among the fyrſt:
The eye that ſercheth all and ſeth every thought,
Is iudge how ſore I hated ſinne, and after vertue ſought.

The ſolace of the ſoule my chiefeſt pleſure was,
Of worldly pompe, of fame, or game, I dyd not pas:
My kingdomes nor my crown I pryſed not a crum:
In heauen were my ryches heapt, to which I ſought to cum.

Yet were my ſorowes ſuch as neuer man had lyke,
So dyuers ſtormes at once, ſo often dyd me ſtryke:
But why, God knowes, not I, except it were for thys
To ſhew by patarne of a prynce, how brittle honour is.

Our kyngdomes are but cares, our ſtate deuoyd of ſtaye,
Our ryches redy ſnares, to haſten our decay:
Our pleſures pryby prickes our vyces to prouoke, (ſmoke.
Our pōpe a pumpe, our fame a flame, our power a ſmouldring-

I ſpeake

I speake not but by proofe, and that may many rue.
My lyfe doth crye it out, my death doth trye it true:
Wherof I wyl in briefe, rehearce the heauye hap, (wrap
That Baldwyn in hys wofull warpe, my wretchednes may

In Windsore borne I was: and bare my fathers name,
Who wanne by war al Fraunce to hys eternall fame:
And left to me the crowne, to be enioyed in peace, (deceas
Through maryage made with Charles hys hayr, vpon his lifes

Which shortly dyd ensue, yet dyed my father furst,
And bothe theyr realmes were myne, ers I a yere wer nurst:
Which as they felt to soone so faded they as fast.
For Charles and Edward got them both, or foure yeres were (past

This Charles was eldest sonn of Charles my father in law,
To whom as heyr of Fraunce, the Frenchmen dyd them draw:
But Edward was the heyr of Richard duke of Yorke,
The hayer of Roger Mortymer, slayn by the kerne of Korke.

Before I came to age Charles had recouered Fraunce,
And kylde my men of warre, so lucky was hys chaunce:
And through a mad contract I made with Rayners doughter,
I gaue and lost all Normandy, the cause of many a slaughter.

First of myne vncle Humfrey, abhorryng fore this act,
Because I therby brake a better precontracte:
Than of the flattring duke that fyrst the maryage made,
The iust reward of such as dare theyr princes yll perswade.

And I poore silly wretch abode the brunt of all:
My maryage lust so swete was myrt with bitter gall.
My wyfe was wise, and good, had she ben rightly sought,
But our vnlawfull getting it, may make a good thyng nought.

When

Wherfore warne men beware how they iuſt promyſe breake:
Leaſt proofe of paynfull plages do cauſe them wayl the ineak,
Adwyſe well ere they graunt, but what they graunt, perfourm,
For god will plage all doblenes although we fele no wurme.

I falſly borne in hand, beleued I dyd well,
But all thynges be not true that learned men do tell:
My clergy ſayd a prynce was to no promys bound,
Whoſe wordes to be no goſpell tho I to my griefe haue found.

For after maryage loynd Quéne Margaret and me,
For one myſhap afore, I dayly met with three,
Of Normandy and Fraunce Charles got away my crowne,
The Duke of Yorke & other ſought at home to put me downe.

Bellona rang the bell at home and all abrode,
With whoſe myſhaps amayne fell Fortune dyd me lode:
In Fraunce I loſt my fortes at home the foughten fyeld,
My kynrede ſlayne, my frendes oppreſt, my ſelfe enforſt to yeld

Duke Richarde toke me twyſe, and forſt me to reſygne
My crown, and tytles due vnto my fathers lygne:
And kept me as a warde, did al thynges as hym lyſt, (lyſt.
Tyl tyme my wyfe through bluddy ſword had tane me fro his

But though ſhe ſlew the duke my ſorowes dyd not ſlake,
But lyke to Hyders head ſtyll more and more awake:
For Edward through the ayd of Warwick & his brother,
From one fyeld drabe me to the Skots and toke me in another.

Then went my frēdes to wrack, for Edward ware the crowne
For which for nyne yeres ſpace hys pryſon held me downe:
Yet thence through warwykes wurk I was agayne releaſt,
And Edward driven fro the realme, to ſaue his frendes by eaſt.

But what prevayleth payn or prouydens of man
To help hym to good hap, whom destiny doth ban:
Who moyleth to remove the rock out of the mud,
Shall myer hym selfe, & hardely skape the swellyng of ỹ flud.

Thys all my frendes have found, and I haue felt it so,
Ordayned to be the touche of wretchednes and woe,
For ere I had a yeare possest my seat agayne,
I lost both it and lyberty, my helpers all were slayne.

For Edward fyrst by stelth, and syth by gadered strength,
Arriued and got to Yorke, and London at the length:
Tooke me and tyed me vp, yet Warwyck was so stout,
He came with power to Barnet fyeld, in hope to helpe me out,

And there alas was slayne, with many a worthy knyght.
O Lord that ever such luck should hap in helpyng ryght:
Last came my wyfe and sonne, that long lay in exyle,
Defyed the kyng, and fought a fyeld, I may bewayle the while,

For there myne only sonne, not thirtene yere of age,
Was tane, and murored strayt by Edwarde in hys rage:
And shortely I my selfe to flynt al furder stryfe
Stabbed with his brothers bludy blade in prison lost my lyfe.

Loe here the heavy happes which happened me by heape,
See here the plesaunt fruytes that many prynces reape,
The paynfull plages of those that breake theyr lawfull bandes,
Theyr mede which may & will not save theyr frendes fro bludy (handes.
God graunt my wofull haps to grevous to rehearce,
May teache all states to know how depely daungers pearce:
Holy fraye all honours are, how brittle worldly blysse,
That warned thrugh my fearefull fate thei feare to do amis.

Thys

¶ Hys tragedy ended, an other sayd: eyther you or kyng Henry are a good philosopher, so narowly to argue the causes of misfortunes: but there is nothyng to experience which taught, or myght teache ỳ king this lesson. but to procede in our matter, I fynde mencyon here shortely after ỳ death of this king, of a duke of Excester found dead in the sea betwene Dover and Calays, but what he was, or by what adventure he died, maister Fabyan hath not shewed, and maister Hall hath overskypped hym: so that excepte we be frendlyer vnto hym, he is lyke to be double drowned, both in the sea, and in the gulfe of forgetfulnes. About thys matter was much talke, but because one tooke vppon hym to seeke out that story, that charge was cõmitted to hym. And to be occupyed the meane whyle I found the story of one drowned lykewyse and that so notably, though priuyly, that al the world knew of it: wherfore I sayd: because nyght approcheth, and that we wyl lose no tyme, ye shall heare what I haue noted concernynge the duke of Clarens, kyng Edwardes brother, who all to be washed in wyne, may bewayle hys infortune after thys maner.

How George Plantagenet third ſonne of the Duke of yorke, was by his brother Ring Edward wrongfully impriſoned, and by hys brother Richard miſerably murdered.

THe foule is foule men ſay, that files the neſt.
which maketh me loth to ſpeke now, might I
But ſeyng time vnburdened hath her breſt, (chuſe,
And fame blowen vp the blaſt of all abuſe,
My ſylence rather myght my lyfe accuſe
Than ſhroud our ſhame, though fayn I would it ſo:
For truth wyll out, though all the worlde ſay no.

And therfore Baldwyn hartely I the beſeech
To pauſe a whyle vppon my heuy playnt,
And though vnneth I vtter ſpedy ſpeche,
No fault of wyt nor folly maketh me fayntt
No heady drinkes habe geben my tonge attaynt
Through quaffyng craft, yet wine my wits confound
Not whych I drank of, but wherin I drowned.

What prynce I am although I nede not ſhew,
Becauſe my wyne bewrayes me by the ſmell,
For neuer was creature ſowſt in Bacchus dew
To death but I through fortunes rigour fell:
Yet that thou mayſt my ſtory better tell,
I wyll declare as briefly as I may,
My welth, my woe, and cauſers of decay.

The

The famous houſe ſurnamed Plantagenet,
Whereat dame Fortune frowardly dyd frowne,
While Bolenbroke vniuſtly ſought to ſet
His lord k. Richard quite beſyde the crowne,
Though many a day it wanted due renowne,
God ſo preferred by prouydence and grace,
That lawfull heyres did neuer kayle the race.

For Lionell kyng Edwardes eldeſt child,
Both vncle and heyr to Richard yſſueleſſe,
Begot a doughter Philip, whom vnfylde
The earle of march eſpouſd, and god dyd bleſſe
With fruyt aſſinde the kyngdome to poſſeſſe:
I meane ſyr Roger Mortymer, whoſe hayer
The Earle of Cambrydge mayed Anne the fayr.

This earl of Cambridge Richard clept by name,
Was ſonne to Edmund Langley duke of Yorke:
Which Edmund was fift brother to the ſame
Duke Lyonell that all thys line doth korke:
Of which two houſes ioyned in a forke,
My father Richard prince Plantagenet
True duke of Yorke, was lawfull heyr beget.

Who toke to wyfe as ye ſhall vnderſtand
A mayden of a noble houſe and olde,
Raulfe Neuels daughter earl of Weſtmerland:
Whoſe ſonne Earle Richard was a baron bolde,
And had the right of Salyſbury in holde, (hayer,
Through maryage made with good earle Thomas
Whoſe earned prayſes neuer ſhall appayr.

The duke my father had by thys hys wyfe
Fower ſonnes, of whom the eldeſt Edward hyght,
The ſecond John who loſt in youth hys lyfe,
At wakefyeld ſlayne by Clyfford cruell knyght.
I George am third of Clarence duke by ryght.
The fowerth borne to the myſchief of vs all,
Was duke of Glouceſter, whom men Richard call.

Whan as our fyer in ſute of ryght was ſlayne,
(Whoſe lyfe and death hym ſelfe declared earſt)
My brother Edward plyed hys cauſe amayne,
And got the crowne as Warwyck hath rehearſt:
The pryde wherof ſo depe hys ſtomacke pearſte
That he forgot hys frendes, diſpiſed hys kyn,
Of oth or offyce paſſyng not a pynne.

Which made the earle of Warwike to malygne
My brothers ſtate, and to attempt a way,
To bryng from pryſon Henry ſely kyng,
To helpe hym to the kyngdome if he may.
And knowyng me to be the chiefeſt ſtaye
My brother had he dyd me vndermyne
To cauſe me to hys treaſons to encline.

Wherto I was prepared long before,
My brother had ben to me ſo vnkynde:
For ſuer no canker fretteth fleſhe ſo ſore,
As vnkynde dealyng doth a louyng mynde.
Loves ſtrongeſt bandes vnkyndnes doth vnbynd,
It moueth love to malyce, zele to hate,
Chiefe frendes to foes, and brotherne to debate,

And

And though the Earle of Warwyck ſubtyle ſier,
Perceyued I bare a grudge agaynſt my brother,
Yet toward hys feat to ſet me more on fyre,
He kyndled by one fire brand with another:
For knowing fancye was the forcing rother
Which ſtereth youth to any kynd of ſtryfe,
He offered me his daughter to my wyfe.

Wher through and with hys crafty fyled tonge,
He ſtale my hart that erſt vnſteady was:
For I was witles, wanton, fonde and yonge,
Whole bent to pleaſure, brittle as the glas:
I can not lye, *In vino veritas*.
I dyd eſteme the bewty of my bryde,
Above my ſelfe and all the world beſyde.

Theſe fond affections ioynt with lack of ſkyll,
(Which trap the hart and blynd the eyes of youth,
And prickt the minde to practyſe any yll)
So tickled me, that boyd of kyndly truth:
(Which if it wante all wretchednes enſueth)
I ſtynted not to perſecute my brother,
Tyll tyme he left hys kingdom to another.

Thus carnall lone dyd quench the lobe of kynde,
Tyll luſt were loſt through fancy fully fed:
But whan at length I came vnto my mynd
I ſaw how lewdly lyghtnes had me led,
To ſeke with payne the peryl of my hed:
For hadkyng Henry once ben ſetled ſure,
I was aſſured my dayes could not endure.

And therfore though I bound my selfe by othe
To helpe kyng Henry all that euer I might,
Yet at the trety of my bretherne both,
Which reason graunted to requyre but ryght,
I left his part, wherby he perysht quyte:
And reconcyled me to my bretherne twayne,
And so came Edward to the crown agayne.

Thys made my father in law to fret and fume,
To stampe and stare, and call me false forsworne,
And at the length with all hys power presume
To helpe kyng Henry vtterly forlorne.
Our frendly profers stil he toke in skorne,
Refused peace and came to Barnet fyeld,
And there was kyld, because he would not yéld:

Hys brother also there with hym was slayne,
Wherby decayed the kayes of Chyualry.
For neuer lyued the matches of them twayne,
In manhode, power and martial pollicy,
In vertuous thewes, and frendly constancy,
That would to god, if it had bene hys wyl
They myght have turned to vs and lyued styl.

But what shalbe, shal be: there is no choyse,
Thynges nedes muste dryue as destiny decréeth
For which ne ought in all our haps reioyse,
Because the ey eeterne al thing forseeth
Which to no yll at any tyme agréeth,
For yls to yl to vs, be good to it,
So farre hys skilles ercede our reach of wyt.

The

The wounded man which muſt abyde the ſmart,
Of ſtitchyng vp, or ſearyng of hys ſore,
As thyng to bad, reproues the Surgeons art
Which notwithſtandyng doth hys helth reſtore.
The chylde lykewyſe to ſcience plyed ſore,
Counts knowledge yll, hys teacher to be wood,
Yet Surgery and ſciences be good.

But as the pacyentes griefe and Scholers payne,
Cauſe them deme bad ſuch thynges as ſure be beſt,
So want of wyſdom cauſeth vs complayne
Of every hap, wherby we ſeme oppreſt:
The poore do pyne for pelfe, the rych for reſt,
And whan as loſſe or ſycknes vs aſſayle,
We curſe our fate, our Fortune we bewayle.

Yet for our good, god wurketh every thyng:
For through the death of theſe two noble peres
My brother lyued and rayned a quyet kyng,
Who had they lyued perchaunce in courſe of ye ares
Would haue delyuered Henry from the breres,
Or holpe his ſonne to enioy the carefulll crown,
Wherby our lyne ſhould haue ben quyte put downe.

A care full crowne it may be iuſtly named,
Not onely for the cares therto annexed,
To ſee the ſubiect well and duly framed,
With which good care few kynges are greatly vext
But for the dred wherwith they are perplext,
Of loſyng lordſhyp, liberty or lyfe:
Which wofull wrackes in kyngdomes happen ryfe.

The which to shun while sum to sore haue sought
They haue not spared all persons to suspect:
And to distroye such as they gylty thought,
Though no apparaunce proued them infect.
Take me for one of thys wrong punysht sect,
Imprysoned fyrst, accused without cause,
And doen to death, no proces had by lawes.

Wherin I note how vengeaunce doth acquyte
Lyke yll for yll, how vyces vertue quell:
For as my maryage love dyd me excyte
Agaynst the kyng my brother to rebell,
So love to haue hys chyldren prosper well,
Prouoked hym agaynst both law and ryght,
To murder me, his brother, and hys knyght.

For by hys quene two pryncelyke sonnes he had.
Borne to be punysht for theyr parentes synne:
Whose fortunes kalked made the father sad,
Such wofull haps were found to be therein:
Which to auouche, writ in a rotten skynne
A prophesy was founde, which sayd a G,
Of Edwardes chyldren should destruccion be.

Me to be G, because my name was George
My brother thought, and therfore dyd me hate.
But woe be to the wycked heades that forge
Such doubtfull dreames to brede vnkynde debate:
For God, a gleue, a gybbet, grate or gate,
A Graye, a Grifeth or a Gregory,
As well as George are wrytten with a G.

Such

Such doubtfull ryddles are no prophecies.
For prophecies, in wrytyng though obſcure,
Are playne in ſence, the dark be very fewe.
What God forthe woth is evident and pure.
Truth is no Harold nor no Sophyſt ſure:
She noteth not mens names, theyr ſhildes nor creaſtes,
Though ſhe compare them vnto byrdes and beaſtes.

But whom ſhe doth forſhew ſhal raygne by force,
She tearmeth a Wulfe, a Dragon or a Beare:
A wylful prynce, a raynles rangyng horſe.
A bolde a Lyon: a coward much in feare,
A hare or hart: a crafty, prycked eare:
A lecherous, a Bull, a Goote, a Foale:
An vnderminer, a Moldwarpe, or a mole.

By knowen beaſtes thus truth doth playne declare
What men they be of whom ſhe ſpeakes before.
And who ſo can mens propertyes compare
And marke what beaſt they do reſemble more,
Shall ſone diſcerne who is the gryſly bore.
For God by beaſtes expreſſeth mens condycyons,
And not theyr badges, haroldes ſuperſticions.

And learned Merlyne whom God haue the fryze,
To know and vtter prynces ates to cum,
Lyke to the Jewiſh prophetes, dyd recite
In ſhade of beaſtes their doynges al and ſum,
Expreſſyng playne by maners of the dum,
What kynges and lordes ſuch propertyes ſhuld haue
As haue the beaſtes whoſe names he to them gaue.

Which whyle the folysh dyd not wel consyder,
And seing prynce s gaue, for difference
And knowledge of theyr issues myxt together,
All maner beastes, for badges of pretence,
They tooke those badges to expres the sence
Of Perlyns mynde, and those that gaue the same,
To be the prynces noted by theyr name.

And hereof sprang the fals names prophecies,
That go by letters, siphers, armes or sygnes;
Which all be folysh false and crafty lyes!
Deuysed by gesse, or Gayles vntrue deuynes:
For whan they saw that many of many lynes
Gaue armes alyke, they wist not which was he,
Whom Perlyne meant the noted beast to be.

For all the broode of Warwyckes geue the Beare,
The Buckynghames do lykewyse gyue the swan:
But which Bear bearer should the lyon teare
They were as wyse as Goose the fery man:
Yet in theyr skyll they ceased not to skan:
And to be demed of the people wyse,
Set forth theyr gloses vpon prophecyes.

And whom they douted openly to name
They darkly tearmed or by sum letter meant,
For so they mought how euer the worlde dyd frame,
Preserue them selues from shame or beyng shent.
For howsoeuer contrary it went,
They myght expound their meanyng otherwyse,
As haps in thynges should newly styll aryse.

And thus there grew of a myſtaken truth,
An art ſo falſe as made the true ſuſpect:
Wherof hath cum much miſchief, more the ruth,
That errours ſhould our myndes ſo much infect.
True prophecies have ſowly ben reiect:
The falſe which brede both murder warre and ſtryfe,
Belyued to the loſſe of many a good mans lyfe.

And therfore Waldwyn teach men to diſcerne,
Which prophecies be falſe and which be true:
And for a ground this leſſon let them learne,
That all be falſe whych are deuyſed new
The age of thynges is iudged by the hue.
All ryddels made by letters, names or armes,
Are yonge and falſe, far wurſe than witches charmes.

I know thou muſeſt at this lore of myne,
How I no ſtudent, ſhould haue learned it:
And doſt impute it to the fume of wyne
That ſtyrs the tounge, and ſharpeneth vp the wyt,
But harke, a freud dyd teach me euery whit.
A man of myne in all good knowledg ryfe,
For whych he gyltles loſt his learned lyfe.

This man abode my ſeruant many a day,
And ſtyll in ſtudy ſet hys hole delyght:
Which taught me more than I coud beare away
Of euery arte: and by hys ſearchyng ſyght
Of thynges to cum he would for ſhew as ryght.
As I rehearſe the pageantes that wer paſt;
Such perfectnes god gaue hym at the laſt.

He knew my brother Rychard was the Bore,
Whose tuskes should teare my brothers boyes and me,
And gave me warnyng thereof long before,
But wyt nor warnyng can in no degrée
Let thynges to hap, whych are ordayned to be,
Witnes the paynted Lyonesse, which slue
A prynce imprysoned, Lions to eschew.

He tolde me eke, my yooke felow should dye,
(Wherin would god he had ben no deuyne)
And after her death, I should woe earnestly
A spouse, whereat my brother would repyne:
And fynde the meanes she should be none myne,
For which suche malice, should among vs ryse,
As saue my death no treaty should decise.

And as he sayd so all thinges cam to passe:
For whan Kyng Henry and hys sonne were slayn,
And every broyle so throughly quenched was,
That the Kyng my brother quietly dyd rayne,
I, reconsyled to hys love agayne,
In prosperous health dyd leade a quyet lyfe,
For fyve yeares space with honors laden ryfe,

And to augment the fulnes of my blysse,
Two louely children by my wyfe I had:
But froward hap whose maner euer is
In chiefest ioye to make the happy sad,
Bemirt my swete with bytternes to bad:
For whyle I swam in ioyes on euery syde,
My louyng wyfe, my chyefest iewel dyed.

Whose lack whan sole I had bewayled a yeare,
The Duke of Burgoyns wyfe dame Margarete
My louyng syster wyllyng me to cheare,
To mary agayne dyd kindly me intreat:
And wysht me matched with a mayden nete
A stepdaughter of hers duke Charles hys hayer,
A noble damesell, yong discrete and fayer.

To whose desyerbec ause I did enclyne,
The kyng my brother doubtyng my degrée
Through prophesyes, agaynst vs dyd repyne:
And at no hand would to our wylles agrée.
For whych such rancour pearst both hym and me
That face to face we fell to flat defyaunce,
But wer appeased by frendes of our alyaunce.

Howbeit my maryage vtterly was dasht:
Wherin because mi seruant sayd hys mynde,
A meane was sought wherby he mought be lasht.
And for they could no cryme agaynst hym fynde,
They forged a fault the peoples eyes to blynd,
And tolde he shoulde by sorceryes pretend,
To bryng the kyng vnto a spedy ende.

Of all which poyntes he was as innocent
As is the babe that lacketh kyndely breth:
And yet condemned by the Kynges assent,
Most cruelly put to a shameful death.
Thys fyerd my hart, as foulder doth the heath:
So that I could not but exclame and crye,
Agaynst so great and open an iniury.

For this I was commaunded to the tower,
The kyng my brother was so cruell harted:
And whan my brother Rychard saw the hower
Was cum, for which his hart so sore had smarted,
He thought best take the tyme before it parted.
For he endeuoured to attayne the crown,
Frō which my lyfe must nedes have held hym dow.

For though the kyng within a whyle had dyed,
As nedes he must he surfayted so oft,
I must have had hys chyldren in my guyde
So Richard should besyde the crowne have coft:
This made hym plye the whyle the war was soft,
To fynd a meane to bryng me to an eande,
For realmerape spareth neither kyn nor frend.

And whan he saw how reason can asswage
Through length of tyme my brother Edwardes yre,
With forged tales he set hym new in rage,
Tyl at the last they dyd my death conspyre.
And though my truth sore troubled theyr desyre,
For all the worlde dyd know myne innocence,
Yet they agréed to charge me with offence,

And covertly within the tower they called,
A quest, to gyue such verdyt as they should.
Who what with fear and what with fauour thralled,
Durst not prouounce but as my brethern would.
And though my false accusers never could
Prove ought they sayd, I gyltles was condempned:
Such verdits passe where iustyce is contemned.

This feat atchyued yet could the not for ſhame
Cauſe me be kylled by any common waye,
But lyke a wulfe the tyrant Richard cam,
(My brother, nay my butcher I may ſay)
Vnto the tower when all men were away,
Haue ſuch as were prouyded for the feat:
Who in thys wyſe dyd ſtraungely me entreat.

His purpoſe was with a prepared ſtryng
To ſtrangle me: but I beſtyrd me ſo,
That by no force they could me therto bryng,
Which cauſed hym that purpoſe to forgo.
Howbeit they bound me whether I would or no.
And in a butte of Malmeſey ſtandyng by,
New Chriſtened me, becauſe I ſhould not crye.

Thus drounde I was yet for no due deſert,
Excepte the zeale of Juſtyce be a cryme:
Falſe prophecyes bewitched kyng Edwardes harte.
My brother Richard to the croun would clyme.
Note theſe thre cauſes in thy ruſtull ryme:
And boldly ſay they dyd procure my fall
And death of deathes moſt ſtraunge and hard of al.

And warne all princes prophecies to eſchue
That are to dark and doubtfull to be knowen:
What God hath layd, that can not but enſue,
Though all the world would haue it ouerthrowen.
When men ſuppoſe by ſtretches of their owne
To ſtye their fate, they further on the ſame,
Lyke quenchyng dlaſtes which oft redoue the flame.

Will

Wyll prynces therfore not to thynke by murder
They may auoyde what prophesyes behyght,
But by they⁊ meanes they⁊ mischieles they may furder,
And cause Gods vengeaunce heauier to alight:
Wo wurth the wretch ȳ strynes with gods forestyght.
They are not wyse, but wyckedly do arre.
Which thynke yll deedes, our destinyes may barre.

For if we thynke that prophecies be true,
We must beleue it can not but betyde
Which god in them forsheweth shall ensue:
For his decrees vnchaunged do abyde.
Which to be true my bretherne both haue tryed.
Whose wycked warkes warne princes to detest,
That others harmes may kepe them better blest.

B Vt that this tragedye was ended, nyght was so nere cum that we cou!de not conuenyently tary together any longar: and therfore sayd mayster *Ferrers*: It is best my masters to staye here. For we be now cum to the ende of Edwarde the fowerth hys raygne. For the last whom we fynde vnfortunate therein, was thys Duke of Clarence: In whose behalfe I commend much that which hath be noted. Let vs therfore for thys tyme leave with hym, And thys daye seuen nyghtes hence, if your busines wyll so suffer, let vs all mete here together agayne. And you shall se that in the meane season I wyl not only beuyse vppon thys my selfe, but

cause

but cause dyuers other of my acquayntaunce which can do very well, to helpe vs forward with the rest. To this every mā gladly agreed howbeit (q another) seing we shal end at Edwarde the fowerthes ende, let him selfe make an ende of our dayes labour with the same oracion which mayster Skelton made in hys name, the tenour whereof so farre as I remēber is thys.

A Myrrour

How king Edward through hys ſurfeting and vntemperate lyfe, ſodaynly dyed in the myds of his proſperity.

SIſeremini mei ye that be my frendes,
This worlde hath formed me down to fall:
How may I endure whan that every thyng endes?
What creature is borne to be eternall?
Now there is no more but pray for me all,
Thus ſay I Edward that late was your kyng,
And.xviii, yeares ruled thys imperyall:
Sum vnto pleaſure and ſum to no lykyng:
Mercy I aſke of my miſdoynge,
What auayleth it frendes to be my foe:
Sith I can not reſyſt, nor amend your complayning,
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I ſlepe now in mold as it is natural,
As earth vnto earth hath hys reuerture:
What ordayned god to be terreſtriall,
Without recourſe to the earth by nature,
Who to lybe ever may hym ſelfe aſſure,
What is it to truſt to mutabylyty,
Sith that in thys worlde nothyng may endure?
For now am I gone that was late in proſperytie.
To preſume therupon it is but a vanytye,
Not certayne, but as a chery fayre ful of wa.

Rayned not I of late in great proſperytye,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where was in my lyfe ſuch an one as I,
Whyle Lady Fortune with me had contynuance:
Graunted not ſhe me to haue victory,
In England to rayne, and to contribute Fraunce,
She toke me by the hand and led me a daunce,
And with her ſugred lyppes on me ſhe ſmyled,
But what for diſſembled countenaunce,
I could not beware tyl I was begyled.
Now from thys world ſhe hath me eryled,
Whan I was lotheſt hence for to goe,
And am in age who ſayeth but a chylde.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had ynough I held me not content,
Without remembrance that I ſhould dye:
And moreouer to encroch ready was I bent,
I knew not how long I ſhould it occupye,
I made the tower ſtrong I wiſt not why.
I knew not to whom I parchaſed Tatterſall.
I mended Dover on the mountayn hye,
And London I prouoked to fortyfy the wall.
I made Nottyngham a place full royall.
Windſore, Eltam, and many other moe,
Yet at the laſt I went from them all.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now my conqueſt and victory:
Where is my ryches, and royall array:

Where

Where be my courſers and my horſes hye:
Where is my myrth my ſolace and my play:
As vanytie to nought all is wydered away:
O Lady Wes long for me may you call,
For I am departed vntill domes daye:
But loue you that lord that is ſouerayne of all.
Where be my caſtels and buyldynges royall:
But Wyndſore alone now haue I no moe,
And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why ſhould a man be proud or preſume hye
Saynt Bernard therof nobly doth treat,
Sayng a man is but a ſack of ſtercory,
And ſhall returne vnto wurmes meate:
Why what becam of Alexander the gret,
Or els of ſtrong Sampſon, who can tell,
Wer not wurmes ordayned theyr fleſh to freat;
And of Salomon that was of wit the well,
Abſolon profered hys heare for to ſell,
Yet for all hys bewtye, wurmes eat hym alſo,
And I but late in honour dyd excell,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I have playd my pageaunt, now am I paſt,
Ye wote well all I was of no great elde.
This all thyng concluded ſhal be at the laſt,
When deth approcheth than loſt is the field:
Than ſeyng thys worlde me no lengar vphold,
For nought would conſerue me here in any place,
In manus tuas domine my ſpirite vp I yelde,

Humbly

Humbly beſechyng the o God of thy grace.
O you curteous commons your hartes embrace
Wenyngly now to pray for me alſo,
For ryght well you know your kyng I was.
Et ecce nunc in pulucre dormio.

WHan this was ſaid, euery man tooke hys leaue of other, & departed: And I the better to acquyte my charge, recorded & noted al ſuch matters as they had willed me.

Thus endeth the
firſt parte

The seconde PARTE OF THE Mirrour for Magistrates.

Wylliam Baldwyn to the Reader.

THe tyme beynge come, whã (according to our former appoyntment) we shuld meete together agayne to deuyse vpon the tragicall assayres of our English Rulers, I with suche storyes as I had procured & prepared, went to the place wherein we had debated the former parte. There founde I the printer and all the rest of our frendes and furderers assembled & tarying for vs, Saue Maister Ferrers, who shortly after according to hys promys came thyther.

VVhan we had blamed hym for hys long tarying, he satisfyed vs fully with this reasonable excuse. I haue been letted (q he) dyuers wayes, but chyefly in tarying for suche tragedyes, as many of our frendes at myne instaunce, vndertoke to discours, wherof I am sure you wyll be righ glad: For moe wits are better then one, & diuersity of deuice is alway most pleasante. And although I haue presently

lye brought but a fewe, becaus no moe are redye, yet shall you be sure hereafter to have all the rest, which notable men haue vndertakē: wherof sum are half doen, sum moze, sum less, sum scarce begun. which maketh me thynke that the dyuersytye of brayneg in dibilyng, is lyke the sundzynes of beastes in engendryng: Foz sum wyttes are readye, & dispateh many matters spedilye, lyke the Conye which lytte-reth every moneth: sū other are slowe lyke ỳ Olyfaunt, skarce delyueryng any matter in .x. yeares. I dispzayse neyther of these bythes, Foz both be naturall: But I commende most the meane, whiche is neyther to slowe noz to swyft, foz that is Lion lyke, and therfoze most noble. Foz ỳ ryght poet doth neyther through haste bzing furth swift feble Rabettes, neither doth he weary men in lookyng foz hys strong ioyntles Olyphantes: But in reasonable tyme he bzyngeth furth a perfect & liuely Lion, Not a Bearwhelp that must be longar in lyckyng than in bzeedynge. And yet I knowe manye that dooe hyghly lyke that lumpysh deliuery. But every man hath hys gyft, and the diuersitie of our mindes maketh every thing to be liked. And therfoze while the olyphantes are in bzedyng (to whom I haue therfoze geuen the latter stozyes) I haue brought you such as are allready doen, to be publyshed in the meā season: wherin there nedeth no furder labour, but to place them in due ozder.

Foz

Loe you Baldwyne, here is of myne owne the duke of Somerſet ſlain at. S. Albōs with other which I promyſed, whom I wyſh you ſhoulde place laſt: there is alſo Shores wyfe, trimly hā-dled by Maſter Churchyard, which I pray you place where you thynk moſt conuenient. here are other alſo of other mens, but they are rabettes, Do with them as you thynk beſt. I would tary with a good wyll & helpe you in the order, ſaue that my buſines is great & weighty, but I know you can do it wel inough, & therfore, tyl we meet agayne I wyll leaue you. Than delibered he the tragedyes vnto me, and departed.

Dyuers of the reſt lykyng hys deuyſe, bled ẏ lyke maner: for the prynter delyvered vnto me ẏ lord Haſtynges penned by maiſter Dolman, & kyng Rychard ẏ third cōpiled by Fraūcis Segars. Then ſayd I: wel my maſters ſith you thinke yt good to charge me with the order, I am contented therwith: for as you haue doen, ſo have I lykewyſe procured ſum of my frēdes to ayd vs in our labour. For maſter Sackvyle hath aptly ordered the duke of Buckkynghams oracion, and Maſter Cavyl the blacke ſmythes, and other. I pray you (qᵛ one of ẏ cumpany) let vs heare thē. Nay ſoft (qᵛ I) we wyl take ẏ cronycles, & note theyr places, & as they cū, ſo wil we orderly reade thē al. To thys they all agreed. Thē one tooke ẏ cronicle whō therfore we made, & call the reder, & he began to rede ẏ ſtory of price Edward called

ẏ fift king of that name: ⁊ whā he came to the apprehēdig of the lord Riuers: stay ther I pray you (q̄ I) For here is hys complaynt: for the better vnderstanding wherof, you must ymagin that he was accompanyed with ẏ Lord Richard Graye, and with Hault and, Clappam whose infortunes he bewayleth after this manner.

How Sir Anthony VVudvile Lorde Riuers and Skales, Gouernour of prince Edward, was with his Neuew Lord Richard Gray and other cauſeles impriſoned, and cruelly murdered.

As ſylly ſuiters letted by delayes
To ſhew theyr prynce the meanyng of theyr mynde,
That long haue bought theyr brokers yeas & nayes
And neuer the nyer: do daily wayte to fynde
The prynces grace, from waighty affayres vn twinde:
Which tyme attayned, by attendyng all the yeare,
The weryed prince wyll than no ſuters heare:

My caſe was ſuch not many dayes agoe.
For after bute had blaſed all abrode
That Baldwyn through the ayd of other moe,
Of fame or ſhame fallen prynces would vnloade
Out from our graues we gat without abode,
And preaced forward with the rufull rout,
That ſought to haue theyr doynges bulted out.

But whan I had long attended for my turne
To tell my tale as dyuers other dyd:
In hope I ſhould no longar whyle ſoiourne
But from my ſuytes haue ſpedily beencyd,
Whan courſe and place both orderly had byd,
Ye ſhein my mynde, and I prepared to ſaye,
The hearers pauſed, aroſe and went theyr way.

Theſe

These doubtfull doynges drave me to my dumpes,
Uncertayne what should moeve them so to doe:
I feared least affeccions lothly lumpes
Or inwarde grudge had dryven them therto,
Whose wycked stynges all storyes truth vndoe.
Oft causyng good to be reported yll,
Or dround in suddes of Lethes muddy swyll.

For hytherto sly wryters wyly wittes
Which have engrolled princes cheefe affayres,
Have been lyke horses snaffled with the byttes
Of fansye, feare, or doubtes full diepe dispayres,
Whose raynes enchayned to the chefest chayres,
Have so ben strayned of those that bare the stroke
That truth was forst to chow or els to choke.

Thys caused such as lothed lowd to lye,
To passe with sylence sundry prynces lyues.
Lesse faut it is to leade, than leade alwy:
And better dround, that ever bound in gyves.
For fatall fraude this world so fondly dryves,
That whatsoeuer writers braines may brue
Be it neuer so false, at length is tane for true.

What harme may hap by helpe of lying pennes
How wrytten lyes may lewdly be mayntayned.
The lothly rytes, the divilysh ydoll dennes
With gyltles blud of vertuous men bestayned,
Is such a proofe as all good hartes haue playned.
The taly groundes of storyes throughly tryes,
The deth of martyrs vengeauns on it cryes.

Far

Far better therfore not to wryte at all
Than stayne the truth for any maner cause,
For this they meane to let my story fall
(Thought I) and ear my tyme theyr volume clause.
But after I knew it only was a pause,
Made purposely, most for the readers ease,
Assure thée Baldwyn, highly it dyd me please.

For freshest wits, I know wyll sone be weary,
In redyng long what ever booke it be,
Except it be vayne matter, straunge or mery,
well saust with lyes, and glared all with glee,
With which becaus no grave truth may agre,
The closest style for storyes is the metest,
In ruful moanes the shortest fourme is swetest.

And syth the playntes alredy by the pende,
Are briefe ynough, the number also small,
The tediousnes I thynk doeth none offend,
Save such as have no lust to learne at all,
Regarde none such: no matter what they brall.
Warne thou the wary, least they hap to stumble.
As for the carelesse, care not what they mumble.

My lyfe is such as (if thou note it wel)
May cause the witty wealthy to beware.
For theyr sakes therfore playnly will I tell,
How false and combrous worldly honors are,
How cankred foes, bryng careles folk to care.
How tyrantes suffered, and not queld in tyme
Do cut theyr throates that suffre them to clime.

Neyther

Neyther wyll I hyde the chefeſt poynt of all
Which wyſeſt rulers leaſt of all regarde,
That was and wyll be cauſe of many a fall.
This can not be to erneſtly declarde
Becaus it is ſo ſeelde, and ſlackly heard.
The abuſe and ſkornyng of gods ordynaunces,
Is chefeſt cauſe of care & wofull chaunces.

Gods holly orders hygbly are abuſed
Whan mē do chaūge their endes for ſtraūge reſpects;
They ſkorned are, whan they be cleane refuſed
For that they can not ſerue our fond affectes.
The one our ſhame, the other our ſynn detectes.
It is a ſhame for chriſtians to abuſe them,
But deadly ſynne for ſkorners to refuſe them.

I meane not this all onlye of degrees
Ordeynde by God for peoples preſeruacion,
But of hys lawy, good orders, and decrees,
Prouyded his creatures conſeruacion,
And ſpecially the ſtate of procreacion
Wherin we here the number of them encreace,
Which ſhall in heauen enioye eternall peace.

The only ende why god ordayned thys,
Was for the encreaſyng of that bleſſed number
For whome he hath prepared eternall blyſſe.
They that refuſe it for the care or cumbre
Beyng apt therto, are in a ſynful ſlumber:
No fonde reſpect, no bayne debiſed bowes
Can quit or bar what God in charge allowes.

It

It is not good for man to lyue alone
Sayd God: and therfore made he hym a make:
Sole lyfe sayd Chryſte is graunted few or none,
Allseed sheders are bound lyke wyues to take:
Yet not for lust, for landes, or ryches sake,
But to beget and foster so their frute
That heauen and earth be stored with the suite.

But as thys state is damnably refused
Of many apt and able therunto,
So is it lykewyse wyckedly abused
Of all that vse it as they should not doe:
Wherin are gylty all the gredy: who
For gayne, for frendshyp, landes or honors wed,
And theſe pollute the vndefyled bed.

And therfore god through iuſtice can not ceas
To plage theſe faultes with sundry sortes of whips:
As disagrement, healthes or wealthes derreas,
Or lothyng fore the nener lyked lyppes.
Disdayne also with rygor sumtyme nips
Presumyng mates, vnequally that matches:
Hum bytter leaven soures the musky batche.

We worldly folke account hym very wyſe
That hath the wyt moſte wealthily to wed.
By all meanes therfor alwayes we deuyſe
To see our ſſue ryche in spousals sped.
We buy and sell rych orphans: babes vnbred
Muſt mary ere they know what maryage meanes,
Boyes mary old trots, old fooles wed yong queanes.

We

We call thys weddyng, which in any wyse
Can be no maryage, but pollucion playne.
A new found trade of humane marchandyse,
The devyls net, a fylthy fleshly gayne:
Of kynde and nature an vnnaturall kayne,
A fowle abuse of gods most holy order,
And yet allowed almost in every border.

Would god I were the last that shall haue cause
Agaynst thys creppyng cancar to complayne,
That men would so regarde theyr makers lawes,
That all would leaue the lewdnes of theyr brayne,
That holly orders, holly myght remayne.
That our respectes in weddyng should not choke
The ende and frute of gods most holy yoke.

The sage kyng Solon after that he sawe,
What myschiefes folow vnsought maryages,
To bar all baytes, stedfastly shed thys lawe.
No frende nor father shall gyue herytages,
Coyne, catall, stuffe, or other caryages
With any mayd for dowry or weddyng sale,
By any meane, on payne of bannyng bale.

Had thys good lawe in England bene in force
My father had not so cruelly been slayne.
My brother had not causeles lost hys corps.
Our maryage had not bred vs such disdayne,
My selfe had lackt great part of grefous payne,
We wedded wyues for dignitie and landes,
And left our dyrs in enyes bludy handes.

My

My father bycht Syr Richard Wudvyle: he
Espoused the duches of Bedford, and by her
Had issue males my brother John, and me
Called Anthony. Kyng Edward dyd preferre
Us far aboue the state wherein we were.
For he espoused our syster Elizabeth,
Whom Syr John Gray made wedow by his deth.

How glad wer we, thinke you of this alyaunce?
So nerely coupled with so noble a kyng.
Who durst with any of vs be at dekyauns
Thus made of myght the myghtyest to wryng?
But kye, what cares do hyghest honours bryng,
What carelessenes our selves or frendes to know,
What spyte and envye both of high and lowe.

Because the kyng had made our sister Queene
It was his honor to prefer her kyn.
And syth the readyest way, as wysest ween,
Was first by weddyng welthy heyres to wyn,
It pleased the prynce by lyke meane to begyn.
To me he gaue the rych lord Hvales hys heir,
A vertuous mayd, in myne eye very fayre.

He ioyned to my brother John, the olde
Duches of Norfolke, notable of fame.
My nephue Thomas (who had in hys holde
The honor and rightes of Marquis Dorcets name)
Espoused Cicilie a wyght wealthy Dame,
Lorde Bonuyles heyr: by whom he was possest
In al the rites wherthrough that house was blest.

The

The honors that my father attaynde were dyuers
Fyrst Chamberlayn, than Constable he was.
I do omyt the gainfullest, Erle Ryvers.
Thus glystred we in glory clere as glas.
Such myracles can prynces bryng to passe
Among theyr lieges whom they mynde to heave
To honors false, who all theyr gestes deceyve.

Honors are lyke that cruel kyng of Thrace,
With newcum gestes that fed his hungry horses.
Or lyke the tyrant Busiris: whose grace
Offered hys gods all straungers strangled corses.
To forreyners so hard false honors force is
That all her bourders straungers eyther geastes
She spoyles to feede her gods & gredy beastes.

Her Gods be those whome God by law or lot,
Or kynde by byrthe, doth place in highest rowmes.
Her beastes be such as gredilye haue got
Office or charge to gyde the sely growmes.
These officers in lawe or charge are browmes,
That swepe away ẏ sweet from symple wretches,
And spoyle the enryched by their crafty fetches.

These plucke downe those whō princes set aloft,
By wrestyng lawes, and false conspyracyes:
Yea kynges them selues by these are spoyled oft.
Whan wylfull prynces carelesly despyse
To hear the oppressed peoples heavy cryes,
Nor wyll correct theyr pollyng theues, than God
Doeth make those Reues the retchles princes rob.

The

The seconde Richard is a proofe of thys
Whom crafty Lawyers by theyr lawes deposed.
An other paterne good kyng Henry is
Whose ryght by them hath dyversly been glosed,
Good whyle he grew, bad whan he was vnrosed.
And as they foaded these and dyuers other
With lyke deceyt they vsed the kyng my brother.

Whyle he prevayled they said he owed the crown,
All Lawes and ryghtes agreed with the same:
But whan by dryftes he seemed to be downe,
All lawes and ryght extremely dyd him blame
Fought saue vsurpyng traytor was hys name.
So constantly the Judges construe lawes,
That all agree styll with the stronger cause.

These as I sayd, and other lyke in charge
Are honors horses whom she feedes with gestes.
For all whome princes frankly do enlarge
With dignities, these bark at in theyr brestes:
Theyr spite, theyr myght, their falshod neuer rests
Tyll they devour them; sparyng neyther blud,
Ne Lym nor Lyfe, and all to get theyr good.

The Earle of Warwyck was a prañsyng courser
That hauty hart of hys could beare no mate:
Our welth through hi wart many a time ẏ wurser
So cancardlye he had our kyn in hate.
He troubled oft the kynges vnstedy state
And that becaus he would not be hys warde
To wed and wurke, as he shuld lyst awarde.

He spyted vs becaus we were preferred
By maryage to dignytyes so great,
But craftely hys malyce he deferred
Tyll trayterously he found meanes to entreate
Our brother of Clarens to assyst hys feat:
whome whan he had by maryage to hym bound
Than wrought he strayght our linage to cōfound.

Through slaūderous brutes he brued many a broil
Through out ẏ realme agaynst ẏ king my brother:
And raised traiterous rebels thirstyng spoyle
To murder men: of whome among all other
One Robin of Riddesdal many a soul did smother:
His raskall rabble at my father wroth
Took syer and sonne, & quicke beheaded bothe.

Thys haynous act although the king detested,
Yet was he fayne to pardone: for the rowte
Of Rebels all the realme so sore infested,
That every way assayled, he stoode in doubte:
And though he were of courage high & stoute,
Yet he assayed by fayre meanes to asswage
His enemyes yre, reveled by rebels rage.

But Warwick was not pacyfyed thus,
Hys constant rancor causeles was extreme.
No meane coulde serve the quarell to discus,
Tyl he had driuen ẏ king out of the realme.
Neither would he then be waked from his dream.
For whan my brother was cum and placed again,
He stynted not tyll he was stoutly slayne.

Than

Than grew the kyng and realme to quyet rest,
Our stocke and frendes styll stying higher an higher:
The Quene with chyldren frutefully was blest:
I gouerned them, It was the kynges desyer.
This set theyr vncles furyously on fyer,
That we the quenes blud wer assygned to governe
The prynce, not they, the kynges own blud & bretherne.

This caused the duke of Clarens so to chafe
That with the kyng he braynles fell at bate;
The counsayle warely for to kepe hym safe
From raysyng tumultes as he dyd of late,
Imprysoned hym: where through his brothers hate
He was condempned, and murdered in such sort
As he hym selfe hath truly made report.

Was none abhorred these mischiefes more than I,
Yet coulde I not be therwith discontented,
Consyderyng that hys rancour touched me nye.
Els would my conscience neuer have consented
To wyshe hym harme, could he have been contented.
But feare of hurt, for safegard of our state
Doth cause more myschiefe than desert or hate.

Such is the state that many wyshe to beare,
That eyther we must with others blud be stained,
Or leade our lyves contynually in feare.
You mountyng myndes beholde here what is gayned
By combrous honor, paynfully attayned:
A damned soule for murdryng them that hate you,
Or doubtfull lyfe, in daunger lest they mate you.

The cause (I think) why sum of hygh degree
Do deadly hate all sekers to assend,
Is this: The cloyne contented can not be
With any state, tyll tyme he apprehend
The highest top: for therto clymers tende.
Which seeldome is attaynde without the wrack
Of those betwene, that stay and bear hym back.

To save theim selues they therfore are compeld
To hate such clymers, and with wit and power
To compas meanes wherthrough they may be queld,
Ear they ascend theyr honors to devour.
This caused the duke of Clarence frown & lowre
At me and other whom the kyng promoted
To dignities: wherin he madly doted.

For seing we wer his dere alyed frendes,
Our furderauns should rather have made him glad
Than enmye like to wyshe our wofull endes.
We were the nerest kynsfolk that he had.
We ioyed withim, hish sorow made vs sad:
But he estemed so much hys paynted sheath
That he disdayned the love of all beneath.

But see how sharpely god revengeth synne;
As he malygned me and many other
Hys faythfull frendes, and kyndest of hys kyn,
So Rychard duke of Glocester, hys naturall brother,
Malygned hym: and beastly dyd hym smother.
A divelysh deede, a moste vnkyndly part,
Yet iuste revenge for his vnnaturall hart.

Although

Although this brother queller, Tyraunt fell
Envyed our state as much and more than he;
Yet dyd hys elokyng flattery so excell
To all our frendesward, chiefly vnto me,
That he appeared our trusty stay to be:
For outwardly he wrought our state to furder,
Where inwardly he mynded nought save murder.

Thus in aperaunce who but I was blest?
The chiefest honors heaped on my head:
Beloved of all, enioying quyet rest.
The forward prynce by me alone was led,
A noble ympe, to all good vertues bread:
The Kyng my lyege without my counsayl knowen
Agreed nought: though wysest were his owne.

But quyet blisse in no state lasteth long
Assayled styll by mischefe many wayes:
Whose spoylyng battry glowyng hote and stronge,
No flowyng wealth, no force nor wysdome stayes
Her smoakles poulder beaten souldyers flayes.
By open force foule mischief oft preuayles,
By secrete sleyght, she seeld her purpose fayles.

The kyng was bent to much to folysh pleasure,
In banketyng he had to great delyght:
Thys made hym grow in grossnes out of measure,
Which, as it kyndleth carnall appetyte,
So quencheth it the lyvelynes of spryte.
Wherof ensue such sycknes and diseases
As none can cure save death that all displeases.

Through this fault furthered by hys brothers fraude
(Now god forgeue me yf I iudge amys)
Or through that beaſt hys rybald or hys baude
That larded ſtyll thoſe ſinfull iuſtes of hys,
He ſodaynly forſoke all worldly blyſſe.
That loathed leath, that neuer wellcum death,
Through ſpaſmous humours ſtopped vp his breth.

That tyme lay I at Ludloe wales hys border.
For with the prince the kyng had ſent me thyther
To ſtay the robberyes, ſpoyle, and ſawle diſorder,
Of dyuers outlawes gathered there together:
Whoſe bandyng tended no man wyll well whyther.
Whan theſe by wyſdome ſafely wer ſuppreſſed,
Came wofull newes, our ſoueraygne was deceaſſed.

The greefe wherof, whan reaſon had aſſwaged,
Becaus the prynce remayned in my guyde,
For hys defende great ſtore of men I waged,
Doubtyng the ſtormes which at ſuch tymes betyde.
But whyle I there thus warely dyd prouyde,
Commaundement came to ſend them home agayne
And bryng the kyng thence with his houſeholde trayne.

This charge ſent from the counſayle and the Queene
Though much agaynſt my mynde I beaſt obeyed:
The deuyll hym ſelfe wrought all the dreyt I weene,
Becaus he would haue innocentes betrayed:
For ere the kyng wer halfe hys way conuayed,
A ſorte of traytors falſely hym betrapt
I caught afore, and cloſe in pryſon clapt.

The

The duke of Glocestre that incarned devyll
Confedered with the Duke of Buckyngham,
With eke Lorde Hastynges, hasty both to evyll
To meete the kyng in mournyng habyt came,
(A cruell woulfe though clothed lyke a Lambe)
And at Northhampton, where as than I bayted
They tooke their inne, as they on me had wayted.

The kyng that nyght at Stonystratford lay,
A towne to small to harbar all his trayne:
This was the cause why he was goen awaye
While I with other dyd behynde remayne.
But wyll you see how falsly frendes can fayne?
Not Synon sly, whose fraude best fame rebukes,
Was halfe so suttle as these double dukes.

Fyrst to myne Inne, cummeth in my brother false
Embraceth me: wel met good brother Skales,
And wepes withall: the other me enhalse
With welcum coosyn, now welcum out of Wales
O happy day, for now all stormy gales
Of stryfe and rancor vtterly are swaged,
And we our owne to Lyve or dye vnwaged.

Thys profered seruice, sauft with salutacions
Immoderate, might cause me to suspect:
For commonly in all dissimulacions
The erres of glaveryng doth the guyle detect.
Reason refuseth falshode to dyrect:
The wyll therfore for feare of being spyed
Exceedeth mean, because it wanteth gyde.

This is the cause why such as fayne to weepe
Do houle outryght, or waylyng cry ah,
Tearyng them selves, & straynyng syghes moste depe.
Why such dissemblers as would seme to laugh
Breth not Tihhy, but braye out, hah hah hah.
Why beggers faynyng bravery are the proudest
Why cowardes braggyng boldnes, wrangle loudest.

For commonly all that do counterfayte
In any thyng, excede the naturall mean,
And that for feare of faylyng in theyr feat.
But these conspyrers couched all so cleane,
Through close demeanour, that theyr wyles dyd wean
My hart from doubtes, so many a fals device
The forged fresh, to hyde theyr enterprise.

They supped with me, propoundyng frendly talke
Of our affayres, styll gevyng me the prayse.
And ever among the cups to mewarde walke;
I drynk to you good Cuz ech traytor sayes;
Our banquet doen whan they should go theyr wayes
They tooke theyr leave, oft wyshyng me good nyght
As hartily as any creature myght.

A noble hart they say is Lyon lyke,
It can not couche, dissemble, crouch nor fayne.
Howe villaynous wer these, and how vnlyke?
Of noble storke the moste ignoble stayne.
Theyr wulvysh hartes,, theyr traytrous forly brayne
Eyther prooue them base, of raskall race engendred
Or from hault lynage bastardlyke degendred.

Such

Such pollyng heades as prayſe for prudent pollicie
Falſe practiſes, I wyſh wer pact on poales.
I meane the baſtard law broode, which can mollyfie
All kynd of cauſes in theyr crafty nolles.
Theſe vndermyne all vertue, blynde as molles,
They bolſter wrong, they rack and ſtrayne the ryght
And prayſe for law both malyce fraude, and myght.

Theſe quenche the wurthy flames of noble kynde,
Prouokyng beſt borne to the baſeſt vyces,
Through craftes they make the bouldeſt courage blinde,
Diſlyking hyghly valeaunt enterpryſes:
And prayſyng vyly villanous devices.
Theſe make the boare a Hog, the Bul an ore.
The Swan a Gooſe, the Lyon a Wulfe or fore.

The Lawyer Cateſby and hys crafty feeres
A rowte that never did good in any realme,
Are they that had tranſformed theſe noble peeres:
They turned theyr blud to melancholick fleume.
Theyr courage hault to cowardyſe extreame.
Theyr force and manhode into fraude and malyce,
Theyr wit to wyles: ſtout Hector in to Parys.

Theſe glaverers goen, my ſelfe to reſt I layd,
And doubtyng nothyng ſoundly fel a ſleepe:
But ſodaynlye my ſeruantes ſore afrayed
Awaked me: and drawyng ſighes full deepe,
Alas (quoth one) my Lord we are betrayed.
How ſo (quoth I) the dukes are goen theyr wayes
They have barred the gates, and borne away the keyes.

Wylye

Whyle he thus spake, there came into my mynde
This fearefull dreame, whereout I waked was:
I saw a ryver stopt with stormes of wynde
Whereth'rough a Swan, a Bull and Boze dyd passe.
Fraunchyng the fysh and frye, with teeth of brasse,
The ryver dryed vp save a lytell streame
Which at the last dyd water all the realme.

My thought thys streame dyd drowne the cruell boze
In lytle space, it grew so depe and brode:
But he had kylled the bull and swan befoze.
Besydes all this I saw an ougly tode
Crall toward me, on which me thought I trode:
But what became of her, oz what of me
My sodayne wakyng would not let me see.

These dremes consydered with this sodayne newes
So dyvers from they' doynges over nyght,
Dyd cause me not a lyttle foz to muse,
I blest me, and ryse in all the hast I myght.
By this, Aurora spzed abzode the lyght
Which fro the endes of Phebus beames she tooke
Who than the bulles theese gallery forsooke.

When I had opened the wyndow to looke out
There myght I see the streetes eche where beset,
My inne on ech syde compassed about
With armed watchmen, all escapes to let
Thus had these Heroes caught me in they' net,
But to what ende, I could not th'rowly gesse,
Such was my playnnes, such they' doublenes.

My

My conſcince was ſo clere I could not doubt
They⁊ deadly dꝛyft, which leſſe apparaunt lay
Becaus they cauſed they⁊ men returne the rout
That yode toward Stonyſtratfoꝛd: as they ſay
Becaus the dukes wyll fyꝛſt be there to day:
Foꝛ this (thought I) they hynder me in Ieaſt,
Foꝛ gyltles myndes do eaſely deme the beſt.

By thys the Dukes were cum into myne inne
Foꝛ they were lodged in an other by.
I gote me to them, thinkyng it a ſynne
Within my chamber cowardly to lye.
And merely I aſked my bꝛother why
He vſed me ſoꝛ he ſterne in evyll ſadnes
Cryed out: I arreſt the traytoꝛ foꝛ thy badnes.

How ſo (quoth I) whence ryſeth your ſuſpicion?
Thou art a traytoꝛ (quoth he) I thee arreſt.
Arreſt (quoth I) why where is your commiſſion?
He drew hys weapon, ſo dyd all the reſt
Crying: yeld the traytoꝛ. I ſo ſoꝛe diſtreſt
Made no reſyſtaunce: but was ſent to ward
None ſave they⁊ ſeruauntes aſſygned to my gard.

Thys doen they ſped them to the kyng in poſte,
And after they⁊ humble reuerence to hym doen,
They trayterouſly began to rule the roſte
They pycked a quarell to my ſyſters ſonne
Lord Richard Gray: The king would not be wonne
To agree to them, yet they agaynſt all reaſon,
Arreſted hym, (they ſayd) foꝛ haynous treaſon.

Syr Thomas Vaughan and Syr Richard Vaulx
Two worthy knyghtes were lykewyse apprehended,
These all were gylty in one kynde of fault,
They would not lyke the practyse then pretended:
And seyng the kyng was herewith sore offended,
Back to Northhampton they brought him agayne
And thence discharged most part of his trayne.

There loe duke Richard made hym selfe protector
Of kyng and realme by open proclamation,
Though neyther kyng nor Queene were his electors
Thus he presumed by lawles usurpation.
But wyll you see his depe dissimulation?
He sent me a dyshe of deyntyes from his bourd
That day, and with it, this fals frendly wourd.

Commende me to hym: All thynges shalbe well,
I am hys frende, byd hym be of good chere:
These newes I prayed the messanger go tell
Syr Nephue Richard, whome I loued full deare.
But what he ment by well, now shal you heare:
He thought it well to have vs quickly murdered
Which not long after thorowly he furdered.

For strayt from thence we closely wer conveyed
From iayle to iayle Northward we wyst not whither:
Where after we had a while in sunder straied,
At last we met at Pomfret all together.
Syr Richard Ratclyf bad vs welcum thither,
Who openly, all law and ryght contempned
Beheaded vs, before we were condempned.

My Cosyn Richard could not be content
To leave his lyfe, becaus he wyst not why,
Good gentle man that never harme had meant,
Therfore he asked wherfore he shuld dye:
The priest his gostly father dyd replye
With wepyng eyes: I know one wofull cause.
The realme hath neyther ryghteous lordes nor lawes.

Syr Thomas Vaughan chafyng cryed styl:
This tyraunt Glocester is the graceles G
That will his brothers chyldren beastlye kyll.
And least the people through hie talke might see
The mischiefes toward, and therto not agree
Our tormentour that false periured knyght
Bad stop our mouthes, with wurdes of high despyte.

Thus dyed we gyltles, proces heard we none,
No cause alleged, no Judge, nor yet accuser,
No quest empaneld passed vs vppon.
That murderer Ratclyf, lawe and ryghtes refuser,
Dyd all to flatter Richard his abuser.
Unhappy both that ever they were borne,
Through gyltles blud that have theyr soules forlorne.

In parte I graunt I well deserved thys,
Becaus I caused not spedy execution
Be doen on Richard for that murder of hys,
when fyrst he wrought kyng Henryes close confusion.
Nor for his brothers hatefull persecution.
These cruell murders paynfull death deserved
Which had he suffred, many had ben preserued.

Marne

Warne therfore all that charge or offyce beare
To se all murderers spedely executed:
And spare them not for favoure or for fear:
By gyltles blud the earth remaynes polluted.
For lack of Justice kyngdomes are transmuted.
They that save murderers from deserved payne,
Shall through those murderers miserably be slayn.

WHan I had read this, they liked it very wel. One wished ẏ the cumbat which he had with the bastard of Burgoine, and the honor which he wan bothe with speare and axe, shuld not be forgotten. An other moued a question about a great matter, and that is the varyaunce of the cronycles about the lord Thomas Graye Marquis Dorcet: whome Fabian every where calleth the Queenes brother. Syr Thomas More and Hall call hym the Queenes sonne. Fabian sayeth he was governour of the prince, and had ẏ conveyaũce of him from Ludlo towardes London. The other (whom we folowe) saye he was than at London w̃ the queen prouydyng for the kynges coronacion, and toke sanctuarye with her as soone as he heard of the apprehending of his vncle. This disagreynge of wryters is a great hinderaunce of the truthe, & no small cumbrauns to such as be diligent readers, besides the harme that may happen in succession of herytages. It were therfore a wurthye and a good dede for the nobilytie, to cause al the

recordes

recordes to be ſought, & a true and perfecte cronicle therout to be wrytten. vnto which we refer the decydyng of this, & of all other lyke controverſies, gevyng this to vnderſtand in y meantyme, That no man ſhall thinke his title eyther better or wurſe by any thing that is wrytten in any part of thys treatyſe. For the onlye thynge which is purpoſed herin, is by example of others miſeries, to diſwade all men from all ſinnes and vices. If by the way we touche any thing concernyng titles, we folow therin Halles cronicle. And where we ſeme to ſwarve from hys reaſons and cauſes of dyuers doynges, there we gather vpon coniecture ſuch thinges as ſeeme moſt probable, or at the leaſt moſt conbenient for the furderaunce of our purpoſe.

When the reader would haue proceded in the cronicle which ſtrayght entreateth of the vilannous deſtruction of the lord Haſtynges, I wylled hym to ſurceas, becaus I had there his tragedye very learnedly penned. For the better vnderſtandyng whereof, you muſt ymagyne that you ſee hym newly crept out of his graue, and ſpeakyng to me as followeth.

Howe the Lord Haſtynges was betrayed by truſtyng to much to his evyl cõ-ſayler Cateſby, and vilanously murdered in the tower of London by Richarde Duke of Gloceſtre.

Haſtynges I am, whoſe haſtned death whoe knowe,
My lyfe with prayſe, my death with plaint purſue.
With others, fearyng leaſt my headleſſe name
We wrongd, by partiall bruite of flatteryng fame:
Cleaving my tombe the waye my fame forewent,
Though bared of loanes which body & Fortune lent
Erſt my proud daunt: preſent preſent to thee
My honoure, fall, and forced deſkenye.

Ne feare to ſtayn thy credyt by my tale.
In Lætbes floud, long ſince, in Stigian dale
Selfe love I dreynt. what tyme bath fyned for trus,
And ceaſeth not, (though ſtale) ſtyll to renewe:
Recount I wyl. wherof be this the proofe.
That blaſe I wyll my prayſe, and my reproofe.
We naked ghoſtes are but the verye man.
Ne of our ſelves more than we ought we ſkanne.

But doubte diſtracteth me, yf I ſhould conſent
To yeeld myne honourd name a martyrd Saynt.
yf Martirdome reſt in the myſers lyfe
Through tormentes wrongly reft by fatall knyfe
Howe fortunes Nurſlyng I, and deareſt babe,
Ought therto ſtoope, none maye me well perſwade.
For howe maye myſer martyrdome betyde,
To whome in Cradell Fortune was aſkye de-

See howe this grosseſt aier infecteth me ſince,
Forgot have I, of foyaltye to my prynce.
My happye meede is, Martir to be named:
And what the heavens embrace, the world aye blamed:
For, mens vniuſtyce wreaked but Gods iuſt Ire,
And by wrong end, turned wreake to Juſtice hyre.
O Judgmentes iuſt, by vniuſtice iuſtice dealt,
Whoe dowteth, of me may learne, the truth who felt.

So therfore, as my fall may many ſtaye:
As well the prynce, from violent headlong ſwaie,
Of noble peeres, from honours throne to duſt,
As nobles leſſe in title ſtate to truſt:
Shonning thoſe ſynnes, that ſhake the golden leaves
Perforce from bonghes, eare Nature bare the greaves:
So, what my lyfe profeſſed, my death heare teacheth.
And, as with word ſo with example preacheth.

The hyllye heauens, and valey Earth e belowe,
Yet ryng hys Fame, whoſe dedes ſo great dyd growe
Edward the fourth ye know vnnamed I meane,
Whoſe noble nature ſo to me dyd leane,
That I hys ſtaffe was, I his only ioye,
And even what Pandare was to hym of Troy.
Which moved hym fyrſt, to create me chamberlayne.
To ſerve hys ſweetes, to my moſt ſower payne.

Wherein, to iuſtly prayſed for ſecretneſſe
(For now my guylt with ſhrykyng I confeſſe)
To hym to true, to vntrue to the Queene,
Suche hate I wanne, as lafted longe betweene

Dure

Oure familyes. Shores wyfe was my nyce cheate.
The wholye whore, and eke the wyly peate.
I fedd his lust with lovely peces so,
That Gods sharpe wrath I purchased, my iust woe.

See here of Nobles newe the dyverse source,
Some vertue rayseth, some clyme by fluttyshe sortes.
The fyrst, though onely of them selves begonne,
Yet circlewyse into them selues doe ronne.
With in theyr Fame theyr force vnyted so,
Both endelesse is, and stronger gaynst theyr foe.
For, when endeth hit that neuer hath begonne?
Or by what force, maye circled knot be vndone?

Thother, as by wycked meanes they grewe,
And raygned by flattery or violence: so sone rue.
First tomblyng stepp from honoures old, is vyce.
Which once discended, some lynger, none aryse
To former type, but they catch vertues spraye,
Which mounteth them that clyme by lawfull waye.
Beware to ryse by serving princely lust.
Surely to stand, one meane is rysyng iust.

Which learne by me. whome let it helpe to excuse,
That ruthfull nowe my selfe I do accuse.
And that my prynce I ever pleased with suche,
As harmed none, and hym contented much.
In vyce, som favoure, or lesse hate let wynne,
That I ne wryed to worser end my sinne.
But vsed my favoure to the safetye of such,
As furye of Later warre to lyue dyd grutche.

For as on durt (though durty) shyneth the sonne:
So, even amyds my vyce, my vertue shoane.
My selfe I spared with any his cheate to stayne,
For love and reverence so I could refrayne.
Gisippus wyfe erst Tytus would desyre
With frendshyps breach. I quenchd that brutyshe fyre.
Manly hit is, to loth the fawnyng lust.
Small vaunt to flye, what of constraynt thou must.

These therfore rased, yf thou myne offyce skanne,
Loe none I hurt but furdered every manne.
My chamber England was, my staffe the law:
Wherby sauns rygoure, all I held in awe.
So lovyng to all, so beloued of all,
As, (what ensued vppon my bloudy fall
Though I ne felt) yet surely this I thynke.
Full many a tricklyng teare theyr mouthes did drynke.

Disdayne not prynces easye accesse, meeke cheare.
We knowe, then Angells statelyer port ye beare
Of God hym selfe: to massye a charge for sprytes.
But then, my lordes, consyder, he delyghts
To vayle his grace to vs poore earthely wants,
To symplest shrubbes, and to the dunghyll plantes.
Expresse hym then, in myght and mercyes meane.
So shall ye wynne, as now ye welld, the realme.

But all to long I feare I do delaye
The many meanes, wherby I dyd bewraye
Myzelous wyll, to earne my prynces grace.
Least thou differ, to thynke me kynde percace

As nought may last, so Fortunes weathery cheare
With powtyng lockes gan lower on my Syre,
And on her wheele, advaunsd hye in hys roome
The Warwick Earle, mase of Chrystendoome.

Besydes the temptyng prowesse of the foe,
His traytor brother dyd my prynce forgoe.
The cause was lyked, I was hys lynked alye,
Yet, nor the cause, nor brothers trecherye,
Nor enmyes force, ne band of myngled bloude:
Made Hastynges beare hys prynce other mynd thē good.
But tane and scaped from Warwicks gripyng pawes,
With me he fled through fortunes frowardst flawes.

To London come, at large we might have seemed,
Had not we then the realme a pryson deemd.
Ech bush a barre, eche spray a banner splayed,
Eche house a fort our passage to haue stayed.
To Linne we leape, where whyle we awayt the tyde,
My secrete fryndes in secrete I supplyed,
In mouth to mayntayne Henry syrt theyr kynge,
By deede to devoyre Edward to bryng in.

The restles tyde, to bare the empty baye,
With waltryng waves roames wamblyng forth. Away
The mery maryner hayles. The braggyng boye,
To masts hye top vp hyes. In signe of ioye
The wauering flagge is vaunsd. The suttle Seas
Theyr swellyng ceasse: to calmest even peace
Sinkth down theyr pride, with dronkennes gainst al care
The Seamen armed, awayte theyr noble fare.

On Boyd we come. The mallye Anchoys weyed,
One Englyshe shippe, two Hulkes of Holland, ayde
In suche a pynche. So small tho was the trayne,
Such his constraynt. that nowe, that one with payne
Commaund he myght, whoe erst mought many moe;
Then brought the ghastlye Grekes to Tenedo.
So nought is ours that we by happe maye lose,
What nearest seems, is farthest of in woes.

As banished wightes, such ioyes we mought have made.
Cald of aye thretnyng death, that late we dradde.
But once our countreyes syght (not care) erempt,
No harboure shewyng, that mought our feare relent,
No covert cave, No shrubbe to shroud our lyves,
No hollow wodde, no slyght, that oft deprives
The myghty hys pray, no Sanctuary left
For eryled prynce, that shroudes eche slave from theft:

In prison pent, whose woddye walles to passe
Of no lesse peryll than the dying was:
With the Oreane moated, battered with the waves,
(As chaynd at Dares the wretched Galley slaves,
At mercy sit of Sea and enmyes shott,
And shonne with death what they with slyght may not)
But greenysh waves, and desert lowryng Skyes
All comfort ells forclosed oure eryled eyes;

Loe loe from highest toppe, the Slavyshe boye
Sent vp with syght of land our hertes to ioye:
Descryes at hand whole fleet of easterlynges.
As then whote enmyes of the Britishe kynges.

The

The mouſe may ſomtyme help the Lyon in nede
The byttle bee once ſpylt the Aegles breed.
O prynces ſeke no foes. In your diſtreſſe,
The Earth, the ſeas, conſpyre your heavineſſe.

Oure foe deſtroyed by flyght we ſhonne in haſt,
And lade with Canvaſe now the bendyng maſt.
The ſhyppe was rackt to trye her ſaylyng then,
As Squirells clime the troupes of truſty men.
The ſtearesman ſekes a redier courſe to ronne,
The ſouldyer ſtirres, the gonner hyes to gonne,
The flemynges ſweate, the englyſhe ſhyp diſdaynes
To wayte behynde to beare the flemynges traynes.

Forth flyeth the bark, as from the vyolent goonne
The pellet pearſth all ſtayes and ſtops eft ſoone.
Ans ſwift ſhe ſyngeth, as oft in ſunny daye
The delphine fleetes in Seas in mery Maye.
As we for lyves, ſo Theeſterlynges for gayne,
Thwack on the ſayles, and after make amayne.
Though laden they were, and of burthen great:
A kyng to maſter yet, what Swyne nold ſweat:

So myde the vale, the greyhound ſeyng ſtert
His fearfull foe, purſueth. Before ſhe ſterteth.
And where ſhe turnth, he turnth her there to beare.
The one pray prycketh, the other ſafetyes feare.
So were we chaſed, ſo fled we afore our foes,
Bett flyght then ſyght, in ſo vneven cloſe.
I end. Some think perhaps, to long he ſtayeth
In peryll preſent ſhewyng his fired fayth.

This ventred I, this dread I dyd sustayne,
To trye my truth, my lyfe I dyd disdayne.
But, loe, lyke tryall agaynst his civile foe.
Faythes worst is tryall, which is reserued to woe.
I passe our scape, and sharpe retournyng home,
Wher e we were welcumd by our wonted fone.
To batayle mayne discendes the empyres ryght.
At Barnet ioyne the hostes in bloudy fyght.

There ioynd thre batayles ranged in such arraye,
As mought for terrour Alexander fray.
What should I staye to tell the long discourse?
Whoe wan the pallme? whoe bare away the worse?
Suff yseth to saye by my reserved band,
Oure enemyes fled, we had the vpper hand.
My Iron armye helld her steady place,
My prynce to shyeld, his feared foe to chace.

The lyke successe befell me in Tewkesbury field.
My furyous force, there forsd perforce, to yelde
The traytour foe: and render to my kyng
Her onelye sonne, least he more bate myght bryng.
Thus hast thou a mirrour of a subiectes minde,
Suche as perhaps is rare agayne to fynd:
The Carving cuts, that cleave the trusty steele,
My fayth, and due allegiaunce, could not fyle.

But out alas. what prayse maye I recount,
That is not spyced with spott, that doth surmount
My greatest vaunt? For bloudy warr to feete
A Tyger was I, all for peace vnmeete.

A Souldyours handes muſt oft be dyed with geare,
Leaſt ſtarke with reſt, they ſinewd war, and beare.
Peace could I wyn by warr, but peace not vſe.
Fewe dayes enioy he, whoe warlyke peace doth chooſe.

When Crofts a Knyght, preſented Henryes heyre
To this our prynce, in furyous mood enquere
Of hym he gan, what folye or phrenſye vayne,
With armes forſd hym to invade his realme:
Whome anſweryng, that he claymd his fathers ryght:
With Gauntlet ſmitt, commaunded from hys ſyght:
Clarence, Glocester, Dorcet, and I Haſtyngs ſlewe.
The guylt whereof we ſhortly all dyd rue.

Clarence, as Cirus, drownd in bloudyke wyne,
Dorcett I furthered to his ſpedy pyne.
Of me, my ſelfe am ſpeakyng preſydent,
Nor raſyer fate the bryſtled boare is lent.
Oure bloudes have payd the vengeaunce of our guylt,
His fryed braines, ſhall broyle for bloud he hath ſpilt.
O waltſome murther, that attaynteth our fame.
O horrible traytours wantyng worthy name.

Whoe more mischevouſlye of all ſtates deſerve,
As better they, whoe fyrſt dyd ſuch preſerve.
Yf thoſe, for gyftes, we recken heavenly wyghtes,
Theſe may we well deeme fends, and dampned ſprytes.
And whyle on earth they walke, diſguyſed devyls,
Howrne faces of vertue, factours for all evylls.
Whoſe bloudye hands torment theyr goared hartes.
Through bloudſheds horrour, in ſoundeſt ſlepe he ſterts.

D

O happy world were the Lyons men.
All Lyons should at least be spared then.
No suerty now, no lasting league is bounde.
A meacock is, whoe dreadth to see blud shed:
Stale is the paterne, the fact must nedes be ryfe.
Whyle .ii. were armyes .ii., the issues of fyft wyfe,
With armed hert and hand, thone bloudy brother,
With cruell chase pursueth and murdreth thother.

Which whoedefyeth not: yet whoe ceaseth to sue:
The bloudy Caynes theyr bloudy syze renew.
The horrour yet is lyke in common frayes.
For in eche murther, brother brother slayes.
Traytours to nature, Countrey, kinne and kynde.
Whome no bande serveth in brothers zeale to bynd.
O symple age, when slaunder slaughter was.
The tonges small evyll, how doth this mischefe passe:

Hopest thou to cloake thy covert mischief wrought:
Thy conscience, Caytyf, shall proclayme thy thought.
A vysyon, Chaucer sheweth, disclosd thy tryme.
The For deserve the crowes and chatterynge Pyen.
And shall thy felow felons, not bewraye
The guiltlesse death, whome guilty hands doe slaye:
Un punished escaped for haynous tryme some one,
But vnadvenged, in mynde or bodye, none.

Vengeaunce on mynd, the kreatyng furyes take.
The synnefull coarse, lyke earthquake agelwes shake.
Theyr frownyng lookes, their trounced mindes bewray.
In hast they runne, and mids theyr race they staye,

As

As gydded roe. Amyds theyr speache they whist,
At meate they muse. No where they may persyst
But some feare netleth them. Aye hang they so.
So never wanteth the wicked murtherer woe.

An infant rent with lyons ramping pawes?
Whye slaunder I Lyons? They feare the sacred lawes
Of prynces bloud. Aye me, more brute than beast,
Wyth princes sydes, (Licaons pye) to feast?
O Tyrant Tygres, O insatiable wolues,
O Englishe curtesye, monstrous mawes and gulfes.
My death shall forthwith preach my earned meede.
Yf fyrst to one lyke murther I procede.

Whyle Edward lyued, dissembled discord lurked:
In double hertes yet so his reuerence workd.
But when succedyng tender feble age,
Gave open gap to tyrants rushing rage:
I holpe the Boare, and Buck, to captyuate
Lord Rivers, Graye, Sir Thomas Vaughan and Hawte,
Yf land would hellp the Sea, well earnd that ground
Hit selfe, to be wyth Conqueryng waves surround.

Theyr spedy death by pryvy dome procured,
At Pomfret: tho my lyfe short whyle endured.
My selfe I slew, when them I damned to death.
At once my throate I ryved, and reft them breth.
For that selfe day, afore or neare the hower
That wythered Atropos nippd the spryngyng flower
With vyolent hand, of theyr foorth runnyng lyfe;
My head and body, in Tower twynd lyke knyfe.

By

By this my paterne, all ye peeres beware.
Oft hangeth he hym selfe, whoe others weenth to snare,
Spare to be eyther, others butcher. Feare the kyte,
Whoe soareth aloft, whyle fregge and mouse do fyght
In ciuill Combatt, grappling voyd of feare
Of foreyn foe, at once all both to beare,
Which playner by my pytied playnt to see,
A whyle anew your listnyng lend to me.

To trus it is .ii. sondry assemblies kept,
At Crosbyes place, and Baynardes castell sett.
The Dukes at Crosseby es, but at Baynards we.
The one to crown a kyng, the other to be.
Suspicious is secession of soule frends,
When eythers dryft to others myschefe tendes.
I feared the end. My Catesbyes beyng there
Discharged all doubtes. Hym held I most entyre.

Whose great preferment by my meanes, I thought
Some spurre, to paye the thankfulnesse he ought.
The trust he ought me, made me trust him sot
That priuye he was bothe to my weale and woe.
My harts one halfe, my chest of confydence,
My tresures trust, my to ye dwelt in his presence.
I loued hym Baldwyn, as the apple of myne eye,
I lothed my lyfe when Catesby would me dye.

Flye from thy chanell Thames, forsake thy streames,
Leue the Adamant Iron, Phebus lay thy beames:
Ceasse heauenly Spheares at last your weary warke,
Betray your charge, returne to Chaos darke.

At least, some ruthēles Tyger hange her whellpe,
By Catesby so with some excuse to hellp.
And me to comfort, that I aloane, ne seeme
Of all dame natures workes, left in extreme.

A Golden treasure is the tryed frend.
But whoe may gold from counterfaytes defend?
Trust not to sone, ne all to lyght mistrust.
With thone thy selfe, with thother thy frend thou hurtst.
Whoe twyneth betwyrt, and steareth the golden meane,
Nor rashely loveth, nor mistrusteth in vayne.
For frendshyp poyson, for safetye mithridate
Hit is, thy frend to love as thou wouldest hate.

Of tyckle credyte ne had ben the mischiefe,
What needed Virbius miracle doubled lyfe?
Credulytye surnamed first the Aegean seas.
Mistrust, doth trayson in the trustyest rayse.
Suspicious Romulus, staynd his walls fyrst reard
With Brothers bloud, whome for lyght leape he feared.
So not in brotherhode ielousye may be borne,
The ialous cuckold weares the infamous horne.

A beast may preach by tryal, not foresyght.
Could I have shounnd this credyte, nere had lyght
The dreaded death, vpon my guylty head.
But fooles aye wont to learne by after reade.
Had Catesby kept vnstaynd, the truth he plyght,
Yet had ye enioyed me, and I yet the lyght.
All Derbyes doutes I cleared with his name.
I knewe, no harme could happ vs, sauns hys blame.

But

But see the fruites of sickle lyght belief.
The Ambitious dukes corrupt the traytour theef,
To groape me, yf allured I would assent,
To bin a partner of theyr cursd entent.
Wherto, when neyther force nor frendshyp vayld,
By tyraunt force theyr purpose they assailed.
And summond shortly a councell in the tower,
Of June the fyftenth, at apoynted hower.

Alas. are counsels wryed to catch the goode?
Is no place now exempt from sheadyng bloud.
Sith counsells, that were carefull to preserve
The guyltlesse good, are meanes to make them starve.
What may not mischief of mad man abuse?
Religions cloake some one to vyce doth chuse,
And maketh god protectour of his cryme.
O monstrous world, well ought we wyshe thy fine.

The fatall skyes, roll on the blackest daye,
When doubled bloudshed, my bloud must repay.
Others none forceth. To me, Syr Thomas Haward
As spurre is buckled, to prouoke me forward.
Darbie whoe feared the parted syttynges yore.
Whether, much more he knew by experyence hoare,
Or vnaffected, Clearer truth could see:
At midnight darke this message sendes to me.

Hastynges a way. in slepe the Gods foreshew
By dreadfull dreame, fell fates vnto vs two.
Me thought a Boare with tuske so rased our throate,
That both our shoulders of the bloud dyd smoake.

Aryse

Aryſe to horſe, ſtraycht homewarde let vs hye.
And ſyth our foe we may not mate, o flye.
Of Chaunteclere you learne dreames ſooth to know.
Thence wyſemen conſter, more then the Cock doth crow.

While thus he ſpake, I held within myne arme
Hores wyfe, the tender peece, to kepe me warme.
Fye on adultery, fye on lecherous luſt.
Marke in me ye nobles all, Gods iudgmentes iuſt.
A Pandare, murtherer, and Adulterer thus,
Onely ſuch death I dye, as I ne bluſhe.
Now, leaſt my Dame mought feare appall my hart:
With eger moode vp in my bed I ſtart.

And, is thy Lord (quoth I) a ſorcerer?
A wyſe man now becumme? a dreame reader?
What though ſo Chaunteclere crowed? I reke it not.
On my part pleadeth as well dame Partelott.
Vniudgd hangth yet the caſe betwirt them twaye.
Ne was his dreame Cauſe of hys hap I ſaye.
Shall dremyng doutes from prynce my ſeruyce ſlacke?
Naye, then mought Haſtynges lyfe and lyuyng lacke.

He parteth. I ſleepe. my mynde ſurcharged with ſynne,
As Phebus beames by myſty clowde kept in,
Ne could miſſegeue, ne dreame of my myſſe happe.
As block I tumbled to myne enemyes trappe.
Securitye cauſeleſſe through my careleſſe frende,
Reft me foreſyght of my approchyng end.
So Catesby clawed me, as when the Catt doth playe
Dalleng with mouſe, whom ſtraight he mindes to fraye.

The

The morow come, the lateſt lyght to me,
On Pallray mounted, to the Tower I hye.
Accompanyed with that Haward my mortall foe,
To ſlaughter led. thou God wouldeſt have yt ſo.
(O deepe diſſemblers, Honouryng with your cheare,
Whome in hyrd hart ye trayterouſlye teare.)
Never had realme ſo open ſignes of wrack.
As I had ſhewed me of my heavy happ.

The vyſyon fyrſt of Stanley, late deſcryed.
Then myrth ſo extreme, that neare for ioye I dyed.
Were bit, that Swannelyke I forelong my death,
Or merye mynde forſaw the looſe of breath
That long it coueyted, from thys earthes annoye.
But even as ſyker as thende of woe is ioye,
And gloryous lyght to obſcure night doth tend:
So extreame myrth in extreame mone doth ende.

For whye, extreames are haps rackd out of courſe.
By violent myght far ſwinged forth perforce.
Which as thei are pearcingſt while they violentſt move,
For nearſt they cleave to cauſe ẏ doth them shove:
So ſooneſt fall from that theyr hyghеſt extreame,
To thother contrary that doth want of meane.
So lawghed he erſt, whoe lawghed out his breath,
So laughed I, whan I laughd my ſelfe to death.

The pleaſyngſt meanes boade not the luckieſt endes.
Not aye, found treaſure to lyke pleſure tendes.
Myrth meanes not myrth all tyme. thyrſe happye hyre
Of wyt, to ſhonne the extreſſe that all deſyer.

But

But this I paſſe. I hye to other lyke.
My paſtrey in the playneſt paved ſtreete,
Thyſe bowed his boanes, thyſe kneled on the flower,
Thyſe ſhonnd (as Balams aſſe) the dreaded tower.

What ſhoulde I thynke he had ſence of after happs?
As beaſtes foreſhew the drought or rayny drapps,
As humoures in them want or ells abound,
By influence from the heavens, or chaunge of grounde?
Or doe we enterpzete by ſucceſſe eche ſygne?
And as we fanſye of ech happ devyne?
And make that cauſe, that kynne is to the effect?
Not havyng ought of conſequence reſpect?

Bucephalus kneeling onely to his lorde,
ſhewed onely, he was monarche of the worlde.
Why maye not then, the ſteede foreſhew by fall,
What Caſuall happ the ſitter happen ſhall?
Darius horſe by brayeng brought a realme.
And what letteth, why he ne is (as the Aſſe) Gods meane,
By ſpeakyng ſygne, to ſhew his hap to come,
Who is deaf hearer of his ſpeakyng domme?

But forward yet. In flower ſtreete I ſtayed.
Where (could I have ſeene) loe Haward al bewrayed.
For as I commond with a pryeſt I mett:
Away my lord quoth he. your tyme ne is yet
To take a pryeſt. Loe, Synon myght be ſeene,
Had Troyans eares, as they had hores foole eyen.
But, whome thou God allotted haſt to dye
Some grace it is to dye with wynged eye.

De

Nor was this all. For euen at Tolwerwharfe,
Neare to those walles within whose syght I starke,
Where erst, in sorowe sowst and depe distresse,
I emparted all my pynyng pensyuesse
With Hastynges: (so my pursevaunt men call)
Even there, the same to meete hit did me fall.
Who gan to me most dolefully renewe,
The wofull conference had erst in that Lieu.

Hastinges (quoth I) accordyng now they fare,
At Pomfret this daye dyeng, whoe caused that care.
My self have all the worlde at my will,
With pleasures cloyed, engorged with the fyll.
God graunt it so quoth he. whye doutest thou tho
Quoth I: and all in chafe, to hym gan shewe
In ample wyse, our drift with tedious tale,
And entred so the tower to my bale.

What should we thinke of sygnes? They are but happs.
How maye they then, be sygnes of afterclaps?
Doth every Chaunce forshew or cause some other?
Or endyng at it selfe, extendth no further?
As thoverflowyng floude some mount doth choake,
But to his ayde some other floud hit poake:
So, yf with sygnes thy synnes once ioyne, beware.
Els wherto chaunces tend, here curyous care.

Had not my synne deserued my death as wreake,
What myght my myrth have hurt? or hores becke?
Or Halwardes bitter scoffe? or Hastinges talke?
What meane then foole Astrologers to calke,

That

That twynckling ſterres flyng downe the fired fate?
And all is guyded by the ſterrye ſtate?
Perdye, a certayne tare aſſygnd they have
To lyne, and tymes diuyde, not fate to graue.

But graunt they ſomwhat gyue: is at one inſtant
Of every babe the byrth in heauen ſo ſkannd,
That they that reſtleſſe roll, and never ſtaye,
Should in his lyfe beare yet ſo vyolent ſwaye:
That, not his actions onely nert to byrth,
But even laſt fyne, and death be ſweyed therwith?
Howe may one mocion make ſo ſundry effectes?
Or one impreſſion tend to ſuch reſpectes?

Some rule there is yet. Els, whye were differrd
Tyll nowe, theſe plages, ſo long ere now deſerued?
Yf for they are tryfles, they ne ſeeme of care:
But toyes with god the ſtatelyeſt ſcepters are.
Yet in them to playne, doth appere foreſett,
The certayne rule and fatall lymytes ſett,
Yet thinke we not, this ſure foreſettyng fate.
But Gods faſt prouydence for eche pryncely ſtate,

And hath he erſt reſtrayned his prouydence?
Or is he nygard of his free diſpence?
Or is he vncertayne foreſett dryfts to dryue?
That not Dame Chaunce but he all goods may gyue?
A heathen god they hold, whoe fortune keepe,
To deal them happs, whyle god, they ween a ſleepe.
Mock godds they are, and many Gods induce,
Whoe fortune fayne to father they? abuſe.

Howe so it be, hit mought haue warned me.
But, what I could not, that in me see ye.
Whoe runne in race, the honour lyke to wynn,
Whose fayrest forme, nought maye deforme but synne.
Alas, when most I dyd defye all dread,
By syngle heare deaths swoorde hong over my head.
For herk the end and lystren now my fall.
This is the last, and this the fruit of all.

To Councell chamber come, awhyle we stayd
For hym, without whom nought was done or sayd.
At last he came, and curteously excused,
For he so long our patience had abused.
And pleasantly began to paynt his cheare,
And sayd. My lord of Elye, would we had here
Some of the strawberyes, whereof you haue stoare.
The last delyghted me as nothyng more.

Would, what so ye wythe, I mought as well commaũd,
My lord (quoth he) as those. And out of hand.
His servant sendth to Elye place for them.
Out goeth from vs the restlesse devyll agayne.
Welyke (I thynk) scarce yet perswaded full,
To worke the mise hieke that thus maddeth his scull.
At last determynd, of his bloudy thought
And force ordaynd, to worke the wyle he fought:

Frownyng he enters, with so chaunged cheare,
As for myld May had chopped fowle Januere.
And lowryng on me with the goggle eye,
The wyetted tuske, and furrowed forehead hye,

Wyth

Hys Crooked ſhoulder biſtelyke ſet vp,
With frothy Jawes, whoſe foame he chawed and ſuppd,
With angry lookes that flamed as the fyer:
Thus gan at laſt to grunt the grymeſt ſyre.

What earned they, whoe me, the kyngdomes ſtaye,
Contryued habe councell, trayterouſly to ſlaye:
Abaſhed all ſate. I thought I mought be bolld,
For conſcyence cleareneſſe, and acquayntaunce olld.
They: hyre is playne quoth I. Be death the leaſt,
To whoe ſo ſeekth your grace ſo to moleſt.
Withouten ſtaye: ỳ Queene, and ỳ whore chores wyfe,
By witchcraft (quoth he) ſeeke to waſt my lyfe.

Loe here the wythered and bewytched arme,
That thus is ſpent by thoſe. ii. Sorcereſſe charme.
And bared his arme and ſhewed his ſwynyſhe ſkynne.
Suche cloakes they vſe, that ſeek to clowd they: ſynne.
But out alas, hit ſerueth not for the rayne.
To all the howſe the coloure was to playne.
Nature had gyuen hym many a maymed marke,
And hit amonges, to note her monſtrous warke.

My doubtfull hart diſtracted this replye.
For thone I cared not. Thother nyppd ſo nye
That whyſt I could not. But forthwith brake forth.
yf ſo hit be, of death they are doutleſſe worth.
yf, traytour quod he: playeſt thou with yfs and andes?
Ile on thy body avowe it with theſe hands.
And therwithall he myghtely bounced the bord.
In ruſhd hys byll men. ons hym ſelfe beſtyrd.

Layeng at lord Stáley. whose braine he had surely cleft
Had he not downe beneath the table crept.
But Clye, Yorke, and I, were taken strayght.
Imprysoned they: I should no longar wayt,
But charged was to shryue me, and shyft with hast.
My lord must dyne, and now midday was past.
The boares first dyshe, not ẏ boares head should be.
But Hastynges heade the boaryshe beast would see.

Whye staye I his dyner? vnto the chapell ioyneth
A greenish hyll, that body and sowle oft twyneth.
There on a block my head was strycken of.
John Baptists dishe, for Herode bloudy gnosse.
Thus lyued I Baldwyn, thus dyed I, thus I fell,
This is the summe. which all at large to tell
Would volumes fyll. whence yet these lessons note
Ye noble lords, to learne and kenne by roate.

By fylthy rylyng feare your names to staine,
Yf not for vertues loue, for dread of payne.
Whome so the myndes vnquyet state vpheaues,
Be hit for loue or feare: when fancye reaues
Reason his ryght, by mockyng of the witt:
Yf once the cause of this affection flytt,
Reason preuaylyng on the vnbridled thoughts
Downe tottreth whoe by fansy clombe aloft.

So hath the ryser sowle no staye of fall,
No not of those that rayse hym fyrst of all.
His surety standes, in maynteynyng the cawse
That heaued him first, which rest by reasons lawes,

Not

Not oneiye falith he to hys former ſtate,
But lyueth for ever in his prynces hate.
And marke my lordes, God for adultery ſleaeth
Though ye it thynk to ſweet a ſynne for death.

Serue truely your prynce and fear no rebells myght,
On princes haiues the myghty god doth fyght.
O muth more then forſweare a forein foe,
Whor ſeeketh your realme and countrey to vndoe.
Further deteſt, haue hands vnſtaynd with bloude.
Aye with your ſuccour do protect the good.
Chace treaſon where truſt ſhould be. wed to your frend
Youre hart and power, to your lyues laſt end.

Flye tickle credyte, ſhonne alyke diſtruſt.
To true hit is, and credyte it you muſt:
The Jalous nature wanteth no ſtormy ſtryfe,
The ſymple ſowle aye leadeth a ſower lyfe.
Beware of flatterers, frends in outward ſhowe.
Beſt is of ſuch to make thyne open foe.
What all men ſeek, that all men ſeek to fayne.
Some ſuch to be, ſome ſuch to ſeeme, them payne.

Marke gods iuſt iudgments, puniſhyng ſynne by ſynne.
And ſlyppery ſtate wherin aloft we ſwymme.
The prouerbe, all hay vp yf we ne fall,
Agreeth well to vs bye heaued worldlynges all.
From dunghill couche hyſterte, in honours weed
We ſhyne: whyle fortune falſe, (whome none erſt feed
To ſtand with ſtaye and forſwear tickilneſſe:)
Howleth vs in myre of durtye brittleneſſe.

And

And learne ye prynces by my wrouged sprite,
Not to misseconster what is meant aryght.
The whinged wordes to oft preuent the wytt,
When sylence ceasth afore the lypps to fytt.
Alas, what may the wordes yeeld worthy death?
The words worst is, the speakers stynkyng breath.
Words are but wynd. whye cost they then so muche?
The guylty kyck, when they to smartly touche.

Forth irreturnable flyeth the spoken word,
Be hit in scoffe, in earnest, or in bourd.
Wit hout returne, and vnreceyved, hit hangs.
And at the takers mercy, or rygour, stands.
Which yf he sowerly wrest with wrathfull cheare,
The shyveryng word turns to the speakers feare.
Yf frendly curtesye do the word resollve,
To the Speakers comfort sweetly hit dissolueth.

Even as the vapour which the fyer repells,
Turns not to earth, but in mydd aer dwells.
Where whyle it hangth, yf Boreas frosty flawes
With rygour rattle yt: not to rayne it thawes,
But thonder, lyghtnynges, rattlyng hayle and snow
Sends downe to earth, whence first hit rose below.
But yf fayre phebus with his countenaunce sweete
Resolue it, downe the dewe, or Manna fleeteth.

The Manna dew, that in the easterne lands,
Excellth the laboure of the bees small hands,
Els for her Memnon gray, Auroras teares,
On the earth hit stylleth, the partner of her feares.

Or sendeth sweete showers to gladd theyr mother earth,
Whence fyrst they tooke theyr fyrst inconstant byrth.
To so great gryefes, ill taken wynd doth grow.
Of words well taken, such delyghtes do flowe.

This learned, thus be here at length an end.
What synce ensued, to the I wyll commend.
Now farewell Baldwyn, shyeld my torne name,
From sclaunderous trompe of blastyng black defame.
But ere I part, hereof thou record beare.
I clayme no part of vertues reckned here.
My vyce my selfe, but god my vertues take.
So hence depart I, as I entred, naked.

Thus ended Hastynges both his lyfe and tale,
Contaynyng all his blysse, and worldes bale.
Happye he lyved, to happye but for synne,
Happye he dyed whome ryght hys death dyd bryng.
Thus ever happpy. For there rests no meane
Twyse blyssefull lyfes and balefull deathes extreame.
Yet feared not his foes to head his name.
And by these sclaunders to procure hys shame.

In rousty armure as in exareame shyft,
They cladd them selues, to cloake theyr diuelysh dryft.
And forthwith for substancyall cytezyns sent,
Declaryng to them, Hastynges forged entent
Was to haue slayne the duke: and to haue seysed
The kyngs yonge person, slayeng whom he had pleasd.
But god of Justyce had withturnd that fate,
Which where hit ought, lyght on hys proper pate.

Then

Then kedd they fame byproclamation ſpredd,
Nought to forgett, that nought defame hym dead.
Which was ſo curyous, and ſo clerkly pennd,
So long with all: that when ſome dyd attend
Hys death ſo yonge: they ſaw, that longe afore
The Shroud was ſhaped, then babe to dye was boarn.
So wonteth god to blynde the worldly wyſe,
That not to ſee, that all the world eſpyes.

One hearyng hit, cryed out. A goodly caſt,
And well contryved, ſowle caſt away for haſt.
Whereto another gan in ſcoffe replye,
Fyrſt pennd it was by enſpyrying prophecye.
So can god reape vp ſecrete miſchiefes wrought,
To the confuſyon of the workers thought.
My lords, the tubb, that drownd the Clarence duke,
Drownd not his death,, ne yet his deathes rebuke.

Your polytyke ſecretes gard with truſty loyaltye
So ſhall they lurk in moſt aſſured ſecretye.
By Haſtynges death, and afterfame, ye learne,
The earth for murther cryeth out vengeaunce ſterne.
Flye from his fautes, and ſpare his quyted fame.
The Eager houndes forbeare theyr flayne game.
Deade, deade. Avaunt Curres from the conquered chaſe.
Ill mought he lyue who loveth the deade to race.

Thus lyued this lord, thus dyed he, thus he ſlept.
Bids forward race when firſt to reſt he ſtept,
Envyous death, that bounceth as well with mace
At Cayſars courtes, as at the pooreſt gates;

When

When nature ſeemd to ſlow, by artes ſcape meane,
Conueyghd him ſooner to his liues extreame.
Happy, in preuenting woes that after happd,
In ſlomber ſwete his liuing lightes he lappd.

Whoſe thus vntimely death, yf any grieue:
Knowe he, he lived to dye, and dyed to lyue.
Untimely neuer comes the liues laſt mett.
In Cradle death may rightly clayme his dett.
Strayght after byrth due is the fatall breere.
By deathes permiſſion the aged linger here.
Euen in thy Swathebands out commiſſion goeth
To looſe thy breath, that yet but yongly bloweth.

Happy, thryſe happy, who ſo looſeth his breath,
As life he gayneth by his liuing death.
As Haſtinges here. Whom time and truthe agree,
To engrave by fame in ſtrong eternitie.
Who ſpareth not ſpitting, if he ſpitte but blond:
Yet this our lord, ſpared not for others good,
With one ſwete breath his preſent death to ſpeake,
Againſt the vſurpour Boare, that bellyſhe freak.

Worthy to liue, who liued not for him ſelfe
But priſed his fame more then this worldly pelfe.
Whoſe name and line, if any yet preſerue,
We wyſhe they liue like honour to deſerue.
Whether thou ſeke by Martial proweſſe prayſe,
Or Pallas pollecie hygh thy name to rayſe,
Or truſtye ſeruice iuſt death to attayne:
Haſtinges forefend. Trace nere his bloudy trayne.

When I had read this, one sayd it was very darke, and hard to be vnderstood: excepte it were diligently and very leasurely considered. I like it the better (qᵖ an other.) For that shal cause it to be the oftener reade, and the better remembred. Considering also that it is written for the learned (for such all Magistrates are or should be) it can not be to hard, so long as it is sound and learnedly written. Then sayd the reader: The next here whom I finde miserable are king Edwards two sonnes, cruelly murdered in the tower of London: Haue you their tragedy: No surely (qᵖ I) The Lord Vaux vndertooke to penne it, but what he hath done therein I am not certayne, & therfore I let it passe til I knowe farder. I haue here ỳ duke of Buckinghā, king Richardes chyefe instrument, written by mayster Thomas Sackuille. Read it we pray you sayd they: with a good wyl (qᵖ I) but fyrst you shal heare his preface or Induction. Hath he made a preface (qᵖ one) what meaneth he therby, seeing none other hath vsed the like order: I wyl tell you the cause thereof (qᵖ I) which is thys: After that he vnderstoode that some of the counsayle would not suffer the booke to be printed in suche order as we had agreed and determined, he purposed with him selfe to haue gotten at my handes, al the tragedies that were before the duke of Buckinghams, Which he would haue preserued in one volume. And from that time backeward euen to the time of William the conquerour, he determined to continue and perfect all the story him selfe,

in ſuch ozder as Lydgate (folowing Boecchas) had alreadȳ vſed. And therfoze to make a meete induction into the matter, he deuiſed this poeſye: which in my iudgement is ſo wel penned, that I woulde not haue any verſe therof left out of our volume. Nowe that you knowe the cauſe and meanyng of his doing, you ſhal alſo heare what he hath done. His Inouccion beginneth thus.

The Induction.

The wrathfull winter proching on a pace,
With bluſtring blaſtes had all ybared the treen,
And olde Saturnus with his froſty face
With chilling colde had pearſt the tender green:
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladſom grobes that nowe laye ouerthrowen,
The tapets torne, and euery blome downe blowen.

The ſoyle that earſt ſo ſeemely was to ſeen
Was all deſpoyled of her beauties hewe:
And ſoot freſhe flowers (wherwith the ſommers queen
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blaſtes downe bleww.
And ſmall fowles flocking, in theyr ſong did rewe
The winters wrath, wherwith eche thing defaſte
In woful wiſe bewayld the ſommer paſt.

Hawthorne had loſt his motley lyverye,
The naked twigges were chiuering all for colde:
And droppyng downe the teares abundantly,
Eche thing (me thought) with weping eye me tolde
The cruell ſeaſon, bidding me withholde
My ſelfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the feldes where as I walkte about.

When loe the night with miſkie mantels ſpred
Gan darke the daye, and dim the azure ſkyes,
And Venus in her meſſage Hermes ſped
To bluddy Mars, to wyl him not to ryſe,
Whyle ſhe her ſelfe approched in ſpeedy wiſe:
And Virgo hiding her diſdaineful breſt
With Thetis nowe had layd her downe to reſt.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
Whose bowe prest bent in sight, the string had slypt,
Downe slyd into the Ocean flud aparte,
The Beare that in the Iryshe seas had dipt
His grielly feete, with spede from thence he whypt:
For Thetis hasting from the Virgines bed,
Pursued the Bear, that ear she came was fled.

And Phaeton nowe neare reaching to his race
With glistering beames, gold streampynge where they
Was prest to enter in his resting place. (bent,
Crythius that in the cart fyrste went
Had euen nowe attaynde his iourneyes stent.
And fast declining hid away his head,
while Titan couched him in his purple bed.

And pale Cinthea with her borowed light
Beginning to supply her brothers place,
was past the Nonestreede syre degrees in sight
when sparklyng starres amyd the heauens face
with twinkling light shoen on the earth apace,
That whyle they brought about the nightes chare,
The darke had dimmed the daye ear I was ware.

And sorowing I to see the sommer flowers,
The liuely greene, the lusty leas forlorne,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fieldes so fade that florisht so before,
It taught me wel all earthly thinges be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may last,
The sommers beauty yeldes to winters blast.

Then

Then looking vpward to the heauens leames
with nightes ſtarres thicke powdred euery where,
which erſt ſo gliſtened with the golden ſtreames
That chearefull Phebus ſpred downe from his ſphere,
Beholding darke oppreſſing day ſo neare:
The ſodayne ſight reduced to my minde,
The ſundry chaunges that in earth we fynde.

That muſing on this worldly wealth in thought,
which comes and goes more faſter than we ſee
The flyckering flame that with the fyer is wrought,
My buſſie minde preſented vnto me
Such fall of peeres as in this realme had be:
That ofte I wiſht ſome would their woes deſcryue.
To warne the reſt whom fortune left aliue.

And ſtrayt forth ſtalking with redoubled pace
For that I ſawe the night drewe on ſo faſt,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had al forwaſte,
Furth from her eyen the criſtall teares outbraſt,
And ſyghing ſore her handes ſhe wrong and folde,
Tare al her heare that ruth was to beholde.

Her body ſmall forwithered and forelent,
As is the ſtalke that ſommers drought oppreſſ,
Her wealked face with wofull teares beſprent,
Her colour pale, and (as it ſeemd her beſt)
In woe and playnt repoſed was her reſt.
And as the ſtone that droppes of water weares,
So dented were her cheeches with fall of teares.

Her

Her iyes swollen with flowing streames aflote,
Wherewith her lookes threwen vp full piteously,
Her forceles handes together ofte she smote,
With dolefull shrikes, that eckoed in the skye:
Whose playnt such sighes dyd strayt accompany,
That in my doome was neuer man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begon as she.

I stoode agast beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour so distreynd in hart
That while my heares vpstarted with the sight,
The teares out streamde for sorowe of her smart:
But when I sawe no ende that could aparte
The deadly bale, which she so sore dyd make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake.

Unwrap thy woes what euer wight thou be
And stint betime to spill thy selfe wyth playnt,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure wyth sorowe thus attaynt.
And with that worde of sorrowe all forfaynt
She looked vp, and prostrate as she laye
With piteous sound loe thus she gan to saye.

Alas, I wretche whom thus thou seest distrepled
With wasting woes that neuer shall aslake,
Sorrovve I am, in endeles tormentes payned,
Among the furies in the infernall lake:
Where Pluto god of Hel so grisly blacke
Doth holde his throne, and Lethes deadly lake
Doth rieue remembraunce of eche thyng forepast.

Whence

Whence come I am, the very deſtinie
And luckeles lot for to bemone of thoſe,
Whom Fortune in this maze of miſerie
Of wretched chaunce moſt wofull myrrours choſe
That when thou ſeeſt how lightly they did loſe
Their pōpe, their power, & that they thought moſt ſure,
Thou mayeſt ſoone deeme no earthly ioye may dure.

Whoſe rufull voyce no ſooner had out brayed
Thoſe wofull wordes, wherewith ſhe ſorrowed ſo,
But out alas ſhe ſhryght and never ſtayed,
Fell downe, and all to dasht her ſelfe for woe.
The colde pale dread my lyms gan ouergo,
And I ſo ſorrowed at her ſorowes eft,
That what with griefe and feare my wittes were reft.

I ſtrecht my ſelfe, and ſtrayt my hart reuiues,
That dread and dolour erſt did ſo appaie,
Lyke him that with the feruent feuer ſtrydes
When ſickenes ſeekes his caſtell health to ſkale:
With gathered ſpirites ſo forth I feare to auale.
And rearing her with anguiſhe all fordone,
My ſpirits returnd, and then I thus begonne.

O Sorrowe, alas, ſith Sorrowe is thy name,
And that to thee this drere doth well pertayne,
In vayne it were to ſeeke to ceas the ſame:
But as a man hym ſelfe with ſorrowe ſtayne,
So I alas do comfort thee in payne,
That here in ſorrowe art forſonke ſo depe
That at thy ſight I can but ſigh and wepe.

I had no sooner spoken of a stike
But that the stormes so rumbled in her brest,
As Eolus could neuer roare the like,
And showers downe rayned from her eyen so fast,
That all bedreynt the place, till at the last
Well eased they the dolour of her minde,
As rage of rayne doth swage the stormy wynde.

Forth furth she paced in her fearfull talc:
Cum, cum, (quod she) and see what I shall shewe,
Cum heare the playning, and the bytter bale
Of worthy men, by Fortune ouerthrowe.
Cum thou and see them rewing al in rowe.
They were but shades that erst in minde thou rolde.
Cum, cum with me, thine eyes shall them beholde.

What could these wordes but make me more agast:
To heare her tell whereon I musde while eare:
So was I mazed therewyth, tyll at the last,
Musing vpon her wurdes, and what they were,
All sodaynly well lessoned was my feare:
For to my minde returned howe she telde
Both what she was, and where her wun she helde.

Whereby I knewe that she a Goddesse was,
And therewithall resorted to my minde
My thought, that late presented me the glas
Of brittle state, of cares that here we finde,
Of thousand woes to silly men assynde:
And howe she nowe byd me come and beholde,
To see with eye that erst in thought I rolde.

Flat

Flat downe I fell, and with al reuerence
Adored her, perceyuing nowe that ſhe
A Goddeſſe ſent by godly prouidence,
In earthly ſhape thus ſhowed her ſelfe to me,
To wayle and rue this worldes vncertaintye:
And while I honourd thus her godheds might,
With playning voyce theſe wurdes to me ſhe ſhryght.

I ſhal the guyde firſt to the grieſly lake,
And thence vnto the bliſſfull place of reſt.
Where thou ſhalt ſee and heare the playnt they make,
That whilom here bare ſwinge among the beſt.
This ſhalt thou ſee, but great is the vnreſt
That thou muſt byde before thou canſt attayne
Vnto the dreadfull place where theſe remayne.

And with theſe wurdes as I vprayſed ſtood,
And gan to folowe her that ſtrayght forth paced,
Eare I was ware, into a deſert wood
We nowe were cum: where hand in hand imbraced,
She led the way, and through the thicke ſo traced,
As but I had bene guyded by her might,
It was no waye for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the deſert darke,
We paſſed on with ſteppes and pace vnmete:
A rumbling roar confuſde with howle and barke
Of Dogs, ſhoke all the ground vnder our feete,
And ſtroke the din within our eares ſo deepe,
As halfe diſtraught vnto the ground I fell,
Beſought retourne, and not to diſite hell.

But she forthwith uplifting me apace
Remeued my dread, and with a stedfast minde
Bad me come on, for here was now the place,
The place where we our trauayle ende should finde.
Wherewith I arose, and to the place allynde
Astoynde I stalke, when strayt we approched nere
The dredfull place, that you wil dread to here.

An hydeous hole al vaste, withouten shape,
Of endles depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,
Wyth ougly mouth, and grisly Jawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.
Here entred we, and yeding forth, anone
An horrible lothly lake we might discerne.
As blacke as pitche, that cleped is Auerne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbishe growes,
With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumpes ỹ lyes,
Which vp in the ayer such stinking vapors throwes
That ouer there, may flye no fowle but dyes,
Choakt with the pestilent sauours that aryse.
Hither we cum, whence forth we still dyd pace,
In dreadful feare amid the dreadfull place.

And first within the porche and lawes of Hell
Sate diepe Remorse of conscience, al besprent
With teares: and to her selfe oft would she tell
Her wretchednes, and cursing neuer stent
To sob and sigh: but euer thus lament,
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vayne
Would weare and waste continually in payne.

Her

Her ſyes vnſtedfaſt rolling hers and there,
Whurld on eche place, as place that vengeaunce brought,
So was her minde continually in feare,
Toſſed and tormented with the tedious thought
Of thoſe deteſted crymes which ſhe had wrought:
With dreadful cheare and lookes throwen to the ſkye,
Wyſhyng for death, and yet ſhe could not dye.

Next ſawe we Dread al trembleyng how he ſhooke,
With foote vncertayne profered here and there:
Benumde of ſpeache, and with a gaſtly looke
Searcht euery place al pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne vp with ſtaring of his heare,
Stoynde and amazde at his owne ſhade for dreed,
And fearing greater daungers than was nede.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Reuenge gnaſhing her teeth for yre,
Deuiſing meanes howe ſhe may vengeaunce take,
Neuer in reſt tyll ſhe haue her deſire:
But frets within ſo farforth with the fyer
Of wreaking flames, that nowe determines ſhe,
To dye by death, or vengde by death to be.

When fell Reuẽge with bloudy foule pretence
Had ſhowed her ſelfe as next in order ſet,
With trembling limmes we ſoftly parted thence,
Tyll in our tyes another ſight we met:
When fro my hart a ſigh forthwith I fet
Rewing alas vpon the wofull plight,
Of Miſerie, that next appered in ſight.

His face was leane, and sumdeale pyned away,
And eke his handes consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I can not say,
For on his carkas, rayment had he none
Saue cloutes & patches pieced one by one.
With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chiefe defence agaynst the winters blast.

His foode for most, was wylde fruytes of the tree,
Vnles sumtime sum crummes fell to his share:
Which in his wallet, long God wote kept he.
As on the which full dayntily would he fare.
His drinke the running streame: his cup the bare
Of his palme closed, his bed the hard colde grounde.
To this poore life was Miserie ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,
In thoughtful cares, furth then our pace we held.
And by and by, an other shape apperes
Of Creedy care, still brushing vp the breres,
His knuckles knobd, his flesh deepe dented in,
With tawed handes, and hard ytanned skyn.

The morrowe graye no sooner hath begunne
To spreade his light euen peping in our eyes,
When he is vp and to his worke yrunne,
But let the nightes blacke mistye mantels rise,
And with lowle darke neuer so much disguise
The fayre bright day, yet ceaseth he no whyle,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

By

By him lay heauy ſlepe the cosin of death
Flat on the ground, and ſtil as any ſtone,
A very corps, ſaue yelding forth a breath.
Small kepe tooke he whom Fortune frowned on.
Or whom she lifted vp into the trone
Of high renowne, but as a liuing death,
So dead alyue, of lyef he drewe the breath.

The bodyes reſt, the quyets of the hart,
The trauayles eaſe, the ſtill nightes feer was he.
And of our liffe in earth the better parte,
Reuer of ſight, and yet in whom we ſee
Thinges oft that tide, and ofte that neuer bee.
Without reſpect eſteming equally
Kyng Creſus pompe, and Irus pouertie.

And next in order ſad Olde age we found
His beard al hoare, his yes hollow and blynde,
With drouping chere ſtill poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him aſſinde
To reſt, when that the ſiſters had vntwynde
His vitall threde, and ended with theyr knyfe
The fleting courſe of faſt declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow playnt
Rewe with him ſelfe his ende approching faſt,
And all for nought his wretched minde torment.
With ſwete remembraunce of his pleaſures paſt,
And freſhe delites of luſty youth forwaſte.
Recounting which, how would he ſob & ſhrike
And to be yong againe of Ioue beſeke.

But

But and the cruell fates so fired be
That time forepast can not retourne agayne,
This one requeſt of Ioue yet prayed he:
That in ſuch withered plight, and wretched paine,
As elde (accompanied with his lothſom trayne.)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe.
He myght a while yet linger forth his lief,

And not ſo ſoone deſcend into the pit:
Where death, when he the mortall corps hath ſlayne,
With retcheles hande in grabe doth couer it,
Thereafter neuer to enioye agayne
The gladſome light, but in the ground playne,
In depth of darkenes waſte and weare to nought,
As he had neuer into the world been brought.

But who had ſeene him ſobbing, howe he ſtood
Unto him ſelfe and howe he would bemone
His youth forepaſt, as though it wrought hym good
To talke of youth, al wer his youth foregone,
He would haue muſed, & meruayld muche whereon
This wretched age ſhould life deſyre ſo fayne,
And knowes ful wel life doth but length his payne.

Crookebackt he was, toothſhaken, and blere eyed,
Went on three feete, and ſometime crept on lower,
With olde lame bones, that ratled by his ſyde,
His ſkalpe all pilde, & he with elde forlore:
His withered fiſt ſtil knocking at deathes doore,
Fumbling and driueling as he drawes his breth,
For griefe, the ſhape and meſſenger of death.

And

And fast by him pale Maladie was plaste,
Sore sicke in bed, her colour al forgone,
Bereft of stomake, sauor, and of taste,
Ne could she brooke no meat but brothes alone.
Her breath corrupt, her kepers euery one
Abhorring her, her sickenes past recure,
Detesting phisicke, and all phisickes cure.

But oh the doleful sight that then we see,
We turnde our looke and on the other side
A griesly shape of Famine mought we see,
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth that cryed,
And roard for meat as she should there haue dyed,
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Wherto was left nought but the case alone.

And that alas was knawen on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrayne
From teares, to se how she her armes could teare
And with her teeth gnashe on the bones in vayne:
When all for nought she fayne would so sustayne
Her starven corps, that rather seemde a shade,
Then any substaunce of a creature made.

Great was her force whom stonewall could not stay,
Her tearyng nayles snatching at all she sawe:
With gaping Jawes that by no meanes ymay
Be satisfyed from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her selfe as she that hath no lawe:
Gnawyng alas her carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count eche sinow, bone, and vayne.

On her while we thus firmely fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a direry sight,
Loe sodaynelye she shryght in so huge wyse,
As made hell gates to shyver with the myght.
Wherewith a darte we sawe howe it did lyght.
Ryght on her brest,and therewithal pale death
Enthrylling it to reve her of her breath.

And by and by a dum dead corps we sawe,
Heauy and colde,the shape of death aryght,
That dauntes all earthly creatures to his lawe:
Agaynst whose force in vayne it is to fyght
Ne piers,ne princes,nor no mortall wyght,
No townes,ne realmes,cities,ne strongest towers,
But al perforce must yeeld vnto his power.

His Dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
And in his hand(a dreadfull sight to see)
With great tryumphe estsones the same he shooke,
That most of all my feares affrayed me:
His bodie dight with nought but bones perdye
The naked shape of man there sawe I playne,
All save the flesh,the synowe,and the vayne.

Lastly stoode Warre in glitteryng armes ycladd.
With visage grym,sterne lookes,and blackely hewed
In his right hand a naked sworde he had,
That to the hilts was al with blud embrewed:
And in his left(that kinges and kingdomes rewed)
Famine and fyer he held,and therewythall
He razed townes,and threwe downe towers and all.

Cityes

Cities he ſakt, and realmes that whilom flowred,
In honor, glory, and rule above the beſt,
He overwhelmde, and all theyr fame devowred,
Conſumed, deſtroyed, waſted, and never ceaſt,
Tyll he theyr wealth, theyr name, and all oppreſt.
His face forhewed with woundes, and by his ſide,
There hunge his targe with gaſhes depe and wyde.

In mids of which, depaynted there we founde
Deadly debate, al ful of ſnaky heare,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybound,
Outbrething nought but diſcord every where.
And round about were portrayd here and there
The hugie hoſtes, Darius and his power,
His kynges, prynces, his peres, and all his flower.

Whom great Macedo vanquiſht there in fight,
With diepe ſlaughter, diſpoyling all his pryde,
Pearſt through his realmes, and daunted all his might.
Duke Hanniball beheld I there beſide,
In Cannas field, victor howe he did ride,
And woful Romaynes that in vayne withſtoode
And Conſull Paulus covered all in blood.

Yet ſawe I more the fight at Traſimene.
And Trebery fyeld, and eke when Hanniball
And worthy Scipio laſt in armes were ſeene
Before Carthago gate, to trye for all
The worldes empyre, to whom it ſhould befal.
There ſawe I Pompeye, and Ceſar clad in armes,
Theyr hoſtes alyed and al theyr civil harmes.

With cõquerours hands forbathde in their owne blood,
And Cesar weping ouer Pompeyes head.
Yet sawe I Scilla and Marius where they stoode,
Theyr great cruelties, and the diepe bludshed
Of frendes: Cyrus I sawe and his host dead,
And howe the Queene with great despyte hath stonge
His head in bloud of them she ouercome.

Xerres the Persian kyng yet sawe I there
With his huge host that dranke the riuers drye,
Dismounted hilles, and made the vales vprere,
His hoste and all yet sawe I slayne perdye.
Thebes I sawe all razde howe it dyd lye
In heapes of stones, and Tyrus put to spoyle,
With walles and towers flat euened with the soyle.

But Troy alas (me thought) aboue them all,
It made myne yes in very teares consume:
When I beheld the wofull werd befall,
That by the wrathfull wyl of Gods was come:
And Jobes vnmooued sentence and foredoome
On Priam kyng, and on his towne so bent.
I could not lyn, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith destinie was so sterne
As force perforce, there might no force auayle,
But she must fall: and by her fall we learne,
That cities, towres, wealth, world, and al shall quayle.
No manhoode, might, nor nothing mought preuayle,
Al were there prest ful many a prynce and pere
And many a knight that solde his death ful deere.

Nor

Not wurthy Hector wurthyeſt of them all,
Her hope, her ioye, his force is nowe for nought.
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
The hugie horſe within thy walles is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy knightes that whilom fought
In armes amyd the feyld, are slayne in bed,
Thy Gods defylde, and all thy honour dead.

The flames vpspring, and cruelly they creps
From wall to roofe, til all to cindres waſte,
Some fyer the houſes where the wretches slepe,
Sum ruſhe in here, sum run in there as faſt.
In euery where or sworde or fyer they taſte.
The walles are torne, the towers whurld to ẏ ground,
There is no miſchiefe but may there be found.

Caſſandra yet there saſwe I howe they haled
From Pallas houſe, with ſpercled treſſe vndone,
Her wristes faſt boũd, and with Grecks rout empaled:
And Priam eke in vayne howe he did runne
To armes, whom Pyrrhus with deſpite hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the bayne
Of his ſonnes blud before the altare slayne.

But howe can I deſcrybe the doleful sight,
That in the shylde ſo liuelike layer did shyne:
Sith in this world I thinke was neuer wyght
Could haue ſet forth the halfe, not halfe ſo fyne.
I can no more but tell howe there is ſeene
Fayer Ilium fal in burning red gledes downe,
And from the ſoyle great Troy Neptunus towne.

Hero-

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdrawe
That fylde with teares as doeth the spryngyng well,
We passed on so far furth tyl we sawe
Rude Acheron, a lothsome lake to tell
That boyles and bubs vp swelth as blacke as hell.
Where grisly Charon at theyr fixed tide
Vntil ferreies ghostes vnto the farder side,

The aged God no sooner sorowe spyed,
But hasting strayt vnto ths banke apace
With hollow call vnto the rout he cryed,
To swarve apart, and geue the Goddesse place.
Strayt it was done, when to the shoar we pace,
Where hand in hand as we then linked fast,
Within the boate we are together plaste,

And furth we launch ful fraughted to the brinke,
Whan with the vnwonted weyght, the rustye keels
Began to cracke as if the same should sinke.
We hoyse vp maskan d sayle, that in a whyle.
We set the shore, where scarcely we had while
For to arryve, but that we heard anone
A thre sound barke confounded al in one.

We had not long furth past, but that we sawe,
Blacke Cerberus the hydeous hound of hell,
With bristles reard, and with a thre mouthed Jawe,
Foredinning the ayer with his horrible yel.
Out of the diepe darke cave where he did dwell,
The Goddesse strayt he knewe, and by and by
He peaste, and couched while that we passed by.

Thence

Thence cum we to the horrour and the hel,
The large great kyngdomes, and the dreadful raygne
Of Pluto in his trone where he dyd dwell,
The wyde waste places, and the hugye playne:
The waylinges, shrykes, and sundry sortes of payne,
The syghes, the sobbes, the diepe and deadly groane,
Earth, ayer, and all resounding playnt and moane.

Here pewled the babes, and here the maydes vnwed,
With folded handes theyr sory chaunce bewayled,
Here wept the gyltles slayne, and louers dead,
That slewe them selues when nothyng els auayled:
A thousand sortes of sorrowes here that wayled
With sighes and teares, sobs, shrykes, and all yfere,
That (oh alas) it was a hel to heare.

We stayed vs strayt, and wyth a rufull feare,
Beheld this heauy sight, while from mine eyes,
The vapored teares downstilled here and there,
And Sorowe eke in far more woful wyse.
Tooke on with playnt, vp heauing to the skyes
Her wretched handes, that with her crye the rout
Gan all in heapes to swarme vs round about.

Loe here (O Sorowe) Prynces of renowne,
That whilom sat on top of Fortunes wheele
Nowe layed ful lowe, like wretches whurled downe,
Euen with one frowne, that slayed but with a smyle,
And nowe behold the thing that thou erewhile,
Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt heare
Recompt the same to Kesar, King, and Pier.

Then

Then firſt came Henry duke of Buckingham,
His cloke of blacke al pilde and quite forworne,
Wringing his handes, and Fortune ofte doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him nowe her ſcorne.
With gaſtly lookes as one in maner lorne,
Oft ſpred his armes, ſtreteht handes he ioynes as faſt,
With ruful chere, and bapored eyes vpcaſt.

His cloke he rent, his manly breaſt he beat,
His heare al torne about the place it laye,
My hart ſo molte to ſee his griefe ſo great,
As feelingly me thought it dropt awaye:
His iyes they whurled about withouten ſtaye,
With ſtormy ſyghes the place dyd ſo complayne,
As if his hart at eche had burſt in twayne.

Thryſe he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thriſe the ſighes did ſwalowe vp his voyce,
At eche of which he ſhryked ſo wythal
As though the heauens rived with the noyſe:
Tyll at the laſt recouering his voyce,
Supping the teares that all his breſt beraynde
On cruel Fortune weping thus he playnde.

¶ The complaynt of Henrye duke of Buckingham.

Who truſtes to much in honours higheſt trone
And warely watche not eye dame Foꝛtunes ſnare:
Oꝛ who in courte will beare the ſwaye alone,
And wyſely weygh not howe to wyeld the care,
Beholde be me, and by my death beware:
Whom flattering Foꝛtune falſelyſe eyled,
That loe ſhe ſhewe, where earſt ful ſmooth ſhe ſmyled.

And Sackeuylle ſith in purpoſe nowe thou haſt
The woful fal of pꝛynces to diſcryue,
Whom Foꝛtune both vplyft, and gayn downe caſt,
To ſhewe thereby the vnſuerty in this life,
Warke well my fal, which I ſhal ſhewe beliue.
And paynt it furth that all eſtates may knowe:
Haue they the warning, and be mine the woe.

Foꝛ noble bloud made me both pꝛince and pier
Yea pierles too, had reaſon purchaſt place,
And God with giftes endowed me largely here.
But what auayles his giftes where fayles his grace?
My mothers ſyer ſpꝛong of a kyngely race
And calde was Edmund duke of Somerſet,
Bereft of lyefe tyme by nature ſet.

Whose faythfull hart to Henry fyrst so wrought
That never he hym in weale or woe forsooke,
Tyl lastly he at Tewrbury fyeld was cought
Where with an axe his violent death he toke:
He never could kyng Edwardes party brooke,
Tyll by his death he bought that quarell good,
In which his fyer and graundfyer fpylt theyr blood.

And such was erst my fathers cruell chaunce,
Of Stafford Earle by name that Humfrey hyght,
Who ever prest dyd Henries parte auaunce,
And neuer ceast tyl at Saynt Albones fight
He lost his lyfe as than did many a knyght:
where eke my graundfyer duke of Buckingham
was wounded sore, and hardly skapte vntane.

But what may boot to stay the fisters three:
When Atropos perforce wil cut the threde:
The coleful day was come when you might see
Northampton fyeld with armed men ore fpred,
where fate would algates haue my graundfyer dead:
So rushyng furth amyds the fyercest fight,
He lived & doyed there in his mayfters ryght.

In place of whom, as it befel my lot,
Like on a stage, so stept I in strayt waye,
Enioying there but wofully god wot,
As he that had a slender part to playe:
To teache therby, in earth no state may stay,
But as our partes abridge or length our age
So passe we all while others fyll the stage.

For

For of my ſelfe the dyery fate to playne,
I was ſometime a prince withouten pier,
When Edward fift began his ruful raygne,
Ay me, then I began that hatefull yeare,
To cumpas that which I have bought ſo deare:
I bare the ſwynge, I and that wretched wyght,
The duke of Glocester that Rychard hyght.

For when the fates had reft that royal prince
Edward the fowrth, chiefe myrrour of that name,
The duke and I fall ioyned ever ſince,
In faythfull love, our ſecrete driftes to frame:
What he thought beſt, to me ſo ſeemde the ſame,
My ſelfe not bent ſo much for to aſpyer,
As to fulfyl that greedy dukes deſyre.

Whoſe reſtles minde ſore thyrſting after rule,
When that he ſawe his nephewes both to ben
Through tender yeares as yet vnfyt to rule,
And rather ruled by theyr mothers kyn,
There ſought he firſt his miſchyefe to begyn,
To plucke from them theyr mothers frendes aſſynde,
For wel he wiſt they would withſtand his mynde.

To folowe which, he ran ſo headlong ſwyft,
With eygre thyrſt of his deſired draught,
To ſeeke theyr deathes that ſought to daſhe his dryft,
Of whom the chiefe the Queenes allyes he thought,
That bent thereto wyth mountes of miſchiefe fraught,
He knewe theyr lyues would be ſo ſore his let,
That in theyr deathes his only helpe he ſet.

And I moſt curſed caytiſe that I was,
Seeing the ſtate vnſtedfaſt howe it ſtood,
His chiefe complyce to bryng the ſame to paſſe,
Unhappy wretche conſented to theyr blood:
Ye Kinges and Piers that ſwim in worldly good,
In ſeekyng blud the ende aduert you playne,
And ſee if blood ey alke not blud agayne.

Conſyder Cyrus in your cruell thought,
A makeles prynce in ryches and in myght,
And weygh in minde the bloudy dedes he wrought,
In ſheading which he ſet his whole delyght:
But ſee the guerdon lotted to this wyght,
Ye whoſe huge power no man might ouerthrowe,
Tomyris Queen with great deſpite hath ſlowe.

His head diſmembred from his mangled corps,
Her ſelfe ſhe caſt into a veſſell fraught
With clottered blood of them that felt her force.
And with theſe wordes a iuſt reward ſhe taught:
Drynke nowe thy fyll of thy deſyred draught.
Loe marke the fine that did this prynce befall:
Marke not this one, but marke the ende of all.

Behold Cambiſes and his fatal daye,
Where Murders miſchief myrrour like is left:
While he his brother Pergus caſt to flaye,
A dreadful thing, his wittes were him bereft.
A ſword he caught wherewith he perced eft
His body gored, which he of like benooms:
So iuſt is God in al his dreadfull doomes.

O bludy Brutus rightly didſt thou rew,
And thou Callius iuſtly came thy fall,
That with the ſwurd wherewith thou Ceſar ſlewe
Murdrest thy ſelfe, and reft thy life withall.
A myrrour let him be vnto you all
That murderers be, of murder to your meede:
For murder crieth out vengeance on your ſeede.

Loe Bellus he that armde with murderers knyfe,
And traytrous hart agaynſt his royall kyng,
With bludy handes bereft his mayſters life,
Auuert the fine his fowle offence dyd bryng:
And lothing murder as moſt lothly thing
Beholde in him the iuſt deſerued fall,
That euer hath, and ſhall betide them all.

What booted him his falſe vſurped raygne?
Wherto by murder he did ſo aſcende?
When like a wretche, led in an yron chayne
He was preſented by his chiefeſt frende?
Unto the foes of him whom he had ſlayne:
That euen they ſhould benge ſo fowle a gylt,
That rather ſought to haue his bloud yſpylt.

Take hede ye princes and ye prelates all
Of this outrage, which though it ſlepe a while
And not diſcloſde, as it doth ſeeld befall,
Yet God that ſuffreth ſilence to beguyle
Such gyltes, wherwith both earth and ayre ye file,
At laſt diſcryes them to your fowle deface,
You ſee the examples ſet before your face.

And deepely grave within your stony hartes,
The dyery deuile that myghty Macedo,
With teares vnfolded wrapt in deadly smartes,
When he the death of Clitus sorowed so,
whom erst he murdred wyth the deadly blowe
Raught in his rage vpon his frende so deare,
For which behold loe how his panges appere.

The launced spear he writhes out of the wound,
From which the purple blud spins on his face:
His heynous gylt when he returned found,
He throwes him selfe vpon the corpes alas,
And in his armes howe oft doth he imbrace
His murdred frende: and kyssyng him in vayne,
Furth flowe the fluds of salte repentant rayne.

His frendes amazde at such a murder doen,
In fearefull flockes begyn to shrynke away,
And he thereat with heapes of griefe fordoen,
Hateth him selfe, wishing his latter daye.
Nowe he him selfe perceyued in like staye,
As is the wilde beast in the desert bred,
Both dreading others and him selfe adred.

He calles for Death, and loathing lenger lyfe,
Went to his bane, refuseth kyndely foode:
And ploungde in depth of death and dolours stryfe,
Had quelde him selfe, had not his frendes wythstoode.
Loe he that thus had shed the gyltelesse blud,
Though he wer kyng and Kesar over all
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withall.

This

This pryncs whoſe pyer was neber bnder ſonne,
Whoſe glyſtening fame the earth did overglyde,
Whych with his power welnye the worlde had wonne,
His bluddy handes him ſelfe could not abyde,
But fully bent with famine to have dyed:
The wurthy pryncs deemed in his regarde,
That death for death could be but iuſt rewarde.

Yet we that were ſo drowned in the depth
Of diepe deſyre to drinke the gylteles blud,
Lyke to the wulfe, with greedy lookes that lepth
Into the ſnare, to feede on deadly foode,
So we delyghted in the ſtate we ſtoode,
Blinded ſo farre in all our blynded trayne
That blind we ſawe not our deſtruction playne.

We ſpared none whole life could ought forſet
Our wycked purpoſe to his pas to cum.
Fower wurthy knyghtes we headed at Pomfret
Gylteles (God wote) withouten lawe or doome.
My heart even bleedes to tell you al and ſome,
And howe Lord Hallinges when he feared leaſt,
Diſpiteouſly was murdred and oppreſt.

Theſe rockes bpraught, that threatned moſt our wreck
We ſæmde to ſayle much ſurer in the ſtreame:
And Fortune ſaryng as ſhe were at becke
Layed in our lap the rule of all the realme.
The nephewes ſtrayt depoſde were by the Eame,
And we advaunſt to that we bought full deare,
Pe crowned king, and I his chyefeſt Pyer.

Thus

Thus hauing wonne our long desired pray,
To make him king that he might make me chiefe,
Downthrow we strayt his sellie nephewes twaye,
From princes pompe, to woful prisoners lyfe:
In hope that nowe stynt was all furder stryfe.
Sith he was king, and I chiefe stroke did beare
Who ioyed but we, yet who more cause to feare?

The gylteles bloud which we vniustly shed,
The royall babes deuested from theyr trone,
And we like traytours raygning in theyr sted,
These heauy burdens pressed vs vpon,
Tormenting vs so by our selues alone,
Much like the felon that pursued by night,
Startes at eche bushe as his foe were in sight.

Nowe doubting state, nowe dreading losse of life,
In feare of wrecke at euery blast of wynde,
Now start in dreames through dread of murdrers knyfe,
As though euen then revengement were assynde.
With restles thought so is the guylty minde
Turmoyled, and never feeleth ease or stay,
But lives in feare of that which folowes aye.

Well gave that iudge his doome vpon the death
Of Titus Clelius that in bed was slayne:
Whan every wight the cruell murder leyeth
To his two sonnes that in his chamber layen,
The Iudge, that by the proofe perceyueth playne,
That they were found fast sleping in theyr bed,
Hath deemde them gylteles of this blud yshed.

He

He thought it could not be, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in ſuch outrage
Could ſo forthwith them ſelves to ſlepe betake:
He rather thought the horror and the rage
Of ſuch an haynous gylt, could never ſwage.
Nor never ſuffer them to ſlepe or reſt,
Or dreadles breath one breth out of they^r breſt.

So gnawes the griefe of conſcyence evermore
And in the hart it is ſo depe ygrave,
That they may neyther ſlepe nor reſt therfore,
Ne thynke one thought but on the dread they have.
Styl to the death fortolled with the wave
Of reſtles woe, in terror and diſpeyre.
They lead a lyef continually in feare.

Like to the Dere that ſtryken with the dart,
Withdrawes him ſelfe into ſome ſecrete place,
And feeling green the wound about his hart,
Startles with panges tyl he fall on the graſſe,
And in great feare lyes gaſping there a ſpace,
Furth braying ſighes as though eche pang had brought
The preſent death which he dor th dread ſo oft:

So we depe wounded with the bluddy thought,
And gnawing wurme that grieved our conſcience ſo,
Never tooke eaſe, but as our hart furth brought
The ſtrayned ſyghes in wytnes of our woe,
Such reſtles carer our fault did well beknowe:
Wherewith of our deſerved fall the feares
In every place rang death within our eares.

And as yll grayne is never well ykept,
So fared it by vs within a while:
That which so long wyth such vnrest we reapt,
In dread and daunger by all wyt and wyle,
Loe see the fine, when once it felt the whele
Of slipper Fortune, stay it mought no stowne,
The wheele whurles vp, but strayt it whurleth downe.

For hauyng rule and riches in our hand,
Who durst gaynsay the thing that we aberde?
Wyl was wysedome, our lust for lawe dyd stand,
In sorte so straunge, that who was not afeard
When he the sound but of kyng Rychard heard?
So hatefull wart the hearyng of his name,
That you may deeme the residewe by the same.

But what auayld the terror and the fear,
Wherewyth he kept his lieges vnder awe?
It rather wan him hatred every where,
And fayned faces forst by feare of lawe:
That but while Fortune doth with fauour blaw
Flatter through feare: for in theyr hart lurkes aye
A secrete hate that hopeth for a daye.

Recordeth Dionisius the kynge,
That with his rigor so his realme oppressed,
As that he thought by cruell feare to bryng
His subiectes vnder, as him lyked best:
But loe the dread wherewyth him selfe was stressed,
And you shal see the fine of forced feare,
Most myrrour like in this proud prynce appeare.

All

All were his head with crowne of golde yſpꝛad,
And in his hand the royall ſcepter ſet:
And he with pꝛyncely purple rychely clad,
Yet was his hart wyth wꝛetched cares oꝛekret:
And inwardly with deadly fear beſet,
Of thoſe whom he by rygour kept in awe,
And ſoꝛe oppꝛeſt with might of Tyꝛants lawe.

Agaynſt whoſe feare, no heapes of golde and glie,
Ne ſtrength of garde, noꝛ all his hyꝛed power,
Ne pꝛowde hyghe Towers that pꝛeaced to the ſkye,
His cruel hart of ſafetie could aſſure:
But dꝛeading them whom he ſhould deeme moſt ſure,
Hym ſelfe his beard wyth burning bꝛand would ꝛear,
Of death deſerude ſo dꝛed him the feare.

This might ſuffiſe to repꝛeſent the fine
Of Tyꝛantes foꝛce, theyꝛ feares, and theyꝛ vnreſt,
But heare this one, although my hart repyne
To let the ſound once ſynke wythin my bꝛeſt:
Of fell Phereus, that abode the reſt,
Such lothſum crueltee on his people wꝛought,
As (oh alas) I tremble wyth the thought.

Sum he encaſed in the coates of Beares,
Among wylde beaſtes deuoured ſo to be:
And ſum foꝛ pꝛaye vnto the hunters ſpeares,
Lyke ſauage beaſtes withouten ruth to dye.
Sumtime to encreaſe his hoꝛrible crueltye,
The quicke with face to face engraued hee,
Eche others death that eche mought liuing ſee.

Loe what more cruell horror mought be found,
To purchase feare, if feare could staye his raygne?
It booted not, It rather strake the wounde
Of feare in him, to feare the lyke agayne.
And so he dyd full ofte and not in vayne:
As in his life his cares could wytnes well
But moste of all his wretched ende doth tell.

His owne dere wyfe whom as his life he loved,
He durst not trust, nor proche vnto her bed,
But causing fyrst his slave with naked sworde
To go before, him selfe with trembling dread
Strayt followeth fast, and whorling in his head
His rolling eyen, he searcheth here and there
The diepe daunger that he so sore did feare.

For not in vayne it ran styll in his brest,
Sum wretched hap should hale him to his ende.
And therfore alwaye by his pillowe prest
Had he a sworde, and with that sworde he wende,
In vayne (God wote) all peryls to defende:
For loe his wife forepyked of his raygne,
Sleping in bed this cruel wretche hath slayne.

What should I more nowe seeke to say in this?
Or one iote farder linger furth my tale?
With cruel Nero, or with Phalaris,
Caligula, Domician, and all
The cruell route? or of theyr wretched fall?
I can no more, but in my name aduert
Al earthly powers beware of Tyrants hart.

And

And as our ſtate endured but a throwe,
So beſt in vs the ſkaye of ſuch a ſtate
May beſt appeare to hang on overthrowe,
And better teache Tyrantes deſerved hate
Than any Tyrantes death tofore or late.
So cruell ſeemde this Rychard thyrd to me,
That loe my ſelfe now loathde his crueltee.

For when alas, I ſaw the Tyrant kyng
Content not only from his nephewes twayne
To ryve worldes blyſſe, but alſo al worldes beyng,
Saunce earthly gyft ceaſſing both be ſlayne,
My hart agryeſd that ſuch a wretche ſhould raygne,
Whoſe bluddy breſt ſo ſalvaged out of kynde,
That Phalaris had never ſo bluddy a minde.

Ne could I brooke him once wythin my breſt,
But wyth the thought my teeth would gnaſhe wythal:
For though I earſt wer his by ſworne behеſt,
Yet when I ſawe miſchiefe on miſchiefe fall,
So diepe in blud, to murder prynce and all,
Ay then thought I, alas, and wealaway,
And to my ſelfe thus mourning would I ſay.

If neyther love, kynred, ne knot of bleud,
His owne alegeaunce to his prynce of due,
Nor yet the ſtate of truſt wherein he ſtoode,
The worldes defame, nor nought could tourne him true
Thoſe gylteles babes, could they not make him rue?
Nor could theyr youth, nor innocence withal
Move him from reuing them theyr lyfe and all?

Alas

Alas, it could not moue him any iote,
Ne make him once to rue or wet his iye,
Sturde him no more than that that styrreth not:
But as the rocke or stone that wyl not plye,
So was his hart made hard to crueltye,
To murder them, alas I weepe in thought,
To thinke on that which this fel wretche hath wrought

That nowe when he had done the thing he sought,
And as he would, complysht and cumpast all,
And sawe and knewe the treason he had wrought
To God and man, to slaye his prynce and all,
Then seemde he fyrst to doubte and dread vs all,
And me in chiefe, whoes death all meanes he myght,
Ye sought to wurke by malice and by might.

Such heapes of harmes vpharbard in his brest
With enuyous hart my honour to deface,
As knowyng he that I whych woted best
His wretched dryftes, and all his cursed case,
If ever sprang within me sparke of grace,
Must nedes abhorre him and his hatefull race:
Now more and more can cast me out of grace.

Which sodayne chaunge, when I by secrete chaunce
Had well perceyued by proofe of enuious frowne,
And sawe the lot that did me to aduaunce
Hym to a kyng that sought to cast me downe,
To late it was to linger any stowne:
Syth present choyse lay cast before myne iye,
To wurke his death or I my selfe to dye.

And

And as the knyght in feld among his foes.
Beſet wyth ſwurdes, muſt ſlaye or there be ſlayne;
So I alas lapt in a thouſand woes,
Beholding death on every ſyde ſo playne,
I rather choſe by ſum ſlye ſecrete trayne
To wurke his death, and I to lyve thereby,
Than he to lyve, and I of force to dye.

Which heauy choyſe ſo hatened me to choſe,
That I in parte agryeued at his diſdayne,
In part to wreke the dolefull death of thoſe
Two tender babes, his ſillye nephewes twayne,
By him alas commaunded to be ſlayne,
With paynted chere humbly before his face,
Strayght tooke my leaue, & rode to Brecknocke place.

And there as cloſe and covert as I myght,
My purpoſed practiſe to his paſſe to bryng,
In ſecrete dryftes I lingred day and night:
All howe I might depoſe this cruell kyng,
That ſeemd to all ſo much deſyerd a thyng,
As therto truſting I empryſde the ſame:
But to much truſting brought me to my bane.

For while I nowe had Fortune at my becke
Miſtruſting I no earthly thing at all,
Unwares alas, leaſt looking for a checke,
She mated me in turning of a ball:
When leaſt I fearde, then nereſt was my fall,
And when whole hoaſtes wer preſt to ſtroy my foen,
She chaunged her chere, and left me poſt alone.

I had

I had vprayſde a mighty band of men,
And marched furth in order of array,
Leadyng my power amyd the foreſt Dene,
Agaynſt that Tyrant banner to diſplaye:
But loe my ſouldiers cowardly ſhranke away.
For ſuch is Fortune when ſhe lyſt to frowne,
Who ſeemes moſt ſure, him ſooneſt whurles ſhe down

O let no prynce put truſt in commontie,
Nor hope in fayth of gyddy peoples mynde,
But let all noble men take hede by me,
That by the proofe to well the payne do fynde:
Loe, where is truth or truſt: or what could bynde
The vayne people, but they will ſwarve and ſwaye,
As chaunce bryngs chaunge, to dryve & draw that way:

Rome thou that once aduaunced by ſo hye,
Thy ſtaye, patron, and flower of excellence,
Haſt nowe throwen him to depth of miſerye,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence,
Ne compteſt it not an horryble offence:
To reven him of honour and of fame,
That wan it thée when thou hadſt loſt the ſame.

Beholde Camillus, he that erſt reuyved
The ſtate of Rome, that dyeng he dyd fynde,
Of his owne ſtate is nowe alas depryved,
Baniſht by them whom he dyd thus det bynde:
That cruell folke, vnthankeful and vnkynde,
Declared wel theyr falſe inconſtancye,
And Fortune eke her mutabilitye.

And

And thou Scipio, a myrrour mayſt thou be
To all Nobles, that they learne not to late,
Howe they once truſt the vnſtable commontye.
Thou that recuredſt the tozne diſmembred ſtate,
Euen when the conquerour was at the gate,
Art now eryde, as though thou not deſerued
To reſt in her, whom thou hadſt ſo preſerued.

Ingrateful Rome haſt ſhewed thy crueltye,
On hym, by whom thou lyueſt yet in fame,
But noz thy dede, noz his deſert ſhall dye,
But his owne wurdes ſhal witnes aye the ſame:
Foz loe hys grabe doth thee moſt iuſtly blame.
And with diſdayne in Marble ſayes to thée:
Unkynde countrey my bones ſhalt thou not ſee.

What moze vnwurthy than this his eryle?
Moze iuſt than this the wofull playnt he wzote?
Oz who could ſhewe a playner pzooke the while,
Of moſte falſe fayth, than they that thus fozgot
His great deſertes: that ſo deſerued not:
His cindzes yet loe, doth he them denye,
That him denyed amongſt them foz to dye.

Milciades, O happy hadſt thou be,
And well rewarded of thy countrey men,
If in the fyeld when thou hadſt fozſt to fye
Wy thy pzowes, thze hundzed thouſand men,
Content they had bene to eryle thée then:
And not to call thée in depth of pryſon ſo,
Laden wyth gybes to ende thy lyfe in woe.

Alas howe harde and steely hartes had they
That not contented there to have thée dye,
With fettred gybes in pryson where thou laye,
Increast so far in hatefull crueltye,
That buryall to thy corps, they eke denye:
Ne wyl they graunt the same tyll thy sonne have
Put on thy gybes to purchase thée a grave.

Loe Hannibal as long as fired fate,
And bryttle Fortune had ordeyned so,
Who ever more aduaunst his countrey state
Then thou, that lyvedst for her and for no moe?
But when the stormy waves began to grow,
Without respect of thy desertes erwhile,
Art by thy countrey throwen into eryle.

Unseemly Fortune shal I thée nowe blame?
Or shal I fault the fates that so ordayne?
Or art thou Jove the causer of the same?
Or crueltie her selfe doth she constrayne?
Or on whom els alas shal I complayne?
O trustles world I can accuseu none,
But fyckle fayth of commontye alone.

The Polipus nor the Chameleon straunge,
That turne them selves to every hewe they sée
Are not so full of bayne and fickle chaunge
As is this false vnstedfast commontye.
Loe I alas with mine adversitie
Have tryed it true, for they are fled and gone
And of an oast there is not left me one.

That

That I alas in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my ſelfe mought playne
This treaſon, and this wretched cowardye,
And eke with teares bewepen and complayne
My hateful hap, ſtyll lookyng to be ſlayne.
Wandryng in woe, and to the gods on hye
Cleapyng for vengeaunce of this treachetrye.

And as the Turtle that hath loſt her make,
Whom gryppyng ſorowe doth ſo ſore attaynt,
With dolefull voyce and ſound whych ſhe doth make
Mourning her loſſe, fylles all the grove wyth playnt,
So I alas forſaken, and forfaynt,
With reſtles foote the wud rome vp and downe,
Which of my dole al ſhyvering doth reſownе.

And beyng thus alone, and all forſake,
Amyd the thycke, forwandred in deſpayer,
As one diſmayed ne wyſt what waye to take,
Untyll at laſt gan to my mynde repayer,
A man of mine called Humfrey Banaſtair:
Wherewyth me feeling much retomforted,
In hope of ſuccour to his houſe I fled.

Who beyng one whom earſt I had vpbrought
Euen from his youth, and loved and lyked beſt,
To gentrye ſtate auaunсing him from nought,
And had in ſecrete truſt above the reſt,
Of ſpecyal truſt nowe being thus dyſtreſt
Full ſecreatly to him I me conveyed
Not doubting there but I ſhould fynde ſome ayde.

But out alas on cruell trecherye,
When that this caytiefe once an vnkyng hard,
Howe that kyng Rychard had proclaymde, that he
Which me deſtroyed ſhould have for his reiwarde
A thouſand poundes, and farther be preferde,
His truthe ſo turnde to treaſon, all diſtaynde
That fayth quyte fled, and I by truſt was trayde.

For by this wretche I beyng ſtrayt betrayed,
To one John Pitton, ſhiriffe of Shropſhire then,
All ſodaynely was taken, and conuayed
To Saliſbury, wyth rout of harneſt men,
Unto kyng Rychard there encamped then:
Faſt by the citye with a myghtye hoſte
Withouten doome where head and lyfe I loſt.

And with theſe wordes, as if the are eben there
Diſmembred had his head and corps aparte,
Dead fel he downe: and we in woful feare
Stoode mazed when he would to lyef rebert:
But deadly griefes ſtil greiwe about his hart,
That ſtyll he laye, ſumtyme reuiued wyth payne,
And wyth a ſygh becumming dead agayne.

Mydnyght was cum, and every vitall thyng
With ſwete ſound ſlepe theyr weary lyms dyd reſt,
The beaſtes were ſtill, the lytle byrdes that ſyng,
Nowe ſweetely ſlept beſides theyr mothers breſt:
The olde and all were ſhrowded in theyr neſt.
The waters calme, the cruel ſeas did ceas,
The wuds, the fyeldes, & all thinges held theyr peace.

The

The golden ſtars wer whyrlde amyd theyr race,
And on the earth did laugh wyth twinkling lyght,
When eche thing neſtled in his reſtyng place,
Forgat dayes payne with pleaſure of the nyght:
The Hare had not the greedy houndes in ſight,
The fearfull Dear of death ſtoode not in doubt,
The Patrydge dreſt not of the Falcons foote.

The ougly Beare nowe mynded not the ſtake,
Nor how the cruell maſtyues do hym tear,
The ſtag laye ſtill vnrouſed from the brake,
The ſomy boar feard not the hunters ſpear.
All thing was ſtill in deſert, buſh and brear.
With quyet hart now from their trauailes reſt,
Soundly they ſlept in midſt of all their reſt.

When Buckyngham amid his plaint oppreſt,
With ſurgyng ſorowes and with pinching paynes
In ſort thus ſowned, and with a ſigh he ceaſt.
To tellen furth the treachery and the traynes,
Of Banaſtar, which him ſo ſore diſtraynes,
That from a ſigh he falles into a ſounde,
And from a ſounde lyeth ragyng on the gro—

So twiching wer the panges that he aſſayed,
And he ſo ſore with ruthfull rage diſtraught.
To thinke vpon the wretch that hym betrayed,
Whom earſt he made a Gentylman of naught.
That more and more agreued with this thought,
Per ſtormes out ſighes, and with redoubled ſore,
Stroke with the Furies, rageth more and more.

Who

Who so hath seene the Bull chased with Dartes,
And with dyepe woundes forgald and gored so,
Tyl he oppressed with the deadlye smartes,
Fall in a rage, and runne vpon his foe,
Let him I saye, beholde the ragyng woe
Of Buckyngham, that in theese gryppes of greefe
Rageth gaynst him that hath betrayed his lyef.

With blud red iyen he stareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as cloute:
When loe my lymmes were trembling all for feare,
And I amazde stoode styll in dread and doubt,
While I mought see him throwe his armes about:
And gaynst the groũd him selfe plounge with such force
As if the lyfe forthwyth should leave the corps.

With smoke of syghes sumtyme I myght beholde
The place al dymde, like to the mornyng myst:
And strayt agayne the teares how they downrolde
Alongst his cheekes, as if the ryuers hyst:
Whoes flowing streemes ne wer no sooner whist,
But to the stars such dreadfull shoutes he sent,
As if the trone of mighty Iove should rent,

And I the while with spirites wel nye bereft,
Beheld the plyght and panges that dyd him strayne.
And howe the blud his deadly colour left,
And strayt returnde with flamyng red agayne:
When sodaynly amid his ragyng payne,
He gave a sygh, and with that sygh he sayed:
O Banastar, and strayt agayne he stayed.

Dead laye his coꝛps as dead as any ſtone,
Tyll ſwellyng ſyghes ſtoꝛmyng within his breſt
Uprayſde his head, that doꝛneward fell anone,
With lookes dꝛeaſt, and ſyghes that never ceaſt:
Furth ſtreamde the teares recoꝛdes of his vnreſt,
When he wyth ſhꝛykes thus groveling on the ground,
Dbꝛayed theſe woꝛdes with ſhꝛyll and dolefull ſound.

Heaven and earth, and ye eternal lampes
That in the heavens wꝛapt, wyl vs to reſt,
Thou bꝛyght Phebe, that cleareſt the nightes dampes
Witnes the playntes that in theſe panges oppꝛeſt
I woful wꝛetche vnlade out of my bꝛeſt.
And let me yeald my laſt woꝛdes ere I part,
You, you, I call to recoꝛd of my ſmart.

And thou Alecto feede me wyth thy foode
Let fal thy ſerpentes from thy ſnaky heare,
Foꝛ ſuch reliefe wel ſittes me in this moode,
To feede my playnt with hoꝛror and wyth feare,
While rage afreſhe thy venoms woꝛme areare.
And thou Sibilla when thou ſeeſt me fainte,
Addꝛes thy ſelfe the gyde of my complaynt.

And thou O Jove, that with thy vepe foꝛdoome
Doſt rule the earth, and raygne above the ſkyes,
That wꝛekeſt wꝛongꝛs, and geveſt the dꝛeadful doome
Agaynſt the wꝛetche that doth thy trone deſpyſe,
Receyve theſe wurdes, and wꝛeake them in ſuch wyſe,
As heaven and earth may witneſſe and beholde,
Thy heapes of wꝛath vpon this wꝛetche vnfolde.

Thou

Thou Banaster, gaynst thée I clope and call
Unto the Gods, that they iust vengeaunce take
On thée, thy bloud, thy stayned stocke and all;
O Iove, to thée aboue the rest I make
My humble playnt, guyde me that what I speake,
May be thy wyll vpon thys wretche to fall,
On thée Banastar, wretche of wretches all.

O would to God, that cruel dismal daye,
That gave me light fyrst to behold thy face,
With fowle eclypse had reft my syght away:
The vnhappy hower, the tyme, and eke the place,
The sunne and Moone, the sters, and all that was
In theyr aspectes helping in ought to thée,
The earth, and ayer, and all accursed bee.

And thou caytief, that like a monstar swarved,
From kynde and kyndenes, hast thy mayster lorne,
Whom neyther truth, nor trust wherein thou served,
Ne his desertes, could move, nor thy fayth sworne,
Howe shall I curse, but wyshe that thou vnborne
Had bene, or that the earth had rent in twaye,
And swallowed thee in cradle as thou laye.

To this did I even from thy tender youth
Witsave to dryng thée vp: dyd I herefore
Beleve the oath of thy vndoubted trouth?
Aduaunce thée vp, and trust thée evermore?
By trusting thée that I should dye therefore?
O wretche, and wurse than wretche, what shal I say?
But cleap and curse gaynst thee and thine for aye.

Hated

Hated be thou, diſdaynd of every wyght,
And poynted at where ever that thou goe,
A trayterous wretche, vnwurthy of the light,
Be thou eſtemed: and to encreaſe thy woe,
The ſound be hatefull of thy name alſo:
And in this ſort with ſhame and ſharpe reproche,
Leade thou thy life till greater grief approch.

Dole and deſpayer, let thoſe be thy delight,
Wrapped in woes that can not be vnfolde,
To wayle the daye, and wepe the weary night,
With raynye yen and ſyghes can not be tolde,
And let no wyght thy woe ſeeke to withholde:
But coumpt thee wurthy (wretche) of ſorrowes ſtore,
That ſuffryng much, oughteſt ſtill to ſuffer more,

Deſerue thou death, yea be thou demed to dye
A ſhamefull death, to ende thy ſhamefull lyfe:
A ſyght longed for, ioyful to euerye eye,
When thou ſhalt be arraygned as a thief,
Standing at bar, and pleadyng for thy lyef,
With trembling toung in dread and dolors rage,
Lade with white lockes, and fowerſkore yeres of age.

Yet ſhall not death delyuer thee ſo ſoone
Out of thy woes, ſo happye ſhalt thou not bee:
But to the eternall Ioue this is my boone,
That thou may liue thine eldeſt ſonne to ſee
Reft of his wits, and in a fowle bores eye
To ende his dayes in rage and death diſtreſt,
A wurthy tumbe where one of thyne ſhould reſt.

And after this, yet pray I more, thou may
Thy second sonne see drowned in a dyke,
And in such sorte to chose his latter daye,
As heard or seen earst hath not bene the lyke:
Ystrangled in a puddle not so deepe
As halfe a foote, that such hard losse of lyfe,
So cruelly chaunst, may be thy greater greefe.

And not yet shall thy hugie sorrowes cease,
Joue shal not so withholde his wrath fro thee,
But that thy plagues may more and more encreas,
Thou shalt stil lyue, that thou thy selfe mayst see
Thy deare doughter stroken with leprosye:
That she that earst was all thy hole delyght,
Thou now mayst loath to haue her cum in sight.

And after that, let shame and sorrowes greefe
Feede furth thy yeares continually in wo,
That thou mayest liue in death, and dye in lyef,
And in this sorte forewayld and wearyed so,
At length thy ghost to parte thy body fro:
This pray I Jove, and wyth this latter breath,
Vengeaunce I aske vpon my cruell death.

This sayd, he flong his retcheles armes abrode,
And groveling flat vpon the ground he lay,
Which with his teeth he alto gnaght and gnawed:
Depe groanes he fet, as he that would alwaye.
But loe in vayne he dyd the death assay:
Although I thinke was never man that knewe,
Such deadly paynes where death dyd not ensewe.

So ſtrode he thus a while as with the death,
Nowe pale as lead, and colde as any ſtone.
Nowe ſtyl as calme, nowe ſtorming forth a breath
Of ſmoaky ſyghes, as breath and al were gone:
But every thing hath ende; ſo he anone
Came to him ſelfe, when wyth a ſygh outbrayed,
With woful cheare theſe woful wurdes he ſayd.

Ah where am I, what thing, or whence is this:
Who reft my wyts: or howe do I thus lyer
My limbs do quake, my thought agaſted is,
Why ſygh I ſo: Or wherevnto do I
Thus grovle on the ground: and by and by
Uprayſde he ſtoode, and wyth a ſygh hath ſtayed,
When to him ſelfe retourned, thus he sayed.

Suffiſeth nowe this playnt and this regrete,
Whereof my hart his bottome hath vnfraught:
And of my death let pieres and princes wete
The worldes vntruſt, that they thereby be taught.
And in her wealth, ſith that ſuch chaunge is wrought,
Hope not to much, but in the myds of all
Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

So long as Fortune would permyt the ſame,
I lyved in rule and ryches wyth the beſt:
And paſt my time in honour and in fame.
That of miſhap no feare was in my breſt:
But falſe Fortune whan I ſuſpected leaſt,
Dyd turne the wheele, and wyth a dolefull fall
Hath me bereft of honour life and all.

Loe what auayles in ryches fluds that flowes?
Though she so smylde as all the world wer his?
Euen kinges and kesars byden Fortunes throwes,
And simple sorte must bear it as it is.
Take hede by me that blithd in balefull blisse:
My rule, my riches, royall blud and all,
Whan Fortune frounde the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps that happens vnto such,
Whoes wretched state earst neuer fell no chaunge,
Agryue them not in any part so much,
As they? distres to whome it is so straunge,
That all they? lyues nay passed pleasures raunge:
They? sodayne wo that ay wield welth at will,
Aigates their hartes more pearcingly must thril.

For of my byrth, my blud was of the best,
Fyrst borne an Earle, than duke by due discent:
To swinge the sway in court amonge the rest,
Dame Fortune me her rule most largely lent:
And kynd with corage so my corps had blent,
That loe on whom but me dyd she most smyle?
And whom but me lo, dyd she most begyle?

Now hast thou heard the whole of my vnhap,
My chaunce, my chaunge, the cause of all my care:
In wealth and wo, how Fortune dyd me wrap,
With world at will to win me to her snare.
Byd kynges, byd kesars, by all states beware,
And tell them this from me that tryed it true.
Who reckles rules, right soone may hap to rue.

Howe

How like you this my maiſters (q I:) very wel ſaid one: The tragedy excelleth: the inuẽcion alſo of the induction, and the diſcriptions are notable. But where as he faineth to talke with the pꝛinces in hel, that I am ſure will be miſlyked, becauſe it is moſte certayne, that ſome of their ſoules be in heauen. And although he herein do follow allowed Poetes, in theyꝛ diſcription of Hel, yet it ſauoꝛeth ſo much of Purgatoꝛy, whiche the papiſtes haue digged thereout, that the ignoꝛant maye therby be deceyued. Not a whit I warrant you (q I) For he meaneth not by his Hell the place eyther of damned ſoules, oꝛ of ſuch as lye foꝛ their fees, but rather the Graue, wherin the dead bodies of al ſoꝛtes of people do reſt till tyme of ꝯ reſurrectiõ. And in this ſence is Hel taken often in the ſcriptures, & in the wꝛitynges of learned chꝛiſtiãs. And ſo (as he himſelfe hath tolde me) he meaneth, and ſo would haue it taken. Tuſh (q an other) what ſtande we here vpon: it is a Poeſie and no diuinitye, and it is lawfull foꝛ poetes to fayne what they lyſt, ſo it be appertinent to the matter: And therfoꝛe let it paſſe euen in ſuch ſoꝛt as you haue read it. With a good will (q I) But where as you ſay a poet may faine what he liſt: In deede my thynke it ſhould bee ſo, and ought to be well taken of the hearers: but it hath not at al times been ſo allowed. ye ſaye troth q the reader: foꝛ here followeth in the ſtoꝛy, that after ꝯ death of this duke, one called Collingboꝛne was cruelly put to death foꝛ makyng of a ryme. I haue his Tragedie here (q I) foꝛ the better per-

perceyuing whereof, you must ymagin that you se him a meruaylous wel fauoured man, holdinge in his hand, his owne hart, newely ripped out of his brest, and smoaking forth the lively spirit: and with his other hand, beckening to and fro, as it were to warne vs to auoyde: and with his fayntе tounge and voyce, sayeng as corragiously as he may, these wordes that folowe.

¶ Howe Collingbourne was cruelly executed for making a fooliſhe rime.

Beware, take heede, take heede, beware, beware
you Poetes you, that purpoſe to rehearce
By any arte what Tyrantes doynges are,
Crimmis rage is growen ſo fell and fearce
That vicious actes may not be toucht in verſe:
The Muſes freedoome, graunted them of elde,
Is barde, ſkye reaſons treaſons hye are held.

Be rough in ryme, and then they ſay you rayle,
Though Iuuenal ſo be, that makes no matter:
With Jeremye you ſhal be had to ſayle,
Or foll with Marciall, Ceaſars faultes to flatter,
Clarkes muſt be taught to clawe and not to clatter:
Free Helicon, & franke Pernaſſus hylles,
Are Helly hauntes, & ranke pernicious ylles.

Touche covertly in termes, and then you taunt,
Though prayſed Poetes, alway dyd the lyke,
Controll vs not, els traytour vyle auaunt,
What paſſe we what the learned do miſlyke:
Our ſinnes we ſee, wherin to ſwarme we ſeeke.
We paſſe not what the people ſaye or thynke.
They? ſhyttle hate maketh none but cowardes ſhrinke.

We

We knowe say they the course of Fortunes wheele,
Howe constantly it whyrleth styll about,
Arrearing nowe, whyle elder headlong reele.
Howe al the riders alwaye hange in doubt.
But what for that: we count him but a lowte
That stickes to mount, and basely like a beast
Lybes temperately for feare of blockam feast.

In deede we would of all be deemed gods
What ever we doe: and therfore partely hate
Rude preachers that dare threaten vs plages & rods,
And blase the blots whereby we stayne our state:
But nought we passe what any such do prate.
Of course and office they must say theyr pleasure,
And we of course must heare and mend at leasure.

But when these pelting poetes in theyr rymes
Shall taunt, and iest, or paynt our wicked wurkes,
And cause the people knowe, and curse our crymes,
This ougly fault, no Tyrant lybes but vrkes.
And therefore lothe we taunters worse than Turkes.
They minde thereby to make vs knowe our mis,
And so to amend, but they but doate in this.

We knowe our faultes as wel as any other,
We also doubt the daungers for them due:
Yet styll we truste so ryght to guyde the rother,
That skape we shal the sourges that ensue.
We thinke we knowe moe shiftes than other knewe.
In vayne therfore for vs are counsayles wryt:
We knowe our faultes, and wil not mend a whit.

Theſe are the affections of the wycked ſorte,
That preace for honours, welth, and pleaſure vayne.
Ceas therfore Baldwyn, ceas I the exhort,
Withdrawe thy pen, for nothing ſhalt thou gayne
Save hate, with loſſe of paper, ynke and payne.
Fewe hate theyr ſinnes, all hate to heare them touched,
Howe covertly ſo ever they be couched.

Thy entent I knowe is godly, playne, and good,
To warne the wyſe, to fraye the fond fro yll:
But wycked worldelinges are ſo wytles wood,
That to the wurſt they all thinges conſtrue ſtyl.
Wyth rygour oft they recompence good wyll:
They racke the wurdes tyl tyme theyr ſynowes burſt,
In doubtfull ſences, ſtrayning ſtyll the wurſt.

A paynefull proofe taught me the truth of this,
Through Tyrauntes rage, and Fortunes cruel tourne:
They murdred me, for metryng thinges amys.
For wotſt thou what? I am that Colingbourne
Whych rymed that whych made full many mourne:
The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our Dog,
Do rule al England, vnder a Hog.

Whereof the meanyng was ſo playne and true,
That every foole perceyved it at furſt:
Moſt liked it, for moſt that moſt thinges knewe,
In hugger mugger, muttred what they durſt.
The kyng him ſelfe of moſt was held accurſt,
Both for his owne and for his faultours faultes,
Of whom were three, the naughtieſt of all naughtes.

The

The chyefe was Catisby whom I called a Cat,
A crafty lawyer catching all he could.
The second Ratclife, whom I named a Rat,
A cruel beast to gnawe on whom he should.
Lord Lovell barkt & byt whom Rychard would.
Whom therfore ryghtly I dyd terme our Dog,
Wherewyth to ryme I cloped the kyng a Hog.

Tyll he vsurped the crowne, he gave the Boze,
In whych estate would God he had deceased,
Than had the realme not ruyned so sore.
His Nephewes raygne should not so soone have ceassed,
The noble blud had not bene so decreased.
His Rat, his Cat, and Bloudhound had not noyed
So many thousandes as they have destroyed.

Theyr laweles dealynges al men dyd lament,
And so dyd I, and therfore made the rymes
To shewe my wyt, howe wel I could invent,
To warne withal the carcles of theyr crymes,
I thought the freedome of the auncient tymes
Stoode styll in force. Ridentem dicere verum
Quis vetat? None, save clymers stil in ferum.

Belyke no Tyrantes were in Horace dayes,
And therefore Poetes freely blamed vyce.
Witnes theyr Satyr sharpe, and tragicke playes,
Wherby chyefest Pryntes chyefly had in pryce.
They name no man, they myre theyr gall with spyce,
No more do I, I name no man outrygbt,
But ryddle wise, I meane them as I mygbt.

When

When bruyt had brought this to theyr gylty eares,
Who rudely named were noted in the ryme,
They all conſpyred like moſt greedy Beares,
To charge me wyth moſt haynous traytrous cryme:
And damned me the gallow tree to clyme,
And ſtrangled fyrſt in quarters to be cut,
Whych ſhould on hye over London gates be put.

This wicked iudgement vered me ſo ſore,
That I exclamed agaynſt theyr tyranny:
Wherewyth encenſt, to make my payne the more,
They practiſed a ſhamefull villanye:
They cut me downe alyue, and cruelly
Rypt vp my paunche and bulke to make me ſmart,
And lingred long eare they tooke out my hart.

Here Tyraunt Rychard played the eager Hog,
His graſhyng tuſkes my tender gryſtels ſhore:
His bloudhound Lovell playd the ravenyng Dog,
His wuluiſhe teeth, my gylteles carkas toar:
His Kat, and Cat, did what they myght, and more,
Cat Cateſby clawed my guts to make me ſmart,
The Kat Lord Ratclyue gnawed me to the hart.

If Iewes had kylde the iuſteſt kyng alyue,
If Turkes had burnt vp churches, Gods, and all,
What greater payne could cruel hartes contryue,
Than that I ſuffred, for this treſpas ſmal:
I am not Prince nor Piere, but yet my fall
Is wurthy to be thought vpon for this,
To ſee how cankard Tyrantes malyce is.

To teach also all subiectes to take heade
They meddle not with Magistrates affayres,
But prayé to God to mende them if it nede:
To warne also all Poetes that be strayers,
To kepe them close in compas of their chayers,
And whan they touch thinges which they wish amẽded.
To cause them so, that fewe nede be offended.

And so to myxe theyr sharpe rebukes with myrth,
That they maye pearce, not causyng any payne,
Saue such as followeth euery kyndly byrth,
Requyted strayte, with gladnes of the gayne.
A poet must be pleasaunt, not to playne,
No flatterer, no bolsterer of vyce,
But sound and swete, in all thinges ware and wyse.

The Greekes do paynt a Poetes office whole
In Pegasus, theyr fayned horse wyth wynges,
Whom shaped so Medusaes blud did foale,
Who with his feete strake out the Muses sprynges
Fro flintie rockes to Hellicon that clynges.
And then flewe vp vnto the starrye skye,
And there abides among the heauens hye.

For he that shal a perfect Poete be,
Must fyrst be bred out of Medusaes blud:
He must be chaste and vertuous as was she,
Who to her power the Ocean god wythstoode.
To thende also his doome be iust and good,
He must (as she had) haue one onlye eye,
Regarde of truth, that nought maye leade awrye.

In

In courage eke he muſt be like a horſe,
He maye not feare to regiſter the ryght.
And that no power or fanſie do him force,
No byt nor reyne his tender Jawes may twight.
He muſt be armed wyth ſtrength of wyt and ſpryght
To daſhe the rockes, darke cauſes and obſcure,
Tyll he attayne the ſprynges of truth moſt pure.

His hoobes muſt alſo plyant be and ſtrong,
To ryve the rockes of luſt and errors blynde,
In brayneles heades, that alway wander wrong:
Theſe muſt he bryſe wyth reaſons playne and kinde,
Tyll ſprynges of grace do guſhe out of the minde.
For tyl affections from the fond be dryven,
In vayne is truth tolde, or good counſayle geuen.

Like Pegaſus a Poet muſt have wynges,
To flye to heaven, thereto to feede and reſt:
He muſt have knowledge of eternal thynges,
Almighty Jove muſt harber in his breſt.
With worldly cares he may not be oppreſt,
The wynges of ſkyll and hope muſt heave him hyer,
That al the ioyes which worldly wyts deſyre.

He muſt be alſo nymble, free, and ſwyft
To trauayle farre to viewe the trades of men,
Great knowledge oft is gotten by the ſhyft:
Thynges notable he muſt be quicke to pen,
Reprouyng vyces ſharpely now and then.
He muſt be ſwyft when touched tyrants chafe,
To gallop thence to kepe his carkas ſafe.

These properties yf I had well consydered,
Especially that whych I touched last,
With speedy flyght my feete should have delybered
My feble body from the stormy blast:
They should have caught me, ere I had be cast.
But trusting vaynely to the Tyrauntes grace,
I never shronke, nor chaunged porte or place.

I thought the Poetes auncient liberties
Had bene allowed plea at any barre,
I had forgot howe neiwefound tyrannies
Wyth ryght and freedome were at open warre,
That lust was lawe, that myght dyd make and mar,
That with the leiwde save this no order was,
Sic volo, sic iubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.

Where this is lawe, it booteth not to pleade,
No pryuilege or libertyes auayle.
But wyth the learnde whom lawe and wisedome lead
Although through rashenes Poetes hap to rayle,
A plea of dotage may all quarels quayle:
Their libertyes they? wrytinges to expounde,
Doth quyt them clere from faultes by Momus founde.

This auncient freedome ought not be debarred
From any wyght that speaketh ought, or wryteth.
The authours meanyng should of ryght be heard,
He knoweth best to what ende he endyteth:
Wordes sometyme beare more than the hart behiteth.
Admyt therefore the authours exposicion,
yf playne, for truth: if forst, for his submission.

Of

Of slaunderers iust lawes requyre no more
Save to amend that seemed euel sayd:
Or to vnsaye the slaunders sayd afore,
And aske forgeuenes for the hasty brayd:
To Heretykes no greater payne is layed
Than to recant theyr errours or retract:
And wurse than these can be no wryters acte.

Yes (Q the Cat) thy rayling wordes be treason
And treason is far worse than heresye.
Then must it folowe by this foolyshe reason,
That kynges be more than God in maiestie,
And soules be lesse than bodyes in degree.
For Heretikes both soules and God offend,
Traytours but seeke to bryng mans lyfe to ende.

I speake not this to abase the haynous faulte
Of traytrous actes abhord of God and man,
But to make playne theyr iudgement to be naught
That heresye for lesser sinne do ban,
I curse them both as deepe as any can,
And alway dyd: yet through my foolyshe ryme,
They arraynde & staynde me wyth that shameful crime.

I never meant the kyng or counsayle harme,
Unles to wyshe them safetye were offence.
Agaynst theyr power I neuer lyfted arme,
Neyther pen nor tounge for any yll pretence.
The ryme I made, though rude, was sound in sence,
For they therein whom I so fondly named,
So ruled all that they were fowle defamed.

This

This was no treason but the very troth,
They ruled all, none could denye the same:
What was the cause then why they were so wroth?
What, is it treason in a riming frame
To clyp, to stretche, to adde, or chaunge a name?
And this reserved, there is no rime or reason,
That any craft can clowt to seeme a treason.

For where I meant the kyng by name of Hog,
I only alluded to his badge the Boare:
To Lovels name I added more our Dog,
Because most Dogs have borne that name of yore.
These metafors I vse with other more,
As Cat, and Rat, the halfe names of the rest,
To hide the sence which they so wrongly wrest.

I pray you nowe what treason fynde you here?
Enough: you rubbed the gylty on the gal,
Both sence and names do note them very nere.
I graunt that was the chiefe cause of my fall,
Yet can you finde therein no treason at all:
There is no worde agaynst the prynce or state,
Nor harme to them whom al the realme dyd hate.

But sith the gylty alwayes are suspicious,
And dread the ruyne that must sewe by reason,
They can not chose but count their counsayle vicious
That note their faultes, and therfore cal it treason:
All grace and goodnes with the lewde is geason.
This is the cause why they good thinges detest,
Whereas the good take yll thynges to the best.

And

And therfore Baldwyn boldly to the good
Rebuke thou vice, ſo ſhalt thou purchaſe thankes
As for the bad thou ſhalt but move his mood,
Though pleſantly thou touch his ſinfull prankes:
Warne poetes therfore not to paſſe the bankes
Of Hellicon, but kepe them in the ſtreames,
So ſhall their freedome ſave them from extreames.

GOds blessing on his heart that made thys (sayd one) specially for reuiuinge our auncient liberties. And I pray god it may take suche place with the Magistrates, that they maye ratifie our olde freedome. Amen (q another) For that shalbe a meane bothe to staye and vpholde them selues from fallyng: and also to preserue many kinde, true, zealous, and well meaning mindes from slaughter and infamie. If kyng Richard and his counsayloures had allowed, or at the least but wynked at sum such wits, what greate commodities myght they have taken thereby. Fyrst, they should have knowen what the people mysliked and grudged at, (which no one of theyr flatterers eyther would or durst have tolde thē): so mought have found meane, eyther by amendment (whyche is best) or by some other pollicie to have stayed the peoples grudge: the forerunner commonly of Rulers destructions. Vox populi, vox dei, in this case is not so famous a proberbe as true: The experyence of all times doth approve it. They should also have bene warned of theyr owne sinnes, whyche call continually for Gods vengeance, which never fayleth to fall on theyr neckes sodaynely and horriblye, vnles it be stayed with harty repentaunce.

These weyghtye commodityes mought they have taken by Collingbornes bayne ryme. But as all thinges worke to the best in them that be good, so best thinges heape vp mischiefe in the wicked, and all to hasten theyr vtter destruction. For after this poore wretches lamentable persecution, (the com-

mon

mon reward of beſt endeuors) ſtrayt folowed the eternal deſtruction both of this Tyraunt, and of his tormentors. Whiche I wyſhe myght be ſo ſet furth, that they might be a warning for ever, to al in authoritye to beware howe they vſurpe or abuſe theyr offices. I haue here (q I) king Richards tragedie. Reade it we pray you (q they). With a good wyll (q I) For the better vnderſtanding whereof, imagine that you ſee him tormented with Dives in the diepe pit of Hell, and thence howlinge this that foloweth.

A Myrrour

How Richard Plantagenet duke of Gloceſter, murdered his brothers childrē vſurping the crowne, and in the third yeare of his raygne was moſt worthely depriued of life and kingdome in Boſworth playne by Henry Earle of Richemond after called king Henry the.vii.

What hart ſo hard, but doth abhorre to heare
The ruful raygne of me the thyrd Rychard:
King vnkindely cald though I the crowne dyd weare,
Who entred by rigour, but ryght did not regard,
By tyranny proceding in kyllyng kyng Edward,
Fyft of that name, ryght heyre vnto the crowne,
With Rychard his brother, prynces of renowne.

Of truſt they were committed vnto my gouernaunce,
But truſt turned to treaſon to truly it was tryed,
Both agaynſt nature, duetye, and allegiaunce,
For through my procuremēt moſt ſhameſully they died
Deſire of a kyngdome forgetteth all kynred,
As after by diſcourſe it ſhalbe ſhewed here,
How cruelly theſe innocentes in pryſon murdred were.

The Lordes and Commons all with one aſſent,
Protectour made me both of land and kyng,
But I therewyth alas was not content:
For myndyng miſchiefe I ment another thyng,
Which to confuſion in ſhort time dyd me bryng,
For I deſyrous to rule and raygne alone,
Sought crowne and kingdome, yet title had I none.

To

To all Piers and princes a preſident I may be,
The like to beware howe they do enterpryſe,
And learne theyr wretched falles by my fact to foreſee,
Which rufull ſtand bewayling my chaunce before theyr eyes,
As one cleane bereft of all felicities:
For ryght through might I cruelly defaced,
But might helped ryght, and me agayne diſplaced.

Alas that ever Prince ſhould thus his honour ſtayne
With the bloud of Innocētes moſt ſhameful to be tolde
For theſe two noble ympes I cauſed to be ſlayne,
Of yeares notful rype as yet to rule and raygne,
For which I was abhorred both of yong and old,
But as the deede was odious in ſyght of god and man,
So ſhame and deſtruction in the ende I wan.

Both God, nature, dutie, allegiaunce al forgott,
This vile and haynous acte vnnaturally I conſpyred:
Which horrible deede done, alas, alas, god wot
Such terrors me tormented, and ſo my ſpyrytes fyred
As vnto ſuch a murder and ſhameful deede requyred,
Such broyle dayly felt I breeding in my breſt,
Wherby more and more, increaſed myne vnreſt.

My brothers childrē were right heyres vnto the crowne
Whom nature rather bound to defend than diſtroy,
But I not regarding theyr ryght nor my renowne
My whole care and ſtudy to this ende did imploye,
The crowne to obtayne, and them both to put downe:
Wherein I God offended, prouoking iuſt his yre,
For this my attempt and moſt wicked deſyre,

To cruel curſed Cayn compare my carefull caſe,
Whych did vntuſkly ſlaye his brother iuſt Abel,
And did not I in rage make runne that rufull race
My brother duke of Clarés, whoſe death I ſhame to tell
For that ſo ſtraunge it was, as it was horrible:
For ſure he drenched was, and yet no water neare,
Which ſtrange is to be tolde to al that ſhal it heare.

The But he was not whereat I dyd ſhoote,
But yet he ſtoode betwene the marke and me:
For had he lived, for me it was no boote
To tempt the thing that by no meanes could be,
For I hyrd was then of my brethren three:
But yet I thought the elder beyng gone,
Then neders muſt I beare the ſtroke alone.

Deſire to rule made me alas to reiue,
My fatal fall I could it not forſee,
Puft vp in pride, ſo hawtie then I greiue,
That none my peare I thought now could be,
Diſdayning ſuch as were of hygh degree:
Thus dayly riſing and pulling other downe,
At laſt I ſhot howe to wyn the crowne.

And dayly deuiſing which was the beſt waye
And meane howe I myght my nephewes both deuoure
I ſecretely then ſent wythout further delay
To Brackynbury then lieuetenaunt of the towre,
Requeſting him by letters to helpe vnto his power,
For to accomplyſhe this my deſire and wyl,
And that he would ſecretely my brothers children kyll:

He

He aunswered playnely with a flat naye,
Sayeng that to dye he would not doe that dede:
But finding then a proffer ready for my pray,
Wel worth a frende (Q I) yet in time of nede.
James Tyrryl hyte his name, whom wyth al speede,
I sent agayne to Brackynbury, as you heard before,
Commaunding him deliver the keyes of every dore.

The keyes he rendered, but partaker would not be
Of that flagitious facte. O happy man I say,
And as you heard before, he rather chose to dye
Then on those silly lambes his violent handes to lye.
His conscience him prycked, his prynce to betray:
O constant minde, that wouldest not condyscend,
Thee may I prayse, and my selfe discommend.

What though he refused, yet be sure you maye,
That other were as ready to take in hand the thyng.
Which watched and wayted as duely for theyr pray,
As ever dyd the Cat for the Mouse taking,
And howe they might their purpose best to passe bryng:
Where Tyrryl he thought good to have no bloud shed,
Becast them to kyl by smothering in theyr bed.

The Wolves at hand were ready to devoure
The silly lambes in bed whereas they laye
Abiding death and looking for the hower,
For well they wyst, they could not scape awaye.
Ah, woe is me, that did them thus betraye,
In assigning this vile dede to be done,
By Myles Forrest, and wycked John Dyghton.

Who pryuely into theyr chamber stale,
In secrete wyse somewhat before midnyght,
And gan the bed together tug and hale,
Bewrapping them alas in rufull plyght,
Keping them downe, by force, by power, and might,
With haling, tugging, tormoyling, torne and tost,
Tyl they of force were forced yeeld the ghost.

Which when I heard, my hart I felt was eased
Of grudge, of greefe, and inward deadly payne,
But with this deede the Nobles were displeased,
And sayd: O God, shal such a Tyraunt raygne,
That hath so cruelly his brothers chyldren slayne:
Which brute once blowen in the peoples eares,
Theyr dolour was such, that they brast out in teares.

But what thing may suffise vnto the bloudy man,
The more he bathes in bloud, the bloudier he is alway:
By proofe I do this speake, whych best declare it can,
Which only was the cause of this princes decaye.
The wolfe was never greedier than I was of my pray,
But who so deth murder ful wel affirme I dare,
Myth murder shal be quyt, ere he therof be ware.

And marke the sequell of this begonne mischiefe
Which shortly after was cause of my decaye,
For high and lowe conceyued such a greefe
And hate against me, whych sought day by daye,
All wayes and meanes that possible they may,
On me to be reuenged for this sinne,
For cruell murdering vnnaturally my kyn.

Not only kyn, but kyng the truth to ſaye
Whom vnkyndely of kyngdome I bereft,
His life alſo from him I raught away,
With his brothers, whych to my charge were left.
Of ambicion behold the worke and weft,
Prouoking me to do this haynous treaſon,
And murder them agaynſt al right and reaſon.

After whoſe death thus wrought by violence,
The Lordes not liking this vnnaturall dede,
Began on me to have great diffidence,
Such brynnyng hate gan in their hartes to breede,
Which made me doubt, and ſore my daunger dredde
Which doubt and dreade proued not in vayne,
By that enſewed alas vnto my payne.

For I ſuppoſing all thinges were as I wyſhed,
When I had brought theſe ſilly babes to bane,
But yet in that my purpoſe farre I miſſed:
For as the Moone doth chaunge aft' the wane,
So chaunged the hartes of ſuch as had tane
To be moſt true, to troubles dyd me turne,
Such rage and rancour in boyling breſtes do burne.

And ſodaynely a bruyte abrode was blowen,
That Buckingham the duke both ſterne and ſtout,
In feyld was ready, with divers to me knowen,
To gyve me battayle if I durſt come out:
Which daunted me and put me in great doubt,
For that I had no armie then prepared,
But after that I litel for it cared.

But

But yet remembryng, that oft a lytle sparke
Suffered doth growe vnto a great flame,
I thought it wysedome wisely for to warke,
Muttered then men in every place I came.
And marching forward dayly wyth the same,
Direcly towardes the towne of Salisbury,
Where I gat knowledge of the dukes army.

And as I passed ouer Salysbury downe,
The rumour ran the duke was fled and gone,
His hoste dispersed besides Shrewisbury towne,
And he dismayd was left there post alone,
Bewayling his chaunce and makyng great mone:
Towardes whom I hasted with al expedicion,
Making due serche and diligent inquisicion.

But at the first I could not of him heare,
For he was scaped by secrete bywayes,
Unto the house of Humfroy Banystar,
Whom he had much preferred in his dayes,
And was good lord to him in al assayes:
Which he ful euel requyted in the ende,
When he was driuen to seeke a trystye frende.

For it so happened to his mishap, alas,
When I no knowledge of the Duke could heare
A proclamacion by my commaundement was
Publyshed and cryed throughout euery shyre,
That who so could tel where the Duke were,
A thousand marke should haue for his payne,
What thing so hard but money can obtayne?

But

But were it for mony, mede, or drede,
That Banystar thus betrayed his ghest,
Divers have diversly deuined of this dede,
Some deeme the worst, and some iudge the best,
The doubt not dissolved nor playnely exprest,
But of the Dukes death he doubteles was cause,
Which dyed without iudgement or order of lawes.

Loe this noble Duke I brought thus vnto bane,
Whose doynges I doubted and had in great dred,
At Banysters house I made him to be tane,
And wythout iudgement be shortened by the head,
By the Shrive of Shropshire to Salisbury led.
In the market place vpon the scaffolde newe
Where all the beholders did much his death rewe.

And after this done I brake vp my hoste,
Greatly applauded with this happy happe,
And forthwyth I sent to every sea coste
To foresee al mischieues and stoppe every gappe,
Before they should chaunce and lyght in my lappe
Geving them in charge to have good regarde
The sea coast to kepe with good watche and warde.

Directing my letters vnto every shryve,
With strayt commaundement vnder our name,
To suffer no man in theyr partes to aryve
Nor to passe forth out of the same,
As they tẽdered our favour, and voyd would our blame,
Doyng therein their paine and industrye,
With diligent care and vigilant eye.

And

And thus ſetting thinges in order as you heare,
To preuent miſchieues that myght then betyde,
I thought my ſelfe ſure, and out of all feare,
And for other thinges began to prouyde:
To Notyngham caſtel ſtrayt dyd I ride,
Where I was not very long ſpace,
Straunge tydinges came whych dyd me ſore amaſe.

Reported it was, and that for certaynetye,
Therle of Rychemond landed was in Wales
At Mylford haven, wyth an huge armye,
Diſmiſſing his nauie which were many ſayles:
Whych at the fyrſt I thought fleing tales.
But in the ende dyd otherwyſe prouе,
Which not a litle dyd me vexe and moue.

Thus fawning Fortune began on me to frowne,
And caſt on me her ſcorneful lowring looke:
Then gan I feare the fall of my renowne,
My hart it faynted, my ſinowes ſore they ſhooke,
This heauy happe a ſcourge for ſinne I tooke,
Yet dyd I not then vtterly deſpayre,
Hooping ſtormes paſt, the weather ſhould be fayre.

And then with all ſpeede poſſible I myght,
I cauſed them muſter throughout every ſhyre,
Determining wyth the Earle ſpedely to fyght,
Before that his power much encreaſed were,
By ſuch as to him great fauour did beare:
Which were no ſmal number by true report made,
Dayly repayring him for to ayde.

Directing

Directing my letters to diuers noblemen,
With earneſt requeſt theyr power to prepare,
To Notyngham caſtel where as I laye then.
To ayde and aſſyſt me in this weyghty affayre:
Where ſtrayt to my preſence did then repayre,
Iohn duke of Norfolke, his eldeſt ſonne alſo,
With therle of Northhumberland and many other mo.

And thus beyng furnyſht with men and municion,
Forward we marched in order of battayle raye,
Makyng by ſcoutes every way inquiſicion,
In what place the earle with his campe laye:
Towardes whom directly we tooke then our waye,
Evermore minding to ſeeke our moſt anayle,
In place conuenient to gyue to him battayle.

So long we laboured, at laſt our armies met
On Boſworth playne beſydes Leceſtertowne,
Where ſure I thought the garland for to get,
And purchaſe peace, or els to loſe my crowne.
But fyckle Fortune alas on me dyd frowne,
For when I was encamped in the fyelde,
Where moſt I truſted I ſooneſt was begyld.

The brand of malyce thus kyndlyng in my breſt
Of deadly hate which I to him dyd beare,
Pricked me forward, and bad me not deſiſt,
But boldely fight, and take at all no feare,
To wynne the fyeld, and the earle to conquere:
Thus hopyng glory great to gayne and get,
My army then in order dyd I ſet.

Betwee

Betide me like or death I desperately ran,
And ioyned me in battayle wyth this Earle so stoute,
But Fortune so him fauoured that he the battayle wan
With force and great power I was beset about,
Which when I did behold, in myds of the whole rout
With dent of sword I cast me on him to be reuenged,
Where in the middest of thē my wretched life I ended.

My body it was hurryed and tugged like a Dogge,
On horseback all naked and bare as I was borne.
My head, handes, & feete, downe hanging like a Hogge,
With dyrt and bloud besprent, my corps al to torne,
Cursing the day that euer I was borne.
With greuous woundes bemangled most horrible to se
So sore they did abhorre this my vile cruelty.

Loe here you may beholde the due and iust reward
Of tranny and treason which God doth most detest,
For if vnto my duety I had taken regarde,
I myght haue lived stil in honour with the best,
And had I not attempt the thing that I ought lest.
But desire to rule alas dyd me so blinde,
Which caused me to do agaynst nature and kynde.

Ah cursed caytiue why dis I clymbe so hye,
Which was the cause of this my baleful thrall.
For styll I thyrsted for the regal dignitie,
But hasty rising threatneth sodayne fall,
Content your selues with your estates all,
And seeke not right by wrong to suppresse,
For God hath promist eche wrong to redresse.

See here the fine and fatall fall of me,
And guerdon due for this my wretched deede,
Whych to all pynces a myrrour nowe may be
That shal this tragicall story after reede,
Wyshyng them all by me to take heede,
And suffer ryght to rule as it is reason,
For Time trieth out both truth and also treason.

When I had read this, we had much talke about it. For it was thought not vehemēt ynough for so violent a man as kyng Rychard had bene. The matter was wel ynough lyked of sum, but the meeter was mysliked almost of all. And when divers therefore would not allowe it, what (q one), you knowe not wherevpon you sticke: elles you would not so much mislike this because of the vncertayne Meter. The cumlynes called by the Rhetoricians decorum, is specially to be observed in al thinges. Seyng than that kyng Rychard never kept measure in any of his doings, seing also he speaketh in Hel, whereas is no order: it were agaynst the decorum of his personage, to vse eyther good Meter or order. And therfore, if his oracion were far worse, in my opinion it were more fyt for him. Mars and the Muses did never agree. Neyther is it to be suffred that their milde sacred Arte shoulde seeme to proceede from so cruell and prophane a mouth as his: seynge they them selves do vtterly abhorre it. And although we read of Nero, that he was excellent both in Musicke, and in verifieng, yet do not I remember that ever I saw any song or verse of his makyng: Minerua iustlye providing, that no monument should remayne of any such vniust vsurpacion. And therefore let thys passe euen as it is, which the wryter I know both could and would amend in many places, save for kepyng the decorum, which he purposely hath observed herein.

In deede (q I) as you saye: It is not meete that so disor-

disorderly and vnnatural a man as kyng Rychard was, shuld observe any metrical order in his talke: which notwithstanding in many places of his oracion is very wel kept: It shall passe therefore even as it is, though to good for so yll a person. And to supplye that whych is lackinge in him, here I haue Shores wyfe, an eloquent wenech, whyche shall furnishe out both in meter and matter, that which could not comlily be sayd in his person. Marke I praye you what she sayeth, and tell me howe you like it.

¶ Howe Shores wife, Edwarde the fowerthes concubine, was by king Richarde despoyled of all her goodes, and forced to do open penance.

Among the reſt by Fortune overthrowen,
I am not leaſt, that moſt may wayle her fate:
My fame and brute abrode the world is blowen,
Who can forget a thing thus done ſo late?
My great miſchaunce, my fall, and heauye ſtate,
Is ſuch a marke whereat eche tounge doth ſhoote,
That my good name is pluckt vp by the roote.

This wandryng worlde bewitched me with wyles,
And wonne my wittes wyth wanton fugred ioyes,
In Fortunes frekes who truſtes her when ſhe ſmyles,
Shal fynde her falſe, and full of fyckle toyes,
Her tryumphes al but fyl our eares wyth noyſe,
Her flatteryng gyftes are pleaſures myrt wyth payne.
Yea al her wordes are thunders threatnyng rayne.

The fond deſire that we in glory ſet,
Doth thirle our hartes to hope in ſlipper happe,
A blaſt of pompe is all the fruyt we get,
And vnder that lyes hidde a ſodayne clappe:
In ſeeking reſt vnwares we fall in trappe.
In groping flowers wyth Nettels ſtong we are,
In labouring long, we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceyt with paynted face for ſhowe,
Oh poyſoned baite that makes vs egre ſtyll,
Oh fayned frende deceyuing people ſo,
Oh world of thee we can not ſpeake to yll,
Yet fooles we are that bende ſo to thy ſkyll,
The plage and ſkourge that thouſandes dayly feele,
Should warne the wiſe to ſhonne thy whyrling whele.

But who can ſtop the ſtreame that runnes full ſwyfte
Or quenche the fyer that is crept is in the ſtrawe,
The thirſtye drinkes, there is no other ſhyft,
Perforce is ſuch, that nede obeyes no lawe,
Thus bound we are in worldly yokes to drawe,
And can not ſtaye, nor turne agayne in tyme,
Nor learne of thoſe that ſought to hygh to clyme.

My ſelfe for proofe, loe here I nowe appeare,
In womans weede with wepyng watered eyes,
That bought her youth and her delyghtes ful deare,
Whoſe lowde reproche doth ſound vnto the ſkyes
And byds my corſe out of the grave to ryſe,
As one that may no longer hide her face,
But nedes muſt come and ſhewe her piteous caſe.

The ſhete of ſhame wherein I ſhrowded was
Did move me ofte to playne before this daye,
And in mine eares dydryng the trumpe of braſſe,
Which is defame that doth eche vice bewraye.
Yea though ful dead and lowe in earth I laye,
I heard the voyce of me what people ſayd,
But then to ſpeake alas I was affrayed.

And

And nowe a time for me I see prepard,
I heare the lives and falles of many wyghtes:
My tale therfore the better may be heard,
For at the torche the litle candle lightes.
Where Pagrantes be, small thinges fil out the sightes.
Wherfore geve eare, good Baldwyn do thy best,
My tragedy to place among the rest.

Because that truthe shal witnesse wel with thee,
I wil rehearse in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull destenie,
My wealth, my woe, my doing every deale,
My bitter bitte, wherein I long dyd dwelle
A whole discourse of me Shores wife by name,
Now shalt thou heare as thou hadst sene the same.

Of noble bloud I can not boast my byrth,
For I was made out of the meanest molde,
Myne heritage but seven foote of the earth,
Fortune ne gave to me the gyftes of golde:
But I could bragge of nature if I would,
Who fyld my face with favour freshe and fayer,
Whose beautie shone like Phebus in the ayer

My shape, some sayd, was seemely to echt sight,
My countenaunce did shewe a sober grace,
Myne eyes in lookes were never prooved lyght,
My tongue in wordes were chaste in every cace,
Myne eares were deafe, and would no lovers place,
Save that (alas) a prynce dyd blot my browe,
Loe, there the strong did make the weake to bowe.

The

The maieſtie that kynges to people beare,
The ſtately porte, the awful chere they ſhowe,
Doth make the meane to ſhrynke and couche for feare,
Like as the hound, that doth his maiſter knowe:
What then, ſince I was made vnto the bowe:
There is no cloke, can ſerue to hyde my fault,
For I agreed the fort he ſhould aſſaulte.

The Egles force, ſubdues eche byrd that flyes,
What mettal may reſiſt the flaming fyre:
Doth not the ſonne, daſill the cleareſt eyes,
And melt the iſe, and make the froſt retire:
Who can withſtand a puiſſaunt kynges deſyre:
The ſtiffeſt ſtonesare perced through with tooles,
The wiſeſt are with princes made but fooles.

Yf kynde had wrought my forme in common frames,
And ſet me forth in colours black and browne,
Or beautie had bene parched in Phebus flames,
Or ſhamefaſt waies had pluckt my fethers downe,
Then had I kept my name and good renowne:
For natures gyftes was cauſe of all my griefe,
A pleaſaunt pray entiſeth many a thiefe.

Thus woe to thee that wrought my peacocks pryde
By clothing me with natures tapiſtrye,
Woe wurth the hewe wherein my face was dyed,
Whych made me thinke I pleaſed everye eye:
Like as the ſterres make men beholde the ſkye,
So beauties ſhowe doth make the wiſe ful fond.
And bringes free hartes ful oft to endeles bond.

But cleare from blame my frendes can not be found,
Before my time my youth they did abuse:
In maryage, a prentyse was I bound,
When that meere love I knewe not howe to vse.
But wealaway, that can not me excuse,
The harme is mine though they deuysed my care,
And I must smart and syt in slaundrous snare.

Yet geue me leaue to pleade my ease at large,
If that the horse do runne beyond his race,
Or any thing that keepers haue in charge
Do breake theyr course, where rulers may take place,
Or meat be set before the hungryes face,
Who is in fault: the offendour yea or no,
Or they that are the cause of all this woe.

Note wel what stryfe this forced maryage makes,
What lothed lyues do come where love doth lacke,
What scratting bryers do growe vpon such brakes,
What common weales by it are brought to wracke,
What heavy loade is put on patientes backe,
What straūge delyghtes this braūch of vice doth brede
And marke what graine sprynges out of such a seede.

Compel the hawke to syt that is vnmande,
Or make the hound vntaught to drawe the dere,
Or bryng the free agaynst his wil in band,
Or moue the sad a pleasaunt tale to heare,
Your time is lost and you are never the nere:
So love ne learnes of force the knot to knyt,
She serves but those that feele sweete fancies fyt,

The

The leſſe defame redoundes to my diſpraiſe,
I was entyſed by traynes, and trapt by truſt:
Though in my power remayned yeas or nayes,
Unto my frendes yet nedes conſent I muſt,
In every thing, yea lawfull or vniuſt:
They brake the boowes and ſhakte the tree by ſleyght,
And bent the wand that might have growen ful ſtreigh

What helpe in this, the pale thus broken downe,
The Deere muſt nedes in daunger runne aſtraye:
At me therfore why ſhould the world ſo frowne,
My weakenes made my youth a princes praye.
Though wyſedome ſhould the courſe of nature ſtay,
Yet trye my caſe who lyſt, and they ſhal prove,
The rypeſt wittes are ſooneſt thralles to love.

What nede I more to cleare my ſelfe to much?
A kyng me wanne, and had me at his call:
His royall ſtate, his princely grace was ſuch,
The hope of will (that women ſeeke for all,)
The caſe and wealth, the gyftes whych were not ſmal,
Beſieged me ſo ſtrongly rounde aboute,
My power was weake, I could not holde him out.

Duke haniball in all his conqueſt greate.
Or Ceaſer yet, whoſe tryumphes did exceede,
Of all their ſpoyles which made them toyle and ſweat,
Were not ſo glad to haue ſo ryche a meade.
As was this prince when I to hym agreed.
And yelded me a priſoner willyngly,
As one that knew no way awaye to flee.

The Nightingale for all his mery boyce
Nor yet the Larke that ſtil delightes to ſyng,
Did never make the hearers ſo reioyce,
As I with wordes have made this worthy kyng:
I never tund in tune was every ſtryng,
I tempered ſo my tounge to pleaſe his eare,
That what I ſayd was currant every where.

I ſoynde my talke, my geſtures, and my grace
In wittie frames that long might laſt and ſtand,
So that I brought the kyng in ſuch a caſe,
That to his death I was his chiefeſt hand.
I governed him that ruled all this land:
I bare the ſword though he did weare the crowne,
I ſtrake the ſtroke that threwe the mightyes downe.

Yf inſtice ſayd that iudgement was but death,
With my ſweete wordes I could the kyng perſwade,
And make him pauſe and take therein a breath,
Tyl I wyth ſuyte the fawtors peace had made:
I knewe what waye to vſe him in his trade,
I had the arte to make the Lyon meeke,
There was no poynt wherein I was to ſeeke.

Yf I did frowne, who then did looke awrye?
Yf I dyd ſmyle, who would not laugh outryght?
Yf I but ſpake, who durſt my wordes denye?
Yf I purſued, who would forſake the flyght?
I meane my power was knowen to every wyght.
On ſuch a heyght good hap had buylt my bower,
As though my ſwete ſhould never have turnd to ſower.

My huſband then, as one that kneiwe his good,
Refuſed to kepe a p;ynces concubine,
Fo;ſeing the ende and miſchiefe as it ſtoode,
Agaynſt the king did neuer much repyne,
He ſaiwe the grape whereof he d;anke the wyne,
Though inward thought his hart did ſtill to;ment,
Yet outwardly he ſeemde he was content.

To purchaſe p;ayſe and winne the peoples ;eale,
Yea rather bent of kinde to do ſome good,
I euer did vpholde the common weale,
I had delyght to ſaue the gyltleſs bloud:
Eche ſuters cauſe when that I vnderſtoode,
I did p;eferre as it had bene mine owne,
And helpt them vp, that might haue bene o;ethrowne.

My power was p;eſt to ryght the poo;e mans wrong,
My handes were free to geue where nede requyred,
To watche fo; grace I neuer thought it long,
To do men good I nede not be deſy;ed.
No; yet with gyftes my hart was neuer hy;ed.
But when the ball was at my foote to guyde,
I played to thoſe that fo;tune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was eaſe at wyll,
My robes were ryche, and b;aber then the ſonne:
My Fo;tune then was farre aboue my ſkyll,
My ſtate was great, my glaſſe did euer runne,
My fatal th;eede ſo happely was ſpunne,
That then I ſat in earthly pleaſures clad,
And fo; the time a Go;deſſe place I had.

But

But I had not so sone this lyef possest,
But my good happe began to slyp asyde.
And fortune then dyd me so sore molest,
That vnto playntes was tourned all my pryde.
It booted not to rowe agaynst the tyde:
Myne oares were weke my hart and strength did fayle,
the wynd was rough I durst not beare a sayle.

What steppes of stryef belonge to highe estate?
The clymynge vp is doubtfull to indure,
The seate it selfe doth purchase priuie hate,
And honours fame is fickle and vnsure,
And all the brynges, is floures that be vnpure:
Which fall as fast as they do sprout and spring,
And cannot last they are so vayne a thyng.

We count no care to catche that we do wyshe,
But what we wynne is long to vs vnknowen,
Til present payne be serued in our dyshe,
We skarce perceyue whereon our greefe hath growen:
What grayne proues wel that is so rashely sowen:
Of that a meane dyd measure all our deedes,
In stead of corne we should not gather weedes.

The setled minde is free from Fortunes power,
They nede not feare who looke not vp aloft,
But they that clyme are carefull every howre,
For when they fall they light not very softe:
Examples hath the wyfest warned ofte,
That where the trees the smallest braunches bere,
The stormes do blowe and bide most rigor there.

Where

Where is it strong but nere the ground and roote?
Where is it weake but on the byghest sprayes?
Where may a man so surely set his foote,
But on those bowes that groweth lowe alwayes?
The litle twigges are but vnstedfast stayes,
Yf they breake not, they bend wyth every blast,
Who trustes to them shal never stand full fast.

The wynde is great vpon the byghest hilles,
The quiete life is in the dale belowe,
Who treades on yse shal slide agaynst theyr wylles,
They want no care that curious artes would knowe
Who lives at ease and can content him so,
Is perfect wise, and settes vs all to scoole,
Who hates this loze may wel be called a foole.

What greater greyefe may come to any lyfe,
Than after sweete to taste the bitter sower?
Or after peace to fall at warre and stryfe,
Or after myrth to have a cause to lower?
Under such proppes false Fortune buyldes her bower,
On sodayne chaunge her slitting frames be set,
Where is no way for to escape her net.

The hastye smart that Fortune sendes in spyte
Is hard to brooke where gladnes we imbrace,
She threatens not, but sodaynly doth smyte,
Where ioye is mosse there doth she sorowe place.
But sure I thinke, this is to strange a case,
For vs to feele such greyefe amyd our game,
And know not why vntil we taste the same.

As

As earſt I ſayd, my bliſſe was turnde to bale,
I had good cauſe to weepe and wring my handes,
And chowe ſad cheare with countenaunce full pale,
For I was brought in ſorowes woful bandes:
A pyrrye came and ſet my ſhippe on ſandes,
What ſhould I hide, or colour care and noye:
Kyng Edward dyed in whom was all my ioye.

And when the earth receyued had his corſe,
And that in tombe, this worthye prince was layd,
The world on me began to ſhewe his force,
Of troubles then my parte I long aſſayed:
For they, of whom I never was afrayed,
Undyd me moſt, and wrought me ſuch deſpyte,
That they bereft from me my pleaſure quyte.

As long as life remaynd in Edwardes breſt,
Who was but I: who had ſuch frendes at calle:
His body was no ſooner put in cheſt,
But wel was him that could procure my fall:
His brother was mine enemy moſt of all
Protector then, whoſe vice did ſtil abound,
From yll to worſe tyll death dyd him confound.

He falſely fayned, that I of counſayle was
To poyſon him, which thing I never ment,
But he could ſet thereon a face of braſſe,
To bring to paſſe his lewde and falſe entent,
To ſuch miſchiefe this Tyrantes heart was bent.
No God, ne man, he never ſtoode in awe,
For in his wrath he made his wyll a lawe.

Lord

Lord Hastinges bloud for vengeauns on him cries,
And many moe, that were to long to name:
But most of all, and in most wofull wise
I had good cause this wretched man to blame.
Before the world I suffred open shame,
Where people were as thicke as is the sand,
I penaunce tooke with taper in my hand.

Eche iye did stare, and looke me in the face,
As I past by the rumours on me ranne,
But Patience then had lent me such a grace,
My quiete lookes were praised of every man:
The shamefast bloud brought me such colour than,
That thousandes sayd, which sawe my sobre chere,
It is great ruth to see this woman here.

But what prevailde the peoples pitie there?
This raging wolfe would spare no gylteles bloud.
Oh wicked wombe that such yll fruite did beare,
Oh cursed earth that yeldeth forth such mud,
The hell consume all thinges that dyd the good,
The heavens shut theyr gates against thy spryte,
The world tread downe thy glory vnder feete,

I aske of God a vengeance on thy bones,
Thy stinking corps corrupts the ayre I knowe:
Thy shameful death no earthly wyght bemones,
For in thy lyfe thy workes were hated so,
That every man dyd wyshe thy overthrowe:
Wherefore I may, though percial nowe I am,
Curse every cause whereof thy body came,

Woe wurth the man that fathered ſuch a childe
Woe woꝛth the bower wherein thou waſt begate,
Woe wurth the bꝛeſtes that bave the woꝛld begyle,
To noꝛryſhe thée that all the woꝛld dyd hate,
Woe wurth the Gods that gave thée ſuch a fate,
To lyve ſo long, that death deſerved ſo ofte.
Woe wurth the chaunce that ſet thee vp aloſte.

Ye Pꝛinces all, and Kulers everychone,
In punyſhement beware of hatreds yꝛe.
Befoꝛe ye ſkourge, take bede, looke well thereon:
In wꝛathes yl will yf malice kyndle fyꝛe,
Your hartes will bourne in ſuch a hote deſire,
That in thoſe flames the ſmoake ſhal dym your ſight,
Ye ſhal foꝛget to ioyne your iuſtice ryght.

You ſhould not iudge til thinges be wel deſerned,
Your charge is ſtyll to mainteyne vpryght lawes,
In conſcience rules ye ſhould be thꝛoughly learned,
Where clemencie byds wꝛath and raſhenes pawes,
And further ſayeth, ſtryke not wythout a cauſe,
And when ye ſmite do it foꝛ Juſtice ſake.
Then in good part eche man your ſkourge will take.

Yf that ſuch zeale had moved this Tyꝛantes minde,
To make my plague a warrant foꝛ the reſt,
I had ſmall cauſe ſuch fault in him to finde,
Such punyſhement is vſed foꝛ the beſt:
But by yll will and polwer I was oppꝛeſt.
Ye ſpoyled my goodes and left me bare and poꝛe,
And cauſed me to begge from doꝛe to doꝛe,

What

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,
To watche for crummes among the blinde and laime?
When almes was delt I had a hungry chare,
Beeauſe I knewe not howe to aſke for ſhame,
Till force and nede had brought me in ſuch frame,
That ſtarve I muſt, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand, and ſay S. Dauids pſalmes.

Where I was wont the golden chaynes to weare,
A payre of beades about my necke was wound,
A lynnen clothe was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne that trayled on the ground,
A diſhe that clapt and gave a heavie ſound,
A ſtayeng ſtaffe and wallet therewithal,
I bare about as witneſſe of my fal.

I had no houſe wherein to hyde my head,
The open ſtreete my lodging was perforce,
Ful ofte I went al hungry to my bed,
My fleſhe conſumed, I looked like a corſe,
Yet in that plyght who had on me remorſe?
O God thou knoweſt my frendes forſooke me than,
Not one holpe me that ſuckered many a man.

They frowned on me that fawnd on before,
And fled from me that followed me ful faſt,
They hated me, by whom I ſet much ſtore,
They knewe ful wel my Fortune dyd not laſt,
In every place I was condemnd and caſt:
To pleade my cauſe at barre it was no boote,
For every man dyd tread me vnder foote.

Thus

Thus long I lyued all weary of my life,
Tyl death approcht and rid me from that woe:
Example take by me both maide and wyfe,
Beware, take heede, fall not to follie so,
A myrrour make of my great ouerthrowe:
Defye this world, and all his wanton wayes,
Beware by me, that spent so yll her dayes.

THis was ſo well lyked, that all togeather exhorted me inſtantly, to procure Walter Churchyarde to vndertake and to penne as manye moe of the remaynder as myght by any meanes be attaynted at his handes.

And when I had promyſed I wold do my diligẽce therein, they aſked me if I had any mo tragedyes yet vnred, for the euenyng was nowe at hand and there were enow alredy red to make a handſum volume. In dede (quod I) I purpoſe here to ende the ſecond parte of this volume, for here endeth the cruel reigne of kyng Rychard the thyrd: And in an other volume hereafter, to diſcourſe the reſydue from the begynnyng of kyng Henry the ſeuenth to the ende of this kinge & Queenes raigne (if god ſo long will graunte vs lyfe) and I beſeche you all that you wyll dylygently performe ſuch ſtoryes as you haue vndertaken, & procure your frendes ſuch as be learned, to helpe vs with the reſt: for ther is in this part mater enough to ſet al ỹ poetes in Englãd in wurke, and I wold wiſhe that every fine apt wyt wold at the leeſt vndertake one. For ſo wold it be a notable volume. For my parte, I entende to be ſo impudente and importunate a ſuiter to ſo manye as I knewe or maye hereafter be acquaynted wyth, that no excuſe ſhall ſerue to ſhake me of: and I deſyre you all to be as earneſt. And to occuppye the tyme whyle we be nowe together, I wyl reade vnto you Edmund the Duke of

Somerset. which must be placed in the fyrst parte: and than the blacke Smyth, which must serve for thyrde volume, to thende I maye knowe yours iudgement therein. Do so we pray you (quthey).

¶ The tragedie of Edmund duke of Somerset, slayne at the first battayle at Saynct Albanes, in the tyme of Henrye the sixte.

Some I suppose are borne vnfortunate,
Els good endeuours could not yll succede,
What shal I call it: yll Fortune or fate,
That some mens attemptes have never good speede,
Their trauayle thankeles, all bootles their bede:
Where other vnlyke in working or skyll,
Outwrestle the world, and wyeld it at wyll,

Of the fyrst number I count my selfe one,
To all mishap I wene predestinate,
Beleve me Baldwyne there be fewe or none,
To whom Fortune was ever more ingrate.
Take thou therfore my lyke a cabeat,
That who so wyth force wil worke agaynst kynde,
Hayleth as who fayeth, agaynst the stream e wynde.

For I of Somerset which duke Edmund hight,
Extract by discent from Lancaster line,
Were it by folly or Fortunes fell despyte,
Or by yll aspecte of some crooked sygne,
Of my workes never could see a good fine:
What so I began dyd seldome wel ende:
God from such Fortune all good men defend.

Where I ſaught to ſaue, moſt parte I dyd ſpyll,
For good hap with me was alway at warre.
The lynage of Yorke whom I bare ſo yll,
By my ſpite became bryght as the meȝning ſtarre,
Thus ſomewhiles men make when fayne they would
The moȝe ye lop trees, the greater they growe, (marre.
The moȝe ye ſtop ſtreames the hygher they flowe.

By malice of me his glory grewe the moȝe,
And mine, as the moone in the waine, wart leſſe:
For having the place which he had beforе,
Gouernour of Fraunce, nedes I muſt confeſſe,
That loſt was Normandie wythout redreſſe,
Yet wrought I al wayes that wyt myght contryue,
But what doth it boote with the ſtreame to ſtryue?

Borne was I neyther to warre noȝ to peace
For Mars was maligne to all my whole trade:
My byrth I beleue was in Joues decreas,
When Cancer in his courſe beyng retrograde,
Declyned from Sol to Saturnus ſhade,
Where aſpectes were good, oppoſites did marre,
So grew myne vnhap both in peace and warre.

A ſtraunge natiuitie in calculation,
As all my lyues courſe dyd after declare,
Whereof in a breyfe to make relation,
That other by me may learne to beware,
Overlight credence was cauſe of my care,
And want of foreſight in geuyng aſſent,
To condemne Humfrey the duke innocent,

Humfrey

Humfrey I meane that was the protector,
Duke of Gloceſter of the royall bloud,
So long as he was Englandes dyrector,
Kyng Henries tytle to the crowne was good.
This prynce as a pyller moſt ſtedfaſtly ſtood:
Or like to a proppe ſet vnder a vyne,
In ſtate to vpholde al Lancaſters line.

O hedeles truſt, vnware of harme to cum,
O malice headlong ſwyft to ſerue fond wyll,
Did ever madnes man ſo much benomme
Of prudent forecaſt, reaſon wit, and ſkyll,
As me blinde Bayard conſenting to ſpyll,
The bloud of my coſyn my refuge and ſtaye,
To my deſtruction making open wayes?

So long as the Duke bare the ſtroke and ſwaye,
So long no Rebelles quarelles durſt begin,
But when that the poſt was once pulled awaye,
Which ſtoode to vpholde the king and his kyn,
Yorke and his banders proudly preaſed in,
To chalenge the crowne by title of ryght,
Beginning with lawe and ending with myght.

Abrode went bruites in countrey and in towne,
That Yorke of England was the heyre true,
And howe Henry vſurped had the crowne
Agaynſt al right, which al the realme may rue:
The people then, embraſing titles newe,
Yrkſome of preſent, and longing for a chaunge,
Aſſented ſoone becauſe they love to raunge.

True is the text which we in scripture read,
Ve terræ illi cuius rex est puer.
Woe to the land whereof a chylde is head,
Whether chylde or childyshe the case is one sure,
Where kynges be yong we dayly see in vre,
The people awles wanting one to dread,
Lead theyr lives lawles by weakenes of the heade.

And no lesse true is this text agayne,
Beata terra cuius rex est nobilis.
Blest is the land where a stout kyng doth rayne,
Where in good peace eche man possesseth his,
Where ill men feare to fault or do amis,
Where the prynce prest hath alway sword in hand,
At home and abrode his enemyes to wythstand.

In case king Henry had bene such a one,
Hardy and stoute as his fathers afore,
Long mought he have sat in the royall throne,
Without any feare of common vprore.
But dayly his weakenes shewed more and more,
And that gave boldenes to the aduers bande,
To spoyle him at last both of life and land.

His humble hart was nothyng vnknowen,
To the gallantes of Yorke & theyr retinue,
A ground lyeng lowe is soone overflowen,
And shored houses can not long continue,
Joyntes can not knyt where as is no synowe,
And so a prynce, not dred as well as loved
Is from his place, by practise soone removed.

Well

Well mought I ſee had I not wanted brayne,
The wurke begon to vndermine the ſtate,
When the chiefe lynke was leaued fro the chayne,
And that men durſt vpon bleud royal grate,
Howe tickle a holde had I of mine eſtate:
When the head poſte laye flat vpon the floze,
Mought not I thinke my ſtaf nert the doze:

So mought alſo dame Margarete the Queene,
By meane of whom this miſchiefe fyrſt began,
Dyd ſhe trowe ye her ſelfe not ouerweēn
Death to procure to ſuch a noble man:
Whych ſhe and hers afterward did ban,
On whom dyd hang as I befoze haue ſayd,
Her huſbandes life, his honour and his ayde.

Foz whyleſt he lyued whych was our ſtable ſtaye,
Yorke and his ympes were kept as vnder yoke,
But when our poſte removed was away,
Then burſt out flame that late befoze was ſmoke,
The traytour couert then caſt of his cloke,
And he that lay hyd came forth in open light,
With titles blynde whych he ſet forth foz ryght.

Whych thyng to compaſſe him fyrſt behooued,
The kyng and his kyn aſunder to ſet:
Who being perforce oz practiſe remooued,
Then had they auoyded the pryncipall let,
Which kept the ſought pray ſo long from the net:
The nert poynt after, was them ſelues to place
In hyghеſt authoritie about his grace.

Therfore he wrought strayght me to displace,
No cause pretending but the common weale,
The crowne of England was the very case,
Why to the commons they burned so in zeale.
Wy faultes were cloakes theyr practise to conceale,
In counsayle hearing consider the entent,
For by pretence of truth treason ofte is ment,

So theyr pretence was only to remove
Counsayle corrupt from place about the kyng.
But O ye Prynces, you it doth behoove,
This case to construe as no fayned thyng,
That never traytour did subdue his kyng,
But for his plat ere he would further wade,
Agaynst his frendes the quarel fyrst he made.

And if by hap he could so bryng about,
Them to subdue at his owne wyshe and wyll,
Then would he ware so arrogant and stout,
That no reason his outrage myght fulfyll,
But to procede vpon his purpose styl
Tyll kyng and counsayle brought were in one case:
Loe to a rebell what it is to geve place.

So for the fysshe casting forth his net,
The nert poynt was in dryuing out his plat,
Common doltes to cause furiously to fret,
And to rebel, I can not tel for what,
Requyring redres of this and of that:
Who yf they speede, he standing at receyt,
Graspe would the pray that he long dyd awayte.

Then

Then by ſurmyſe of ſumthing pretended,
Such to diſplace as they may well ſuſpect
Lyke to wythſtand theyr practiſes entended,
And in theyr roomes theyr banders to elect,
The adverſe party proudly to reiect.
And then wyth reportes the ſimple to abuſe,
And when theſe helpes fayle, open force to vſe.

So this Dukes traynes were covert and not ſeene,
Which nought leſſe meant, then he moſt pretended.
Lyke to a ſerpent covert vnder greene,
To the weale publycke ſeemed wholly bended:
Zelous he was, and would have all thing mended,
But by that mendment nothyng els he ment,
But to be kyng, to that marke was his bent.

For had he bene playne as he meant in dede,
Henry to depoſe from the royall place,
His haſte had bene waſte, and much worſe his ſpeede,
The kyng then ſtanding in his peoples grace,
This Duke therfore ſet forth a goodly face,
As one that meant no quarell for the crowne,
Such as bare rule he only would put downe.

But all for nought ſo long as I bare ſtroke,
Herbed theſe dryftes, and proved all vayne,
Then dyd he attempt the people to provoke,
To make commocion and vprores amayne:
Which to appeaſe, the kyng him ſelfe was fayne,
From Blackheath in Kent, to ſend me to the Tower,
Such was the force of rebels that hower.

The

The tempest yet therewyth was not ceased,
For yorke was bent his purpose to pursue,
Who seing howe soone I was released,
And yll successe of suffraunce to insue:
Then like a Judas vnto his lord vntrue,
Esteming time lost lenger to deferre,
By Warwykes ayde proclaymed open warre,

At S. Albanes towne both our hostes dyd mete,
Which to trye a fielde was no equal place,
Forst we were to fyght in every lane and strete,
No feare of foes could make me shun the place:
There I and Warwyke fronted face to face,
At an Inne doore, the Castel was the syne,
Where with a sword was cut my fatal line.

Oft was I warned to come in Castel none,
But thought no whit of any common sygne,
I dyd ymagine a Castel buylt wyth stone,
For of no Inne I could the same diuine:
In Prophetes skyl my wyt was neuer fine,
A foole is he that such vayne dreames doth dread,
And more foole of both that wyl by them be led.

My life I lost in that vnlucky place,
With many Lords that leaned to my parte:
The Erle Percy had there no better grace,
Clyfford for all his courage could not shun the darte,
Stafford although stout, free went not frō this marte.
Babthorp the attorney for all his skyll in lawe,
In this poynt of pleading was found very rawe.

So

So thus this poore kyng diſarmed of his handes,
His frendes ſlayne wanting al aſſiſtence,
Was made a pray vnto his enemies handes,
Pryued of power, and pryncely reuerence,
And as a pupyl voyd of all experience,
Innocent playne, and ſymply wytted
Was as a Lambe to the Wolfe committed.

A Parlyament then was called wyth ſpeede
A Parlyament, nay a playne conſpiracye,
When all in poſte it was by acte decreed,
That after the death of the fyrſt Henry,
Yorke ſhould ſucceede vnto the regally,
And in his life the charge and protection,
Of kyng and realme at the dukes direction.

And thus was Yorke declared protectour,
Protector ſay I, nay prodytor playne,
A ranke rebell the prynces director
A liege to lead his lord and ſoueraygne,
What honeſt hart would not conceyue diſdayne
To ſee the foote appeare aboue the head,
A monſter is in ſpyte of nature bred.

Some haply here wyl moue a farder doubt,
And for Yorkes parte allege an elder right,
O braynles heades that ſo run in and out.
When length of time a ſtate hath firmely pyght:
And good accorde hath put all ſtryfe to flyght,
Were it not better ſuch titles ſhould ſlepe,
Than all a realme for theyr tryall to wepe?

From

From the heyre female came Yorke and his lede,
And we of Lancaster from the heyre male,
Of whom thre kinges in order dyd succede,
By iust discent: this is no fayned tale.
Who would have thought that any storme or gale
Our shyp could shake, having such anker hold:
None I thinke sure vnlesse God so would.

After this hurle the kyng was fayne to flée,
Northward in poste for succour and relyefe.
O blessed God howe straunge it was to sée,
A ryghtfull prynce pursued as a thiefe:
To thée O England what can be more repryefe
Then to pursue thy Prynce wyth armed hand,
What greater shame may be to any land:

Traytours dyd triumphe, true men lay in the duck,
Reuing and robbing roysted every where,
Will stoode for skyll, and lawe obeyed lust,
Might trode downe right, of kyng there was no feare.
All thing was tried only by shield and speare.
Al which vnhappes that they were not forefœne,
I was in fault, or some about the Queene.

Thou lookest Baldwyn I should my selfe accuse,
Of some subtyle dryft or other lyke thyng,
Wherein I should my prynces eares abuse,
To the Dukes foes overmuch adhering,
Though some mens practise did me thereto bryng,
My fault only consisted in consent,
Forgeve it me, for sore I dyd repent:

yl

Yet I at fyrſt when brandes began to smoke,
The ſparkes to quenche by any way had sought,
England had never felt this mortal stroke,
Which nowe to late lamenting helpeth nought.
Two poyntes of wyt to dearly have I bought,
The fyrſt that better is timely to foreſee,
Then after ouer late a counſaylour to be.

The ſecond poynt, not eaſely to aſſent
To aduiſe geuen agaynſt thy faythful frende,
But of the ſpeaker ponder the intent,
The meaning ful, the poynt, and final ende.
A layut in ſhowe, in proofe is found a fende,
The ſubtyle man the ſimple to abuſe,
Such pleaſaunt ſpeache and eloquence doth vſe.

And ſo was I abuſde and other moe
By Suffolkes ſleyghtes, who ſought to pleaſe ỳ quene,
Forecaſting not the miſerye and woe
Whych thereof came, and ſoone was after ſene:
With gloſing tonge he made vs fooles to weene,
That Humfrey dyd to Englandes crowne aſpyre,
Which to prevent, his death they dyd conſpyre.

What ſhould I more of myne vnhaps declare,
Whereof my death at laſt hath made an ende?
Not I alone was cauſe of all this care,
Some beſides me there were that did offend.
None I accuſe, nor yet my ſelfe defend,
Faultes I know I had, as none lives wythout,
My chiefe fault was folly I put thee out of doubt.

Folly

Folly was the chiefe, the naughty time was next,
Which made my fortune subiect to the chiefe:
If England then wyth strife had not bene vext.
Glory might have growen where as ensiled greefe,
Yet one thing to me is comfort and relefe,
Constant I was in my Princes quarell,
To dye or lyve and spared for no parell.

What though Fortune envious was my foe,
A noble hart ought not the sooner yelde,
Nor shrynke aback for any weale or woe,
But for his Prince lye bleeding in the feelde:
If priuie spyte at any time me helde,
The price is payed: and grevous is my guerdon,
As for the rest God I trust wyll pardon.

When they had sayde their myndes herein allowyng it very well, they willed me also to reade the blacke Smyth wyth a good wyll (quod I) but fyrst you must ymagine that you see hym standynge on a ladder, ouershryned wyth the Tyborne, a meete trone for all suche rebelles and Trayters: and there couragiously saysayenge as folowethe.

¶ The wilfull fall of Blacke Smyth, and the fooliſhe ende of the Lord Awdeley.

Who is more bolde then is the blynde Beare?
Where is more craft than in the clowted ſhoen?
Who catche more harme then ſuch as nothing feare?
Where is more guyle then where miſtruſt is none?
No playſters helpe before the gryefe be knowen,
So ſemes by me who could no wyſedome iere,
Untyll ſuch time I bought my wyt to deare.

Who being boyſtous ſtout, and brayneles bolde,
Puft vp wyth pryde, with fyer and furies fret,
Incenſt with tales ſo rude and playnely tolde,
Wherein deceyt wyth double knot was knyt,
I trapped was as ſely fiſhe in net,
Who ſwift in ſwimming, not doubtful of diſceyt,
Is caught in gyn wherein is layd no bayt.

Such force and vertue hath this doleful playnt,
Set forth wyth ſyghes and teares of Crocodyle,
Who ſeemes in ſight as ſimple as a ſaynt,
Hath layd a bayte the wareles to begyle,
And as they weepe they worke diſceyt the while,
Whoſe ruful cheare the rulers ſo relent,
To worke in haſt that they at laſt repent.

Take

Take hede therfore ye rulers of the land,
Be blynd in ſight, and ſtop your other eare,
In ſentence ſlowe tyl ſkyll the truthe hath ſkand,
In all your doomes both lobe and hate forbeare,
So ſhal your iudgement iuſt and ryght appeare:
It was a ſouthfaſt ſentence long agoe,
That haſtye men ſhal never lacke much woe.

Is it not truth? Baldwyn what ſayeſt thou?
Say on thy minde, I pray the muſe no more,
Me thinke thou ſtareſt and lookeſt I wote not howe,
As though thou never ſaweſt a man before:
By like thou muſeſt why I teache this lore,
Els what I am that here ſo boldly dare,
Among the preaſe of princes to compare.

Though I be bolde, I pray thée blame not me,
Lyke as men ſowe, ſuch corne nedes muſt they reape,
And nature hath ſo planted in eche degrée,
That Crabbes like Crabbes wil kindly cral and crepe:
The ſ utlel Fore vnlike the ſilly ſhepe:
It is according to myne education,
Forward to preaſe in rout and congregation.

Behold my cote burnt wyth the ſparkes of fyer,
My lether apron fylde wyth horſeſhoe nayles,
Behold my hammer and my pyncers here,
Behold my lookes a marke that ſeldome fayles:
My chekes declare I was not fed wyth quayles,
My face, my clothes, my tooles wyth al my faſhion,
Declare full wel a prynce of rude creation.

A prynce I sayd, a prynce I say agayne,
Though not by byrth, by crafty vsurpacion,
Who doutes but some men pryncehoode do obtayne,
By open force and wrongful dominacion,
Yet whyle they rule are had in reputation:
Even so by me, the whyle I wrought my feate,
I was a Prynce at least in my conceyte.

I dare the bolder take on me the name,
Because of him whom here I leade in hand,
Tychet Lord Audeley a lord of byrth and fame,
Which with his strength and power servde in my band,
I was a Prynce whyle that I was so mande:
His Butterflye styll vnderneth my shielde,
Displayed was from Welles to Blackheath fyelde.

But nowe beholde he doth bewayle the same:
Thus after wittes theyr rashenes do deprave,
Beholde dismayd he dare not speake for shame,
He lookes like one that late came from the grave,
Or one that came forth of Trophonius cave,
For that in wyt he had so litle pyth,
As he a lord to serve a traytour smyth.

Such is the Corage of the noble hart,
Which doth despyse the vile and baser sorte,
He may not touch that savers of the Cart,
Him listeth not wyth eche Jacke lout to sporte,
He lets him passe for payring of his porte,
The iolly Egles catche not litle flees,
The courtly sylkes matche seeld with homly frees.

But

But ſurely Baldwyne if I were allowde
To ſaye the trouth, I could ſomewhat declare:
But Clarkes wyl ſay, this Smith doth ware to proude,
Thus in preceptes of wyſedome to compare,
But Smithes muſt ſpeake ỹ clarkes for feare ne dare.
It is a thyng that all men may lament,
When clarkes kepe cloſe the truth leaſt they be ſhent.

The Hoſtler, Barber, Myller, and the ſmyth,
Heare of the ſawes of ſuch as wyſedome ken,
And learne ſome wyt although they want the pyth,
That Clarkes pretende: and yet both nowe and then,
The greateſt Clarkes prove not the wiſeſt men:
It is not right that men forbid ſhould be,
To ſpeake the truth all were he bond or free.

And for becauſe I have vſed to fret and ſome,
Not paſſing greatly whom I ſhould diſpleaſe,
I dare be bolde a while to play the mome,
Out of my ſacke ſome others faultes to leaſe,
And let my owne behinde my backe to peyſe.
For he that hath his owne before his eye,
Shal not ſo quicke anothers fault eſpye.

I ſay was never no ſuch woful caſe,
As is when honour doth it ſelfe abuſe:
The noble man that vertue doth imbrace,
Repreſſeth pryde, and humblenes doth vſe,
By wyſedome workes, and rashenes doth refuſe:
His wanton wyl and luſt that brydel can,
In dede is gentil both to God and man.

But where the nobles want both wyt and grace,
Regard no rede, care not but for theyr luſt,
Oppreſſe the poore, ſet wil in reaſons place,
And in their wordes and doomes be found vniuſt,
Wealth goeth to wracke tyl all lye in the duſt:
There Fortune frowneſ, and ſpite beginth to growe,
Til high, and lowe, and al be overthrowe.

Then ſyth that vertue hath ſo good rewarde,
And after vice ſo duely wayteth ſhame,
Howe happth that Prynces have no more regarde,
Their tender youth wyth vertue to enflame:
For lacke whereof theyr wyt and wyl is lame,
Infecte with folly, prone to luſt and pryde,
Not knowing howe them ſelfes or theyrs to guyde.

Whereby it happneth to the wanton wyght,
As to a ſhyppe vpon the ſtormy ſeas,
Whych lacking ſterne to guyde it ſelfe aryght,
From ſhore to ſhore the wynde and tide do tæſe,
Finding no place to reſt or take his eaſe,
Tyl at the laſt it ſynke vpon the ſande:
So fare they all that have not vertue cand.

The Plowman fyrſt his land doth dreſſe and torne,
And makes it apte or ere the ſeede be ſowe,
Whereby he is full like to reape good corne,
Where otherwiſe no ſeede but wæde would growe:
By whych enſample men may eaſely knowe,
When youth have welth before they can wel vſe it,
It is no wonder though they do abuſe it.

Howe

Howe can he rule wel in a common welth,
Whych knoweth not him ſelfe in rule to frame?
Howe ſhould he rule him ſelfe in ghoſtly health,
Which never learnd one leſſen for the ſame?
If ſuch catche harme theyr parentes are to blame:
For nedes muſt they be blynde, and blyndly lyde,
Where no good leſſon can be taught or red.

Some thinke theyr youth diſcrete and wyſely taught,
That brag, and boſte, and weare their fether brave,
Can royſt, and rowt, both lowre, and looke aloſte,
Can ſweare and ſtare, and call their felowes knave,
Can pyll and poll, and catche before they crave,
Can carde and dyce, both cogge and foyſt at fare,
Play on vnthriftye, til theyr purſe be bare.

Some teache theyr youth to pype, to ſyng, and daunce,
To hauke, to hunt, to chooſe and kyl theyr game,
To wynde theyr horne, and with their horſe to prance,
To play at Tenys, ſet the lute in frame,
Runne at the ring and vſe ſuch other game:
Which fetes although they be not all vnfyt,
Yet can not they the marke of vertue hit.

For noble youth, there is no thyng ſo meete
As learning is, to knowe the good from yll:
To knowe the tounges, and perfectly endyte,
And of the lawes to have a perfect ſkyll,
Thinges to reforme as ryght and iuſtice will:
For honour is ordeyned for no cauſe,
But to ſet ryght maynteyned by the lawes,

It spytes my heart to heare when noble men
Can not disclose their secretes to theyr frende,
In savegarde sure wyth paper, ynke, and pen,
But fyrst they must a secretary fynde,
To whom they shewe the bottome of theyr minde;
And be hyr false or true, a blabbe or close,
To him they must theyr counsayle nedes disclose.

And where they rule that have of lawe no skyll,
There is no boote, they neders must seke for ayde:
Then ruled are they, and rule as others wyll;
As he that on a stage his parte hath playd:
But he was taught nought hath he done or sayd.
Such youth therfore seeke scyence of the sage,
As thynke to rule when that ye come to age.

Where youth is brought vp in feare and obedyence,
Kept from yll company, bryded of theyr lust,
Do serve god duely and knowe theyr allegiaunce,
Learne godly wisedome which time nor age can rust:
There Prince, people, & peares nedes prosper must:
For happy are the people and blessed is that land,
Whers truth and vertue have got the ouer hand.

I speake this Baldwyn of this rufull Lord,
Whom I perforce do here present to thee,
Hys fayntes so sore he may not speake a worde;
I pleade his cause wythout rewarde or fee,
And am inforst to speake for him and me:
If in his youth he had bene wysely tought,
He should not nowe his wyt so deare have bought.

For what is he that hath but halfe a wyt,
But may wel knowe that rebelles can not ſpede:
Marke wel my tale, and take good hede to it,
Recount it well and take it for good rede,
If it proue vntrue I wyl not truſt my crede.
Was neuer rebell before the world, nor ſince,
That could or ſhall preuayle agaynſt his prynce,

For ere the ſubiect beginneth to rebell,
Within him ſelfe let hym conſider well,
Foreſee the daunger, and beat wel in his brayne,
Howe hard it is his purpoſe to obtayne,
For if he once be entred to the breares,
He hath a raging Wolfe faſt by the eares.

And when he is once entred to rule the beaſtly route
Although he would he can no way get out:
He may be ſure none wyl to him reſorte,
But ſuch as are the vile and raſcall ſorte:
All honeſt men, aswell t he moſt as leſt,
To riſe of Treaſon wyl vtterly deteſt.

Then let him way how long he can be ſure,
Where fayth nor frendſhippe may no while endure:
He whom he truſteth moſte, to gayne a grote
Wil fall him from and aſſay to cut his throte,
Among the knaues and ſlaues where vice is rooted,
There is no other frendſhippe to be looked.

With flaſhers, ſlaues, and ſnuffers ſo falſhod is in price
That ſimple fayth is deadly ſinne, & vertue coũted vice.
And where the quarell is ſo vyle and bad,

What

What hope of ayde then is there to be had?
Thinkes he that men wyl runne at this or that,
To do a thing they knowe not howe or what?

Nor yet what daunger may thereof betide,
Where wysedome would they shoulde at home abyde,
Rather than seke and knowe not what to fynde.
Wise men wil first debate this in their minde;
Ful sure they are yf that they go to wrecke,
Without all grace they lose both head and necke.

They lose their landes and goodes, their child & wyfe
With sorowe and shame shal lead a wofull life,
If he be slayne in feld he dyeth a curst,
Which of all wreckes we should accompt the worst:
And he that dyeth defending his liege lord,
Is blyst and blyst agayne by Gods owne worde.

And where the souldiers wages is unpayd,
There is the captayne slenderly obeyed,
And where the souldyer is out of feare and dreade,
He wil be lacke when that there is most nede,
And priuately he seekes his ease and leasure,
And wyl be ruled but at his wil and pleasure.

And where some drawe forth, & other do drawe backe,
There in the ende must nedes be woe and wracke:
To hope for aydes of lordes it is but vayne,
Whose foretaught wyt of treason knoweth the payne,
They knowe what power a prynce hath in his land,
And what it is with rebelles for to stand.

They

They knowe by treaſon honour is defaced,
Theyr offſpryng and theyr progeny diſgraced,
They knowe to honour is not ſo worthy a thyng,
As to be true and faythfull to theyr kyng,
Above conyſaunce or armes, or pedigrewe a farre,
An vnſpotted cote is like a blaſyng ſtarre:

Therfore the rebel is accurſt and madde,
That hoopeth for that whych rebell never hadde:
Who truſting ſtil to tales doth hang in hope,
Tyll at the laſt he hang faſt by the rope,
For though that tales be tolde that hope myght fede,
Such fooliſhe hope hath ſtyll vnhappy ſpede.

It is a cuſtome that never wyl be broken,
In broyles the bagge of lyes is ever open,
Such lyeng newes men dayly wyl invent,
As can the hearers fancie beſt content,
And as the newes do runne and never ceaſe,
So more and more they dayly do increaſe.

And as they encreaſe they multiplye as faſt,
That ten is ten hundred, ten thouſand at the laſt.
And though the rebell had ones got the fielde,
Thinkes he thereby to make his Prince to yelde:
A Princes power within his owne regyon,
Is not ſo ſoone brought vnto confuſion.

For kinges by God are ſtrong and ſtoutly harted,
That they of ſubiectes wil not be ſubverted:
If kinges would yeeld, yet God would them reſtrayne,

Of whom the Prynce hath grace and power to raygne:
Who ſtraytly chargeth vs above al thing,
That no man ſhould reſiſt agaynſt his kyng.

Who that reſiſteth his dread ſoveraygne lord,
Doth dampne his ſoule by Gods owne very worde.
A chriſten ſubiect ſhould with honour due,
Obey his ſoveraygne though he were a Jue:
Whereby aſſured when ſubiectes do rebell,
Gods wrath is kindled and threatneth fyer and hell.

It is ſoone knowen when Gods wrath is kyndled,
Howe they ſhall ſpéde with whom he is offended:
If God gebe victorye to whom he liketh beſt,
Why looke they for it whom God doth moſt deteſt?
For treaſon is hateful and abhord in Gods ſight,
Example of Judas that moſt wycked wyght:

Which is the chiefe cauſe no treaſon preuayles,
For yll muſt he ſpede whom Gods wrath aſſayles:
Let Traytors and Rebels looke to ſpede then,
When Gods mighty power is ſubiect to men.
Much might be ſayd that goeth more nere the pyth,
But this ſuffiſeth for a rurall Smyth.

Baldwyn when thou heareſt my reaſon in this caſe,
Belike thou thinkeſt I was not very wyſe,
And that I was accurſt, or els lacked grace,
Which knowyng the ende of my fond enterpryſe,
Would thus preſume agaynſt my prynce to ryſe:
But as there is a cauſe that moveth every wight,
Somewhat there was wherof this ſore did growe.

And

And to be playne and ſimple in this caſe,
The cauſe why I ſuch mattter tooke in hand,
Was nothyng els but pryde and lacke of grace,
Vayne hope of helpe, and tales both falſe and fond:
By meane whereof my prynce I dyd wythſtand,
Denyed the tare aſſeſt by conuocacion
To maynteyne warre agaynſt the ſcotyſhe nacion.

Whereat the Cornyſhe men dyd much repyne,
For they of Golde and ſylber were full bare,
And lyued hardly digging in the mine,
They ſayd they had no money for to ſpare:
Began fyrſt to grudge and then to ſweare and ſtare,
Forgot theyr due obeyſaunce, and raſhely fel to rauing,
And ſayd they would not beare ſuch pollinge & ſuch ſha-
(uing.
They fyrſt accuſde the kyng as author of theyr gryefe,
And then the byſhop Morton, and ſir Reynold Bray,
For they then were about the kyng moſt chiefe,
Becauſe they thought the hole fault in them lay:
They did proteſt to ryd them out of the waye.
Such thanke hade they that rule about a prynce,
They beare the blame of others mens offence.

When I perceyued the commons in a roare,
Then I and Flamoke conſulted both together,
To whom the people reſorted more and more,
Lamentyng and cryeng, helpe vs nowe or never,
Breake this yoake of bondage then are we free for ever:
Wherat we inflamed in hope to hade a Fame,
To be theyr capitaynes toke on vs the name.

Then

Then myght you heare the people make a shoute,
And crie, God save the Captens, & send vs al good spede
Then he that fayntest was counted but a lowt,
The ruffians ran abrode to sowe seditious sede:
To call for company then there was no nede
For every man laboured an other to entyce,
To be partaker of his wicked vice.

Then al such newes as made for our availe,
Was brought to me, but such as sounded yll,
Was none so bolde to speake or yet bewayle:
Everich was so wedded vnto his wyll,
That forth they cryed wyth bowes, sword, and bil,
And what the ruler spake the lowte tooke for a verdite,
For there ỹ best was worst, ỹ worst was best regarded.

For when men goe a madding, there still the viler part
Conspire together and wil have al the sway,
And be it well or yll they must have al the porte,
As they wyl do, the rest must nedes obey,
They prattle and prate as doth the Poppyngaye:
They crye and commaund the rest to kepe tharray,
Whiles they may range and robbe for spoyle and pray.

And when we had prepared every thyng,
We went to Tawnton wyth al our prouision,
And there we slewe the prouost of Penryn,
For that on the subsidie he sat in commission:
He was not wyse, nor yet of great discression,
That durst approche his enemies in their rage,
When wyt nor reason could their yre asswage.

From

Frō thens we went to Wels, where we were receiued
Of this lorde Awdeley as of our chiefe captayne,
And ſo had the name, but yet he was deceyued,
For I in dede did rule the clubbyſhe trayne,
My cartly knyghtes true honour dyd diſdayne:
For like doth loue his like, it will be none other,
A chorle wil loue a chorle before he wyll his brother.

Then from Wels to Wyncheſter, and ſo to Blackheth
And there we encamped looking for more ayde, (field,
But when none came, we thought our ſelues begylde,
Such Cornyſhemen as knewe they were betrayed,
From theyr fellowes by nyght away they ſtrayed:
There myght we learne howe vayne it is to truſt,
Our fayned frendes in quarels ſo vniuſt.

(ſtrong
But we the ſturdy captaynes ỹ thought our power was
Were bent to trie our Fortune what euer ſhould betide
We were the bolder, for that the kyng ſo long
Deferred battayle: whych ſo increaſt our pryde,
That ſure we thought the kyng him ſelfe dyd hide
Within the citie, therfore wyth courage hault,
We did determyne the citye to aſſault.

But he worKyng contrary to our erpectacion,
Was fully minded to let vs ruune our race,
Tyll we were from our domeſtical habitacion,
Where that of ayde or ſuccour was no place,
And then to be plagued as it ſhould pleaſe his grace,
But all doubtfull playntes, howe euer they did ſound,
To our beſt bayle we alway dyd erpound.

When

When that the kynge sawe tyme, wyth corage bolde
He sent a power to circumvent vs all:
Where we enclosed as simple shepe in folde,
Were slayne and murdred as beastes in Bochers stall,
The kyng him selfe, what ever chaunce myght fall,
Was strongly encamped wythin sayncte Georges fyeld,
And there abode tyl that he heard vs yelde.

Then downe we kneled, and cryed to save our lyfe,
It was to late our folly to bewayle,
There were we spoyled of armour, cote, and knyfe:
And we which thought wyth pryde the cityе to assayle,
Were led in prysoners naked as my nayle,
But of vs two thousand they had slayne before,
And we of them thre hundred and no more.

This my Lord and we the Captayns of the West,
Tooke our Inne at Newgate, fast in fetters tyde,
Where after tryall we had but little rest,
My Lorde thorowe London was drawen on a slyde,
To Tower Hil where wyth axe he dyed,
Clad in his cote armor paynted all in paper,
All torne and reversed in spyte of his behaver.

And I wyth Thomas Flamoke, and other of our bent,
As traytors at Tyborne our iudgement dyd obey:
The people looked I should my fault lament,
To whom I boldly spake that for my fond assaye,
I was sure of fame that never should decay:
Whereby ye may perceyve vayne glory doth enflame
As wel the meaner sorte as men of greater name.

But

But as the ſickely patient, ſometyme hath deſyre
To taſte the thinges that Phiſicke hath denyed,
And hath both payne and ſorowe for his hire,
The ſame to me ryght wel myght be applyed,
Whych while I raught for fame on ſhame did ſlyde.
And ſeeking Fame, brought forth my bitter bane,
As he that fyred the Temple of Diane.

I tel thée Baldwyn, I muſe right ofte, to ſée
Howe every man for wealth and honour gapeth,
Howe every man would clymbe above the ſkye,
Howe every man thallured meane ſo hateth,
How froward Fortune ofte their purpoſe mateth:
And if they happe their purpoſe to obtayne,
Their wealth is woe, their honour care and payne.

We ſée the ſeruaunt more happy than his lord,
We ſée him live when that his lord is dead,
He ſlepeth ſound, is mery at his borde,
No ſorowe in his hart doth vexe his head:
Happy then is he that povertye can wed,
What gaine ỹ mightye conquerours whē they be dead
By all the ſpoyle and bloud that they have ſhedde?

The terrible tower where honour hath his ſeate,
Is hye on rockes more ſlypper then the yſe,
Where ſtyll the whorling wynde doth roare and beate,
Where ſodayne qualmes and perils ſtyl aryſe,
And is beſet wyth many ſundry vice,
So ſtraunge to men when fyrſt they come thereat,
They be amaſed, and do they wote not what.

Ye

He that prevayles and to the Tower can clyme,
With trouble and care muſt nedes abrydge his dayes,
And he that flydes may curſe the hower and tyme,
He did attempt to gebe ſo fond aſſayes,
And al his life to ſorrowe and ſhame obayes.
Thus flyde he downe or to the top aſcend,
Aſſure him ſelfe repentaunce is the ende.

Wherfore good Baldwine do thou record my name,
To be enſample to ſuch as credite lyes,
Or thyrſt to ſucke the ſugred cup of Fame,
Or do attempt agaynſt theyr prynce to ryſe,
And charge them all to kepe wythin theyr ſyſe:
Who doth aſſay to wreſt beyond his ſtrength,
Let him be ſure he ſhal repent at length.

And at my requeſt admoniſhe thou all men,
To ſpend well the talent which God to them hath lent,
And he that hath but one, let him not toyle for ten,
For one is to much, onles it be wel ſpent:
I have had the proofe, therfore I nowe repent,
And happy are thoſe men, and blyſt and blift is he,
As can be wel content to ſerve in his degree.

IT is pitie (q̄ one) that the meter is no better ſeing the matter is ſo good: you maye doo verye well to helpe it, and a littell hylyng would make it formall. The Author him ſelfe (q̄ I) could haue dorn that, but he woulde not, and hath deſyred me that it maye paſſe in ſuche rude ſorte as you haue heard it: for he obſerueth therein a double decorum both of the Smith, and of him ſelfe: for he thinketh it not mete for the Smyth to ſpeke, nor for himſelfe to write in any exacte kynde of meter. Well ſayd an other: The matter is notable to teach all people as well offycers as ſubiectes to conſyder their eſtates and to lyue in loue and obedience to the hygheſte powers, whatſoeuer they be, whom god eyther by byrth, lawe, ſucceſſion, or vniuerſal election, doth or ſhall aucthoriſe in his owne roume to execute his lawes & iuſtice, amonge any people or nacyon: for by all theſe meanes God placeth his deputies. And in my iudgement there is no mean ſo good either for the common quyet of the people, or for gods free choyſe, as ỹ naturall ordre of enheritaunce by lineal dyſcent: for ſo it is left in gods handes, to creat in ỹ wombe what prince he thinketh meteſt for his purpoſes: The people alſo knowe their princes, & theefore the more gladly & willingly receyue & obey thr. And although ſome Realmes more carefull than wiſe, haue entayled their crowne to the heire male thinking it not meete for the feminine ſere to beare the royall office: yet if they conſyder all circumſtances, and the chiefeſt vſes of a Prince in a realme,

shall se howe they are deceiued: for princes are gods lieutenauntes or deputies, to se gods lawes executed among theyr subiects, not to rule accordyng to their owne lustes or deuyses, but by the prescript of Gods lawes: so that the chiefest poynt of a princes office consysteth in obedience to god and to his ordynaunces, and what should let but that a woman may be as obedyent vnto god as a man? The secõd poynt of a princes office is to prouyde for the impotent, nedy, and helples, as wydowes or phanes, lame and decrepite persons: And seing women are by nature tender harted, mylde, and pytefull, who maye better then they discharge this dutie? Yea but a woman lacketh courage boldnes and stomake to withstand the aduersarie, & so are her subiectes an open spoyle to their enemyes. Debora, Iael, Iudith, Thomiris, and other do proue the contrarye. But graunte it were so: what harme were that, seynge victorie consysteth not in wit or force, but in goddes good pleasure. I am sure ỳ whatsoeuer prynce doth his dutie in obeying god, and causyng iustice to be myniſtred according to gods lawes, shall not onelye lacke warre (be he man woman or chylde) But also be a terror to al other princes. And if god suffer any at any tyme to be assayled, it is for the destruccion of the assayler, whether he be rebel or forreyn foe, and to the honour and profit of the vertuous prince in whose byhalfe rather than he shall myscary god him selfe will fyght with enfections & erthquakes from the lande and waters, and with stormes and lyghtynges frõ the ayer & skyes. Yo warres haue

bene

ben ſought throughe the wilful & hauty courages of kinges, and greater deſtruccions happened to realmes thereby, than by any other meanes. And as for wyſedome and policie, ſeing it conſiſteth in following the counſayl of many godly, learned, & long experienced heades, it were better to have a woman, who conſideringe her owne weakenes and inabilitye, ſhoulde be ruled thereby, than a man which preſuming vpon his owne fond brayne, will heare no advise ſave his owne. You muſe peradventure wherefore I ſaye this. The frantyke heades whiche diſable our Queene, becauſe ſhe is a woman, and our kynge becauſe he is a ſtraunger, to be our princes and chiefe gobernours, hath cauſed me to ſaye thus much. For whatſoever man, woman, or childe, is by the conſente of the whole realme eſtabliſhed in the roiall ſeat, ſo it have not bene iniuriously procured by rigour of ſword and open force, but quietlye by title, eyther of enherytaunce, ſucceſſion, lawful bequeſt, common conſet, or election, is vndoubtedlye choſen by God to be his deputie: and whoſoever reſiſteth anye ſuch, reſiſteth againſt God him ſelfe, and is a ranke traytour and rebell, and ſhall be ſure to proſper as wel as this blacke Smith, and other ſuch have done. All reſiſt that wilfully breake any law, not beinge againſt Gods law, made by common conſent for the wealth of the realme, and commaunded to be kept by the authoritye of the prince: or that deny to paye ſuch duties, as by conſent of the hygh courte of parliament, are appoynted to the Prince for the defence and preſervacion of the realme.

You have sayde verye truelye herein, (q I) and I trust this terrible example of the blacke Smith, wil put all men in minde of their duties and teach them to be obedient to all good lawes, and lawful contributions. The Scriptures do forbyd vs to rebell, or forcibly to withstand Princes, though they commaund vniust thinges: yet in any case we way not do them, but receyve quietly at the princes hand whatsoever punishement God shall suffer to be layed vpon vs for our refusall: God wyll suffer none of his to be tẽpted above their strẽgth. But because the night is cum, I will trouble you no longer, I have certayne rabets here, but they are not wurth the readinge. I will cause these which you have allowed, to be printed as soon as I may conuenientely. This sayd we take leue eche of other, and so departed.

¶ The contes and Table of the first parte of this Booke.

¶ A proſe to the Reader, continued betwene the tragedies from the beginning of the booke to the ende.

Tragedies beginning,

¶ Treſilian and his felowes hanged. fol.i
¶ Mortimer ſlayne. fol.iiii
¶ Thomas of Woodſtocke murdered. fol.viii.
¶ Nowbray Lord Marſhall banyſhed. fol.xii.
¶ King Richard the ſecond murdered. fol.xvi
¶ Owen Glendour ſtarued. fol.xix.
¶ Percy earle of Northumberland beheaded. fol.xxv.
Richard earle of Cambridge beheaded. fol.xxviii.
¶ Thomas Montague earle of Salisbury ſlayne. fo.xxx.
¶ King James the fyrſt, murdered. fol.xxxvi.
¶ William de la Poole duke of Suffolke banyſhed and beheaded. folio.xl.
¶ Jacke Cade, calling him ſelfe Mortimer, ſlayne and beheaded. fol.xliiii
¶ Richard Plantagenet duke of Yorke ſlayne. fol.lix.
¶ Lorde Clifforde ſlayne. fol.lxii.
¶ John Tiptoft earle of Wurceſter ſlayne. fol.xliii.
¶ Rychard Nevel earle of Warwyke ſlayne. fol.lxix.
¶ Kyng Henry the ſixt murdered. fo.lxii.
¶ George duke of Clarence drowned. fol lxxv.
¶ Kyng Edward the foweth ſurfeted. fo.lxxxiii.

The

A Mirrour
¶ The contentes of the seconde parte.

¶ A proose to the Reader continued through the booke.

Complayntes beginning.

Sir Anthony Wudvill Lorde Rivers cruellye murdered. fo.lxxxviii.

¶ The Lorde Hastynges traytorouslye beheaded in the Tower. fol.C.

¶ Henry duke of Buckingham beheaded. fol.C.xxv.

¶ Collingborne executed for makyng a foolyshe ryme. fo.C.xxxviii.

¶ Kychard the thyrd slayne at Bosworth fyeld. fo.C.xlvii.

¶ Shores wyfe. fol.C.lv.

¶ Edmund Duke of Sommerset slayne at Saynct Albones. fol.C.lvi.

¶ The Blacke Smyth, and Lord Audleye executed for traytrous rebellion. fol.Clxix.

FINIS.

Leafe.xbii.line.bii.read:rulers haue a eiſe.a.
and line.xix.read:and al to augment.
Le.xbiii.line.xbii.read.when ſwellyng fluds.a
Le.xix.line.xiii.read.Am ſtarued owen Glendour.
Le.xxiii.li.bii.read:both theyꝛ liues abꝛidge.a.
Le.xxiiii.li.xxb.read:wyſhe Baldwyn.ꝛc.a.
Le.xxb.li.xbiii.read: Eke open ſlaunder often.b.
The nexte leſe,li.iii.read:our enterpꝛyſe.b.
And.xxiii.read:So did Loꝛd Haſtinges.
Le.xxbiii.li.bi.read: Adde therfoꝛe this.b.
Le.xxx.li.xiii.read: A goodly thing is.b.
Le.xxxi.li.xxii.read:God hateth rigoꝛ.b.
Le.xlii.li.xxiii.read: Others couenaunts hear.a.
Le.xlbi.li.iii.read:money,ware,and golde.a.
And line.xxiiii.read:foꝛ ſtrayt.
Le.xlbiii.line.biii.read: the loꝛd Cliffoꝛd.a.
Le.lxi.li.ix.read:by this vſarping.a.
Le.lxiii.li.xii.read:Lolle dꝛabe king.ꝛc.a
And the.ii.and .iii.lines,read foꝛ cruelly executing.b.
Le.lxb.li.ii.read:yet had they cauſe.b.
Le.lxbi.li.xxii.read:what fault doſt thou finde.b.
Le.lxix.li.xii.read.whom he did foꝛſake.b.
Le.lxx.li.ii.read:a man to fowle.a.
And line.xbii.b.read:to pꝛiuate gayne.
The nexte leafe.li.iii.read,commen weale.a.
Le.lxxiiii.li.xxbi.read: From which.a.
Le.lxxbi.lin.bi.read:God ſo pꝛeſerued .a.
Le.lxxbii.li.xxiiii.read: Foꝛ which we ought.b.
Le.lxxbiii.li.xbiii,read:in courſe of yeares.a.
Le.lxxxiiii.li.xiiii.read and am in age as who,ꝛc.

Le.lxxxriii.li.xviii.read:prouided for his.&c.b
The next leafe.line.iiii.read:al feedfheders,a.
M.i.fol.lxxxriii.li.xix.we ioyed with him,his forowe.
Le.lxxxv.li.xii.read:falfely fyendes can fayne.a.
And the line.xxi.read: And we your owne.
Le.c.li.xii.read:in tyckle ftate to truft.b.
Le.c.li.xv.read:and fwyft fhe fwimmeth.a.
And line.xx.read:what fwayne.&c.a.
Le.cvii.li.xi.read:I forefong my death.b.
Le.cviii.li.xi.read:world now at my wyl.b.
Le.cxiii.li.xxi.read:in extreame fhyft.a.
And.b.li.ii.read:that nought defame.&c.
Le.cxvi.li.xiii.read:and fmall fowles.
And line.xxii.read:into the fieldes.
Le.cxvii.line.i.b.read:fpoken of a fyke,
Le.cxix.line.ii.read:that vengeaunce brought.a
And.b.line.xviii.read:an other fhape apperes.
Le.cxxii.li.xxiii.read:and Trebey field.a.
Le.cxxv.li.viii.read:falfely fo begilde.a
Le.cxxxvi.li.xxiii.read;witfake to bring.b.
Le.cxxxviii.li.i.read:we knowe.&c.
Le.cxlix.li.xi.read:handes to lay.a.
Le.clvi.li.ix.read:that crept is in the ftrawe.a.
And.b.line.xvii.read:feven foote of earth.
Le.clx.li.vii.read:who truftes.&c.
And line.xx.read:her fitting frames.
Le.clxi.li.xxiii.b.read:a warning for the reft.
Le.c.lxxvi.li.xxvii.read:but all doubtfull poyntes.
Le.clxii.li.xxii.read:faund on me before.

a.fignifyeth the firft fide,and b.the fecond.